Nothing.

The Curtain Falls After Many Scenes

On the Last Act in the Tragedy

Begun by the Murderers in Phænix Park.

The Drop Falls at Precisely 8 O'Clock.

LONDON, December 17 .- Patrick O'Donnell, the slayer of James Carey, paid the penalty of his crime within the walls of Newgate this morning. The drop fell at precisely 8 o'clock.

Last night O'Donnell went to bed about 10 and remained apparently asleep antil 5.30 this morning. At 6 o'clock Father Fleming came to the prisoner and remained in prayer with him for some time. At the conclusion of the prayers the sacra-O'Donnell then partook of a light breakfast, which he appeared to eat with some relish. At 7.45 o'clock the prison bell began tolling. A similar warning was heard from the beifry of St. Sepulchre's Church on the Holborn viaduct. Directly after the governor of the jail, with the head warden, entered, and O'Donnell was at once led to the pinioning room, situated about half way between the condemned cell and the prison yard. Here he found the executioner, Binns, awaiting him, together with the sheriff of London, three warders and the prison doctor. Binns deftly bound O'Donneli's arms with leather thongs, the convict submitting qui-etly. The procession was then formed, the prisoner being in the centre, and slowly marched to the prison yard, in which the scaffold had been They passed so close to the few spectators who had been admitted to witness the exbut for the lattice-work which separated them.

The scaffold, which was quickly reached, had the appearance of an ordinary shed. The hempen loop, however, hung ominously from a crossbeam above. The shed was half boarded up, so that O'Donnell and his attendants as they stood there, could be seen by those present from the

Binns lost not a moment in placing the white cap over the victim's face and adjusting the noose. A moment afterward O'Donnell disappeared and a quivering cord was all that remained to show where he had stood. The governor and doctor gazed for a moment into the cellar-like pit, in which the convict's body swung, and then turned

Outside the jail a considerable crowd had assembled, but dispersed directly after the black flag was hoisted. About twenty police were drafted inside the jail, and constables were posted

The body of O'Donnell, after hanging one hour, was cut down, and later in the day on inquest will be held, when the usual verdict will be returned. The interment will then take quicklime under one of the flags of the corridor

LOWELL'S ANSWER.

England Saw No Reason for Reviewing the

Evidence. WASHINGTON, December 16 .- Secretary Fre-Inghuysen today received cable advices from Minister Lowell, which put at an end all hopes of a stay of execution in O'Donnell's case. Thursday Secretary Frelinghuysen telegraphed Minister Lowell stating that the House of Representatives had brought the case of O'Donnell to the President's notice in the hope that the latter might secure reasonable delay in the execution of the sentence, and might ascertain whether the prisoner was an American citizen and whether there was an error in the trial. Mr. Lowell was instructed as follows: "As before instructed, you will consider O'Donnell's citizenship as established. There being in Great Britain no judicial examination or appeal of the proceedings at a criminal trial, possible errors can only be corrected through a new trial or by executive action on the sentence; therefore this government is anxious that such careful examination be given to the proceedings in this case as to discover error should one have been committed. You are therefore directed by the President to request a delay of the execution of the sentence, and that a careful examination of the case be made by Her Majesty's government, and that the prisoner's counsel be allowed to present any alleged points of error."

Secretary Frelinghuysen is now in receipt of a telegram from Mr. Lowell, who states that he received the above telegram on the 12th inst., and immediately communicated its substance to Lord Granville, who acknowledged its receipt and referred it to the proper authorities. Also that yesterday he received Lord Granville's reply in which the latter, referring to Mr. Lowell's reply in which the latter, referring to Mr. Lowell's reply in which the latter, referring to Mr. Lowell's reply in which the latter, referring to Mr. Lowell communication, stated that the counsel for O'Donnell having submitted the reppresentations which he thought advisable in the prisoner's behalf, that those representations and all other circumstances of the case had been carefully examined and considered in the manner usual in the case of capital conviction, and that her majes, y's government had found no grounds in which they would be justified in advising the crown to neteriere with the sentence of the law or its execution. brought the case of O'Donnell to the President's notice in the hope that the latter might secure

O'DONNELL TO BE AVENGED. What Stephen J. Meany Says of the Feel-

NEW YORK, December 17 .- The hanging of O'Donnell was the universal topic of conversation in Irish circles today. Some said they would not believe that even England would refuse to grant a respite until they heard of the execution as an accomplished fact, while others more practical have been satisfied for several days that the extreme penalty would be carried out.

extreme penalty would be carried out.

In conversation with a Globe reporter on the subject, Stephen J. Meany said: "There are mutterings abroad of a reprisal which I have reason to believe will be undertaken if opportunity occurs. How, when, or by whom these steps will be made I cannot tell, for I do not know. No regular Nationalistic society will be the agent, I am positive. Personally I would deprecate any retailation on the part of Ireland, for she has neither money nor material to successfully combat England's great power. I am opposed to them because all history tells us that such attempts have been attended with only norror and defeat. I have read of the detention of several passengers on the Assyrian Monarch suspected of going to England to try to free O'Donneil. Had any such persons been sent for the purpose, I would have heard of it, and I assure you I know of none. If those persons were detained, I believe they and the authorities are the victims of a practical joke.

D'DONNELL HANGEL.

from him. The robbers were arrested and heldbut before the trial came on friends of the monte men, one of whom was Mike O'Donnell of Chicago, came to Milwaukee, where O'Donnell year engloyment in a freight office in order to retain him as a witness, and paid him what he claimed to have lost and he skipped out, and the robbers had to be given their freedom. O'Donnell went to Philadelphia, took his wife and went to Ireland, and this is the same O'Donnell who was familiar at Lacrosse, Redwing and Milwaukee, and is the man who shot Carey, the informer, for which he will hang Monday next. This is the first publication of this fact.

SHOT BY HIS CREDITOR. Seventeen Years of Litigation Ended in Moment.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 14.—Charles Mc-Laughlin was shot and killed here yesterday by Jerome B. Cox. The tragedy was the result of seventeen years' litigation, McLaughlin was a pioneer, the president of the Central Gaslight seventeen years' litigation. McLaughlin was a pioneer, the president of the Central Gaslight Company, and a large capitalist and landowner, ranking among the millilonnaires. He was the promoter of the old overland mail route, out of which he made considerable money. In 1862 he contracted to build the Western Pacific road from San Jose to Sacramento for \$5,400,000. He sub-let the grading and masonry work to Jerome B. Cox and others for \$900,000. After twenty miles of the road had been built, McLaughlin failed to make payment. Cox, who had put in \$50,000 of his own money, had to stop work. McLaughlin completed the road and sold it to the Central Pacific Railroac, Company, realizing a large sum. Cox brought suit against the company and McLaughlin for \$150,000, and obtained judgment, which, on technicalities, the Supreme Court reversed. Cox amended his complaint, and again recovered judgment, which was again reversed. The third, fourth and fifth trials resulted similarly. The adverse decisions so worked upon Cox's mind that he last spring attempted to shoot Justice McKinsely of the Supreme Court, who he believed was chiefly instrumental in deciding adversely.

Cox went in the morning to McLaughlin's office and demanded \$40,000 in settlement of accounts. Being refused he shot McLaughlin three times. The man lived thirty minutes after the shots were fired. Owing to the prominence of the parties intense excitement was created in the street. Cox was formerly capital in the TenthIndianaBattery, and served during the war under General Roserans.

McLaughlin made the following ante-mortem

crans.

McLaughfin made the following ante-mortem statement: "I believe I am going to die; my name is Charles McLaughfin; I am about 50 yèurs of age; I was born in Pennsylvania; I was shot by Jerome B. Cox; he found me alone. He said to me, "Will you settle with me in that lawsuit?" I then said: "Mr. Cox, I would always settle without any trouble.' He then said: "We will go into the room where there is no one, and all will be settled.' He put the pistol to my head and demanded \$40,000. I said I would pay him \$40,000 when it was settled. He then shot me, and I pulled him toward the door and called for the young man, Arthur, when he shot me again. I have always been willing to settle with the man on fair terms. He shot me three times—once in the neck, once in the breast, and once in the stomach. The pistol was pointed first at my brain."

Before the completion of the statement he had become so weak as to be unable to sign his name, on being sustained he made his mark. His wife soon arrived on the scene, and, with a shriek, threw herself on the floor beside her husband. He opened his eyes, gave his wife a sign of recognition, and in a few moments expired. He leaves no children. Cox, his slayer, always stood well in the community. He is a native of Virginia, and has a wife and three daughters. One of them is married and residing in New Jersey. McLaughfin made the following ante-mortem

MORE CLOUCESTER MEN MISSING. The Schooners Rutherford B. Hayes and Witchcraft With Their Crews Given Up for Lost.

GLOUCESTER, December 12.—Two more vessels with crews of twenty-three men were lost in the November gale. The schooner Rutherford B. Hayes sailed for Georges October 31 with a crew of twelve men, as follows: John Handran, captain, leaves a wife and three children; Mathew Handran, brother to and three children; Mathew Handran, brother to the captain; William Handran, cousin to the captain; Henry Reeves, Charles Brown, John Barnes, William Quick, Alexander Auley, Nicholas Warren, Michael Grinsell, James Shannon and Joseph Sampson. The vessel was owned by Dennis & Ayer, and was built in this city in 1877. She was insured in the Gloucester Mutual Fishing Iusurance Company for \$5252.

The schooner Witchcraft salled for the Georges November 1 with a crew of eleven men as follows: John Briggs, master, of Rockland, Me.; H. Nichols blaney, James Nickerson, James Shute, leaves a widow and one child; J. W. Johnson, lenos Smith, and A. L. Pendleton and Solomon Pendleton, brothers, of Winter Harbor, Me.; Fred C. Burnham, Michael Murphy

mon Pendleton, brothers, of Winter Harbor, Me.; Fred C. Burnham, Michael Murphy and James Maddock. The Witcheraft was owned by William B. Coombs. This now makes the number of vessels lost in the late gales seven, with the crews, numbering ninety-one. There are now three more vessels which are considerably overdue, and, unless they put in appearance this week, will be given up.

POLITICAL RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS. Three Men Killed and Many Wounded at the Primary Elections.

NEW ORLEANS, December 15 .- Primary elections for delegates to the Democratic State Convention were held yesterday. The contest in the seventh ward was close, and ill-feeling was shown, which culminated in a tragedy. A man came up to vote and was challenged. Captain Fortier and his brother, it is alleged, tried to get the man away and he was finally knocked down. A shot away and he was finally knocked down. A shot was then fired, and firing immediately became general. Captain Michael J. Fortier was mortally wounded. He expired in a few minutes. Gus Renaud, superintendent of streets in the seventh ward, was picked up unconscious and died in a little while. Edward Massen, deputy constable, received three balls in his leg, which severed an artery. He survived a short time. Sheriff Robert Brewster received a builtet in the leg. John Brewster was shot in the side and dangerously wounded. Gus Peardeon Mike Early and Peter Bramion received wounds with blunt instruments. John Dominick was wounded in the leg. Charles Fazio, David Krackerman, George Tirado, John Astredo and Charles Flacho are also reported wounded. After the shooting, Sheriff Robert Brewster and his deputies, John Dominick, Dan Douglas and Mike Earley, who had pistols in their hands, surrendered to the police and were locked up.

Chicago Wants Both Conventions. WASHINGTON, December 15 .- Among the leadprevails that the National Democratic Convention will be held in the West. Chicago is working quiety but diligently to secure it, and thus monopolize the national conventions of next year. The members of the national dommittee from lowa and Minnesota have declared for Chicago. Louisville is also anxious to secure the convention and has some active friends. One of the most prominent Democratic leaders in Congress said to a reporter: "The convention, I think, will go either to Louisville or Chicago." Some of the New Yorkers are booming Saratoga as the place for holding the convention. Besides Chicago and Louisville, St. Louis and Chicinnati are talked of, but the drift of comment at present really seems in favor of Chicago. The Indiana members of Congress have received no advice that Indianapolis wants the convention, and the chances are that that city will not compete.

NEW YORK, December 14,—Governor Butler has been interviewed by a Times reporter on national politics. He said he considered the prospect of Democratic success in 1884 good, as that party now had control in twenty-six States, and 190 odd Democratic congressmen to 120 Republicans. This, he thought, a tremendous backing at the opening of a fight. In his opinion there were but two issues—the renewal of the sectional contest between the North and South, and the reduction of the tariff. As for himself he was for a tariff for revenue only. On the question of candidates, the "old ticket" has a good deal of strength throughout the country. He said Tilden had exhibited a grand patriotism in yielding to the decision of the commission. In his judgment the selection of Arthur to head the Republican ticket would be the wisest course for the Republicans to pursue.

HARTFORD, December 16.—At 6 o'clock this morning as Frank Olds was attempting to relight morning as Frank Olds was attempting to relight an extinguished lantern in the fire-box of a switch engine his left foot became imbedded in the fire-box. Unavailing attempts were made for half an hour before he was extricated. When taken out his left leg was incinerated to the hip. He was removed to the hospital, where he died at 10 °clock. Olds was a switchman on the New York & New England railroad and lived in Albany, where he had a wife and two children.

Fatally Injured by a Drove of Hogs. FORT WAYNE, Ind., December 12.—While Leaving the United States.

Milwaukee, Wis., December 14.—Peck's Sun today publishes the following: "A year ago a man named Pat O'Donnell was robbed by three-card-monte men on a St. Paul train, near Red Wing, Minn. He claimed to have been conding from Montana, and said the sharpers got \$800

PATCHING UP THE HOLES

By Which Chinamen Evade the Restriction Law.

Senator Butler's Crusade Against Rhode Island's Suffrage System.

Morrison Kindly Acting as a Buffer for Carlisle.

WASHINGTON, December 14.—A meeting of the sub-committee of the Pacific coast delegation on Chinese matters was held this morning, and a bill amending the Chinese restriction act was agreed upon. A general meeting of the delegation was held at 8 o'clock this afternoon, at which all the senators and representatives from the Pacific coast were present except Mr. Miller, who was occupied elsewhere. Representative Willis of Kentucky, the author of the fifteen passenger bill vetoed by Hayes, was present by invitation and took part in the discussion, expressing concurrence in the proposed action of the delegation. Mr. Henley of California presented the report of the sub-committee, which consisted of a bill covering the proposed amendments of the restriction law. The report was taken up seriatim and discussed for fully three hours, the delegation finally agreeing on the bill substantially as reported. Besides the amendment referred to, the bill has two new sections covering matters that did not come within the scope of the oid law. An amendment to section 15 of the oid law enacts that the restrictive provisions shall include all Chinese or Mongolians, to whatever nation subject, and from whatever country arriving in the United States. This amendment operates to upset the decision of the Massachusetts Chruit Court, which landed Chinamen because they were subjects of Great Britain and had resided at Houg Kong, and makes clear the construction of Justice Field, who decided the opposite at San Francisco. Section 4 of the oid law is amended by making more stringent the provisions concerning the identification of Chinese returning, on certificates. The amendment provides that no Coinaman shall be landed on a return certificate unless he is unmistakably the same who resided in this country prior to the passage of the original law. Another amendment requires consuls in China to look after the issuance of certificates to traders, and inform their governments if persons granted certificates by Chinese officials are the bona fide teachers, merchants, etc., mentioned as exempt by the old law from exclusion. The two new sections were suggested by Mr. Sumner. They are designed to exclude the Chinese now employed on the Canadian Pacific railroad in British Columbia, and who intend, when their works sompleted, to cross over into the United States through Washington Territory. About 15,000 Mongolians will be shut out by these provisions. The sections enact that all constables and territorial peace officers shall be created deputy United States marshals, with power to arrest and bring before United States from British Columbia. If found to be interiopers the marshals are ed the report of the sub-committee, which consist ed of a Vill covering the proposed amendments of

THE WORD "NATIVITY."

Why Senator Butler Wishes to Embody it

in the Fifteenth Amendment. WASHINGTON, December 14.-Senator Butler was asked today what his object is in proposing his amendment to the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution inserting the word "nativity" before Constitution inserting the word "nativity" before the words "race, color or previous condition of servitude." The senator replied: "I expect to accomplish a great deal by it. By an examination of the record you will find that the original draft of article 15, section 1, was as I propose, but on the motion of the senator from fibred I sland the word "nativity' was stricken out. I was in that State at an election net a great while ago and saw a man who had fought gallantly in the Union army—he was a lieutenant colonel and shot all to pieces—go to the polis with a colored man who voted, but the white Union soldier could not vote, because he was so unfortunate as to have been born in Canada. Now, I don't think that is as it should be. I also found that in that State a man had to own in fee simple \$134 worth of real estate in order to vote. This is contrary to the spirit of our institutions. I want to get a square vote on my amendment in the Senate. I want to put the Republicans on record. If they yote against it, as they will, it will help us in the coming presidential campaign with the foreign vote."

A REPUBLICAN LEADER GONE.

Death of Representative Haskell of Kansas at His Washington Home. WASHINGTON, December 16 .- Representative Haskell of Kansas died at his residence in this city this morning, after a long and trying ill-Haskell of Kansas died at his residence in this city this morning, after a long and trying illness. He had expressed the wish that he might be sworn in as a member, and being unable to go to the Capitol the speaker had intended tomorrow to ask of the House permission to administer the oath at the sick man's bedside. Mr. Carlisle wished to appoint Mr. Haskell a member of the ways and means committee, and before making the appointment it was necessary that the representative should take the oath. Mr. Haskell was a member of the ways and means committee of the last Congress, and with Judge Kelley he shared the labor on the floor of passing the tariff bill. He worked incessantly night and day, and impaired a naturally strong constitution and robust body. His friends expected that he would be restored to health during the summer, but they were disappointed. A completation of kidney and lung diseases gained the mastery and caused his death. Mr. Haskell has served three terms in the House. He was always regarded as an excellent working member, a ready debater, and a stanch party man. Not until last session, however, was the discovery made that he possessed all the qualifications, save that of long experience, for a party leader. He mastered the intricacies of the tariff and directed the protection forces with great ability. Mr. Haskell was a native of Vermont. He was equented at Easthamptou, Mass., and Yale College, and afterwards engaged in mercantile pursuits. He moved to Kansas in 1856, and served several years in the Kansas Legislature before coming to Congress. He was 41 years of age.

MR. HALE ON OUR NAVY.

Asking That the Past be Buried Along with the Old Feeble Craft.

WASHINGTON, December 17 .- In introducing several bills in the Sepate relating to the building up of the navy, Mr. Hale said: "No subject is likely to come before Congress this session of more immediate importance than this. These bills relate to the organization of the navy, its personnel, the subject of promo-tion and the building of new ships. The last Congress took an important step in that direction, but the rapid disappearance of our old wooden ships tells us too plainly that the more important work of further increasing our navy in its force of ships ought to be attended to at once. These bills have been prepared with a good deal of care and attention, and I shall hope that the naval committee will take them into consideration at an early day, and give the matter a most thorough and complete consideration, and report such measures to this body as I hope may meet its approval. I do not say I am wedded, for one, to every provision in these bills. They ought to be scrutinized carefully, and whenever anything is done and reported to this body I hope and believe we may be able to consider it with reference, not to the past, but to the future; with reference not to any political standpoint, but to what is a great need to the whole republic.

While bills were being introduced, the House resolution relating to the death of Representative Haskell was reported. On motion of Mr. Ingalis, the Senate adjourned at 12,35 b. m. Messrs. Plumb, Cockerell and Dawes were appointed a committee to attend to the obsequies of the late Mr. Haskell. ast Congress took an important step in that di-

BELFORD AS THE LAMB.

fore Without Success.

Washington, December 15.—At various times during the past ten years ex-Secretary Blaine, ex-Senator Coukling and ex-President Grant have been reported to be on the eve of a reconciliation that would put all Republicans, of whatever stripe, in complete and gentle concord. Such a reconciliation has never yet been officially announced, but it is periodically suggested. There was a time when a clever sort of New York politician conceived the idea of being a Republican savior by reconciling Coukling and Blaine at a dinner party, to which both gentlemen were to be invited. Mr. Conking was washing his hands in his room at Wermley's when this assate political friend suggested that he desired his company at dinner is

meet Mr. Blaine. "I will throw you out of the window," said Mr. Conkling, wiping his hands, "if you ever make such a suggestion to me again." The would-be harmonizer did not press the matter, and he never called upon Mr. Blaine in relation to it, for fear of a stronger reply. Mr. Conkling and the ex-secretary of state will never be personal friends, and the red-headed rooster of the Bockies, Mr. Belford of Colorado, will do well to avoid playing the role of a lamb between two llons.

FIVE MISSIONARY STATES. Three Democratic Senators Needed to Get

Control-Colorado. Connecticut, Nevada, New York and Pennsylvania Doubtful. WASHINGTON, December 15,-On March 3 1885, the terms of twenty-five United States senators, fourteen of whom are Democrats and eleven Republicans, will expire. The outgoing Democrats are Messrs. Pugh of Alabama, Walker of Arkansas, Farley of California, Call of Florida, Brown of Georgia, Voorhees of Indiana, Williams of Kentucky, Jones of Louisiana, Groome of Maryland, Vest of Missouri, Vance of North Carolina, land, Vest of Missouri, Vance of North Carolina, Pendleton of Ohio, Slater of Oregon, and Hampton of South Carolina. The outgoing Republicans are Messrs. Hill of Colorado, Platt of Connecticut, Logan of Illinois, Allison of Iowa, Ingalls of Kansas, Jones of Nevada, Blair of New Hampshire, Lapham of New York. Cameron of Pennsylvania, Morrill of Vermont and Cameron of Wisconsin. As politics now stand, it is quite safe to calculate that Democrats will be returned from eleven of these States, Viz.. Alabamia, Ark ansa, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Missouri, North Carolina. Ohio and South Carolina. In fact, the return of Democrats from Ohio and Maryland is afready assured by the election of Democratic legislatures. California, Indiana and Oregon may be set down as doubtful. In order to obtain control of the Senate the Democrats must capture at least three of eleven senatorships of retiring Kenublicans. The States of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, New Hampshire, Vermont and Wisconsin may be put down as Republican. This would leave Colorado, Connecticut, Neyada, New York and Pennsylvania as missionary ground for the Democrats. At the present time the outlook for the return of three Democratic senators from these five States is encouraging to that party.

FEARS OF A CENTILE MERCHANT. He Implores a Reporter Not to Publish the

Results of an Interview. CHICAGO, December 15 .- There have been several Gentile tradesmen who do business among the Mormons passing through Chicago in the last few weeks, either going to or returning from the few weeks, either going to or returning from the East, and they have all slunned the newspaper reporters as if they were the embodiment of leprosy or small-pox. A prominent Utah merchant had been talking for some time with a United Press reporter about the Mormon question before he awoke to the fact that he was being interviewed. When he realized it, he said: "You don't intend to publish anything I have fold you?" Being answered in the affirmative, he said: "My God, you will ruin me. I am engaged in business in the heart of the Mormon country, and if a breath of what I have said reaches them I shall be proscribed."

the heart of the Mornion country, and if a breath of what I have said reaches them I shall be proscribed."

"Is this proscription so terrible, then, that you tremble at the thought of it?"

"If you knew the malignity of the Mornion nature, and the bitterness with which criticism rankles them, you would not ask that question. Their principle is proscription; their practice, ostracism of all who oppose them. They are implacable, irreconcilable and untiring. They would not show me any quarter. "Think," said the gentleman, beseechingly, "what would be the result if a Northern merchant in Mississippi or Louisiana arrayed himself against the traditions of the South. He would be run out of the country. The result would be the same in Utah. No, this Mornion cuarrel is not my funeral, let the government do what it will. The Gentiles who are there are there to make money. They trade with polygamists, but what business of oars is it whether a man has one wife of a dozen? So long as he pays his bills he does not interfere with us. They believe that their practices are right. They certainly have as altered in the agitation. It unsettles trade and makes business risky. But, for God's sake, don't publish what I say or blast my name."

25,000 ACRES INVOLVED. Many Counsel Engaged in a New Hamp-

concord, N. H., December 14.—After taking testimony for four weeks before the United States Circuit Court, Judge Lowell of Boston presiding. the last witness was called & the famous land the last witness was called a the famous land company's suit this afternoon, and tonight the testimony was declared closed, the jury dismissed and the case referred to the judge. Arguments will be made next Tuesday. The suit is prought by the New Hampshire Land Company, a corporation existing under the laws of the State of Connecticut, against certain citizens of Littleton, to recover possession of certain wood and timber lands in the White Mountain region. The company has brought fifteen actions in all, and there are 25,000 acres of land involved in dispute. The present is a test suit, and the others will go with it. The plaintiff company claims these lands by virtue of what is known as the James Willey conveyance of 1831; while each of the defendants holds under sales made by a legislative committee which was authorized in 1796 to repair and construct roads in that region, and pay the expenses by conveying the ungranted laoris lying contiguous thereto. The defendants have been in peaceable possession of the lands since that time, by their grantors and themselves, and produce deeds which they claim cover the lands and are sufficient to hold them. Plantiff company admits that defendants hold deeds, but claims that they are void, because the descriptions in them are not sufficiently explicit to locate the lands. A large array of legal talent is engaged on both sides. For the plaintiff, there appears Charles H. Burns of Wilton, William M. Chase, F.S. Streeter, Charles P. Sanborn and John Y. Mugridge of Concord, A. F. Pike, F. N. Parsons, Daniel Barnard and W. M., Barnard of Franklin, William S. Ladd and Everett Fletcher of Lancaster, Alvan Burleigh, George H. Adams and Charles A. Jewell of Plymouth. The defence has for counsel Harry Bingham, George H. Bingham, Edgar Aldrich, W. H. Mitchell, A. S. Bachellor and Remick of Littleton, Ossian Ray, I. W. Drew and C. B. Jordan of Lancaster, and General Gilmau Marston of Exeter—fourteen lawyers for the plaintiff and ten engaged by the defence. This is the largest number company's suit this afternoon, and tonight the tes-

BUT TWO MONTHS TO WAIT. Keely Promises His Stockholders an Early

others who have recently surveyed the disputed

PHILADELPHIA, December 12.—The stock-holders of the Keely Motor Company held their annual meeting today in the office of the corporation on Walnut street. President kandall stated that the directors appeared before the stockholders without a written report. "We have several reasons for this," said he, "the principal cause being that any report at this time might do Mr. Keely a great injury." He then read a long letter from Keely, in which that gentleman expressed regret at the long delay in the conclusion of his labors. The letter concludes as follows: "I will say, however, that I do not see why I may not fulfil your expectations within the next two months, and I would suggest that the meeting of stockholders be postponed to February 1, 1884." In pursuance of the request of the inventor, Mr. Randall moved that the meeting proceed at once to an election of directors for the ensuing year, and adjourn without further action until February 1. The motion prevailed, and the following directors were then elected: Joseph Annin, Radellif Baldwin, George B. Colher, A. R. Edye, F. G. Green, E. G. Randall, J. E. Smith. tion on Walnut street. President Randall stated

ALBANY, December 12.—The great iron industry in this community is much depressed, and a try in this community is much depressed, and a great many men are idle. Owing to over-production and decreased demand, the Rensselaer Iron Company's rail mill has been shut down and the company has discharged about 500 men. The other branches of this establishment, which, during good times, employ 2700 men, are running at only half capacity. The officers of the company cannot say whether or not it will be necessary to make any further reductions this winter. The ironworkers of the Cohoes rolling mill have accepted a reduction of 6 per cent., and this mill will run all winter. The proprietors of the Malleable Iron Works of Troy are having a fight with the union. All but four of the men have gone out on a strike, but the officers say they will hold ont against the demands, and that they can readily import enough non-union men to keep their mills running.

Too Heavy a Charge for His Own Safety. WHEELING, W. Va., December 15.—At the wed-WHELING, W. Va., December 15.—At the wedding of John Crow to Miss Hopkins, in Marshall county, Thursday night, some young men decided to give them a serenade. Not satisfied with the noise made by horns and bells, Shannon Wilman, a member of a prominent family, added to the racket by firing off an old musket. He put in an extra heavy charge, held it over his head and fired. The recoil was so terrific that the barrel struck him in the temple and crushed in his skull. Death resulted immediately.

CRANKY INVENTORS.

Queer Experiences of a Patent Solicitor.

A Scheme to Do Away with Steam and Secure Locomotion by Magnets.

Trying to Communicate with the Inhabitants of Mars.

"I have met a good many of them in my time," said a prominent solicitor of patents, referring to cranks who have haunted his office for weeks at a time, in the vain hope of having their impracticable designs accepted.
"Do you have as many applications from this

class of people now as you did formerly?"
"Yes, indeed! And the affliction, instead of decreasing, seems to be steadily on the increase."
"Do you have much difficulty in dealing with

"As a rule we do not, although sometimes it appear wellnigh impossible to get rid of them. Last June, for instance, a middle-aged man came here and, after cautiously closing the door and drawing his chair up to mine, he extracted from the valise which he carried a diagram of a 'perfected idea,' whereby steam was to be abol-Islied on railroads and steamboats, and gigantic magnets of immense power subgigantic magnets of immense power substituted. I saw, after looking over the paper, that the 'perfected idea' was arrant nonsense, and told him that it could not, in my opinion, be patented. This did not discourage him a bit, however, for he immediately began a long scientific dissertation on the theory of propelling power. I made several ineffectual attempts to stop him, and finally was obliged to leave the room. I remained out fifteen or twenty minutes, and was congratulating myself upon being well rid of my persistent customer, when, upon entering the office again, I found him still there; but during my absence he had extricated from that mysterious bag of his an appalling array of 'designs,' 'plans' and 'diagrams,' with which he had litered the floor, tables and desks. The instant ne caught sight of me he resumed his scientific 'treatise,' and it required all the sternness I could assume before he was prevailed on to pack up and get out. As he stood loding the door-knob in his hand, he pleasantly remarked,

"I Dida't Bring all My Papers

'I Dida't Bring all My Papers with me today, sir. It was a great oversight I admit, sir, but tomorrow, sir, tomorrow I shall be better prepared to describe my invention in detail.' And he was as good as his word and for a week after-ward he came around daily with his little valles; finally I told him that if he didn't cease his visits I would have him arrested as an impostor. This seemed to have the desired effect, for I haven't seen him since."

I would have him arrested as an impostor. This seemed to have the desired effect, for I haven't seem him since."

"Do you ever receive similar visits from members of the gentler sex."

"Very Irequently. And I often find it harder to dispose of a female would-be patentee than I do of one of the sterner sex. You can reason a man out of an idea sometimes, but when a woman gets it into her head that she has a big invention on her hands the safest way is to reserve your argumentative powers and beat a lively retreat; for, having convinced herself, she will spare no pains to endeavor to convince you that the invention is not only eminently practicable, but something that is sure to supply a long-felt want. In many cases, however, such enthusiasts, after being once told that their design is worthless, never come around again."

"I suppose that in the course of your experience many novel undertakings have been presented for your examination?"

"Yes, a great many. For instance, an elderly gentleman called here one day last fall and told me in a very considential way that he had at last solved the problem of perpetual motion. He had been working on the problem, he said, from his school days, and at last success had perched upon his banners, and a lot of that sort of thing. Well, I said I would look into the matter, and requested him to unfold the process. This he refused to do unless I promised beforehand that a patent would be Issued to bim for the affair. I explained that before speaking in that connection it would be absolutely necessary for me to thoroughly understand the subject, and if he wished me to take any steps in the matter he would have to give me all the details. He seemed ofhended at what he termed by 'offensive increduity,' and left the office with the cheering remark that I had

Lost 'A Golden Opportunity.'

A couple of months ago a young man dropped in to see me, and stated that he had invented certo see me, and stated that he had invented certain apparatus by means of which communication might, he thought, be established between the inhabitants of the earth and the law-abiding crizons of Mars or some of the other planets. He exhibited several fine drawings of a machine which was to comprise a series of immense array designed to revolve horizontally, and accompanied by another series which were to make perpetdicular revolutions. The entire affair was to be constructed of steel and furnished with electric lights of intense brilliancy and tremendous power. It was intended to work the affair by means of an electric engine. My visitor showed me a mass of manuscript containing a complete code of signals. The idea was to erect the machine onsome mountain peak, and at certain hours during the day and night the apparatus was to be set in motion and the signalling inaugurated. The inventor claimed that if the other planets were really inhabited some of the scientists would undoubtedly recognize the import and meaning of the proceedings here below and would reciprocate. In the course of a few weeks, my sanguine visitor thought, a common code could be agreed upon and both partles understand each other perfectly well. After making this statement about his invention the young man left me, promising to call next day. I have not seen him since, however, and I have concluded that he has not as yet concluded nis experiments with the astronomers. tain apparatus by means of which communication

STEEL BAKED AND PICKLED. Strange Sights and Sounds in the Bit Factories of Connecticut.

CHESTER, December 4.—There are in the United States fourteen bit factories, and eleven of them ter, within a radius of two miles, can be found no less than six of these eleven. The visitor to one of the factories sees long bars of cold steel placed between strong shears, which cut them into appropriate lengths as easily and quickly as a lady would cut a piece of string with her scissors. Here a line of sturdy men stand beside glowing forges, in which these bars of steel are placed until they are heated to a white heat, when they are immediately put under trip-hammers, which, striking hundreds of blows in a minute, hammer the bars flat on one end, round in the centre, and square on the other end. The bit has now started into existence, and is called in this form a "plate." It is next passed to the crimpers, who again heat it to whiteness and run it through machines which twist the flat end into a "pod." or spiral of beautiful regularity. The "swedgers" seize it now, and again under the influence of the blowpipe the steel is soon red hot, when one blow from a powerful drop fashions the square end into a shank properly bevelled for the bit brace; again it is heated and passed under another drop which stamps on its shank a figure telling the size of the hole it will bore when finished. Once more it endures the fiery ordeal, and, glowing red, passes through the heading presses, which, with a hug and a squeeze, crush two inches of the twisted end into a mass in which you faintly discern the point spurs and cutting edges of the future bit. It is next carried into the annealing-room, where, with thousands of others, it is burled beneath heaps of charcoal and thoroughly baked until the steel is well softened or annealed. Next it is pickled for several hours in vats containing a strong solution of sulphuric acid, which eats off all the scale left by the many previous heatings in the forges.

The bit now passes into the machine room, where the rasping machine cuts the point smoothly to the correct bevel, ready for the screw to be made upon it. The levelling machine smooths the bottom of the blades, the facing-back machine cuts the edges of the blades straight, the screw-cutting machine forms the threads on the point, and the sizing machine cuts the boring end to the exact diameter required. And still the bit is only about half made.

You pass into another department, and here you see long rows of skilled mechanics seated upon high stools, each man having in front of him a heap of bits and a lot of flies of various sizes and forms, known as "square," "round," "ha put under trip-hammers, which, striking hundreds of blows in a minute, hammer the bars flat on one

You now open a door lettered "Polishing Room," and start back at the scene which meets your gaze. A living reproduction of Dante's dream is before you. Men with faces blackened by charcal dust and emery stand in long rows, while a sheet of fire five or six feet long plays from the hands of each, lighting up their blackened features and making them look like veritable demons. Each man holds in his hands a bit and presses it upon the polishing wheel, which makes many thousand revolutions in a minute, causing by its friction a great sheet of sparks to fly out in front of the operator. You belold the many different processes of finishing as the bits pass on from one workman to another down the row, until at last they look as bright as burntshed silver.

In the packing room many men are sharpening the finished bits, and a few inspectors are examining them with magnifying glasses to see if they can detect any scratches that have been left by the polishers. Here also the bits are sorted into first class and second quality, stanged with the manufacturer's name and trade-mark, wrapped in strips of paper, and packed in pasteboard boxes. You are astonished at the variety of sizes and forms, running from dowel bits, hardly an lich long, up to car bits, more than two feet in length, and from the little bit cutting a hole but three-

lorg, by to car bits, more than two feet in length, and from the little bit cutting a hole but three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter to the great six-linch augur, which requires two strong men to turn it. You are struck, too, by the oddly shaped machine bits and the curious mortising bit, which bores a square hole. HIRAM CHASE'S SCHEME.

How He Sought to Obtain \$2000-He Reports His Wife as Dead, then Mysterious-

WORCESTER, December 14.—About the middle of last September, Hiram W. Chase of this city was supposed to have committed suicide. He was about 35 years old, a carpenter by trade, and lived

at No. 5 Houghton avenue. His first wife was a daughter of Mr. H. F. Leavitt of Millbury. She died some years since and he married again. The story of his supposed suicide was that his second friends in Nova Scotia, and died while there. Mr. Chase went there to attend the funeral,

friends in Nova Scotla, and died while there.

Mr. Chase went there to attend the funeral, and returned Thursday, September 13th. On Friday he went out to Mr. Leavitt's, where his two children, both girls, 7 and 9 years of age, had been stopping, and remained there over Sunday. Sunday night he kissed the children and bade them good-by, saying he should start to go back to Worcester to resume work before they would be up in the morning. Monday morning he had disappeared, having apparently left his bed and the house during the night, wearing nothing but his shirt. He left a letter to his mother bidding her farewell, and another in which he said it would be useless to search for him.

It is now apparent that the death of his wife, and his own suicide were inventions, and there are indications of the purpose involved. Chase and his wile were members of Worcester Commandery, No. S8, of the United Order of the Golden Cross, a beneficiary organization, and each had insurance in it of \$2000 for the benefit of the other. Chase had been a member of the order for a year, while she joined it in the spring.

Mrs. Chase left here Saturday, September 1, in good health, and on the next Thursday, the 6th, Chase received a telegram that she was dead. He left on Friday, ostensibly to go to Nova Scotla, and returned on Thursday. He sold his furniture to Mr. Kendall, auctioneer, that day, for about \$45, and called on Friday on Dr. William E. Cole, the medical examiner of the Order of the Golden Cross, and informed him of the particulars of her death, saying she died of uremic poisoning. Dr. Cole had known of her having typhoid fever in June, but also knew of her full recovery, and his knowledge of her health, and her sudden death had not; that he asked chase if he had brought a medical certificate or a copy of the official record of her death, and he said he had not; that he did not know it was necessary. He was told that a medical certificate or a copy of the official record of her death and burial would be required. He left Dr. C

known that he borrowed \$20 after his return from Nova Scotla.

On Tuesday Dr. Cole and other members of the Golden Cross went to Mr. Leavitt's to learn authoritatively the story of Mr. Chase's disappearance. On the next Sunday fourteen members of the order went out there, dragged the pood, searched the woods, and made such investigations as were possible, but without securing any trace of the missing man beyond what they thought might be the track of a bare foot in the mud on the shore of the pond. Their general impression was that the man had drowned himself in the pond.

The telegram announcing Mrs. Chase's death purported to be sent by C. H. Gray of Port Hastings, Cape Breton, and Dr. Cole, in following up the case, supposing Mrs. Chase to be dead, wrote two letters to that address, but received no answer. He then wrote to the postmaster and to the United States consular agent, and to Mrs. Chase's father. The consular agent took an interest in the case

Be then wrote to the postmaster and to the United States consular agent and to Mrs. Chase's father. The consular agent took an interest in the case and sent a messenger to John Melmnes, at Rear Sky Glen, Mrs. Chase's father, who reported that he went there and saw the dead Mrs. Chase alive and in good health. The agent also secured, and forwarded, under the seal of his consulate, the affidavit of a man who bad known Mrs. Chase from her birth. It was to the effect that she came to his house in September, on her way to her father's, and stayed three days, until her brother came for her; that he saw her again at her father's in October, when she told him of her husband, his children, of their living in Worcester, etc., and that her husband was then living in Buffalo, N. Y., but was coming to Cape Breton this fall to spend the winter.

It also appears from the correspondence that Chase did not go to Cape Breton at all, where he claimed to go in response to the telegram. Dr. Cole's letters to Gray were not called for and they were finally returned to him. The consular agent also writes that there is no one of that name in the county.

Mrs. Chase's complicity in the deception does not fully appear, but one face should be stated. The day after Chase left in response to the telegram a letter came addressed to him, and some ladies of his acquaintance, supposing it referred to Mrs. Chase's death, opened it. It stated that she was very sick and not expected to live, and was signed "Anne Gray," who represented herself as the wife of C. H. Gray. This letter the ladies now think was in Mrs. Chase's handwriting.

The commandery at once suspended Mr. and Mrs. Chase from membership on learning these facts, and as the treasury had not suffered they took no further steps in the matter. They had reported Mrs. Chase's name to the central body as dead, and the case was awaiting the proper proofs of death, and that when he found other proofs, which he could not furnish, were necesary, he became bewildered in the snari in which he had

BOSLER AND EX-SENATOR DORSEY

Place in New Mexico's Courts. CHICAGO, December 15.—A special from Santa take the first place in the courts of this Territory, has just been inaugurated between J. W. Bosler of Pennsylvania and ex-Senator Dorsey. Whisperings are to the effect that when Dorsey was on trial in the Star route case it was shown by the records of the Treasury Department that the records of the Treasury Department that Bosler received and paid out all the money in connection with the Star route contracts. Dorsey has been charged with receiving this money, but on the witness stand he challenged the government to show when he ever received a penny. Bosler, a partner and associate of Dorsey, who had entire control of his whole business, and who has been relied upon as a witness for the prosecution, produced in court not only the letters that have passed between himself and Dorsey, and those which passed between himself and Dorsey, and those which passed between his wife and Mrs. Dorsey for the past fifteen years, but also all bank checks and papers pertaining in any way to Star route matters. It would seem from this conduct the purpose was to get possession of the New Mexico property. On Dorsey's return to New Mexico the matter assumed a shape, and a request was made for the inspection of the books of the company, and accounting for sales made of stock, which it is claimed amounted to \$2,000,000. This was refused, and Dorsey, owning the ranch, then took forcible possession of the stock and buildings, and this forced Bosler, who represents the Pala Blanco Cattle Company, into law. He obtained an ex parte temporary injunction against Dorsey's interference in possession of the stock. Bosler then filed a cross bill and secured an injunction preventing the company from selling the stock, and obtained from Justice Axtell an order appointung Joseph E. Temples receiver. This gentleman is a wealthy stockholder of Colfax county and a pronounced friend of Dorsey, It seems public opinion in that locality is intensely for the ex-senator. The suit involves several millions, and the largest yet begun in this Territory.

young married woman, upset an oil lamp yes-

ELLEN FORD'S MISSION.

What She Says After Returning From Across the Water.

She Thinks Innocent Men Have Been Executed for Murders.

The Families of These Men Found in Distress-Her Reception.

who has been in Ireland distributing the money raised in this country for the benefit of the families of the men who were hanged or imprisoned for the Phonix Park murders, arrived here This morning she was seen by a reporter, to whom sum she took to distribute amounted to \$5000 which she was to distribute to the fam-ilies of Brady, Kelly, Fitzharris, Har-mon, Rowels, Fagan, Mullett and Curley. The reason she went was because it was under-stood here that if the money were sent in any other way it would be seized by the English gov

"I went under my own name," the lady continued, "and did not assume any alias, as some of my friends had desired. When my friend, Miss Dougherty and myself disembarked at Queen town we saw at once that we were shadowed by for us during the whole of stay in Ireland and England. Al stay in Ireland and England. Although we haven't as yet passed a vote of thanks to the English government for their courteous attention, I think we shall have to do it. When we got to Dublin I found the families of the poor men in great distress. Fitzharris' wife and four children were in the almshouse, Brady's father I found demented over his son's death, and learned that the government was hounding down his other son, against whom some charge will soon be made. All the others were in the greatest poverty and ablect misery. The day following that ou which I distributed the first money one of the government papers had a long article declaiming against what they termed my boldness in coming to the city, and there, in the broad daylight, hiring assassins and encouraging murder, and ending by

government papers had a long article declaiming against what they termed my boldness in coming to the city, and there, in the broad daylight, hiring assassins and encouraging murder, and ending by calling upon the government to stop this outrageous proceeding by arresting me. After remaining in Dublin eight days, we then, still escorted by the detectives, who, although always within a few feet, never spoke to us, went to London, and I was present at the trial of O'Donnell. It was called a trial, but was nothing else than a farce, which effect was somewhat heightened to an American eye by the wigs and cloaks of the judges. The evidence was all in favor of the prisoner, and the counsel in summing up showed no less than 130 contradictions in the testimony offered by young Carey. When Miss Dougherly and myself, accompanied by General Pryor, left the court room the cheers of the crowds in the streets were long and hearty, and three times three cheers were given for America."

"I need hardly say," continued Miss Ford, "that these cheers were all given by Irishmen, for the feeling among the Englishmen towards the Americans is not of the friendliect. On one occasion I was going with a number of ladies to an agricultural exhibition. Mrs. Fenwick Miller, a lady of considerable wealth and social standing, was also invited, but when she heard I was to be there she declined, saying that the door of every house in London ought to be closed against the Americans, and moreover, she couldn't stand on the same platform with a woman who encouraged assassination. This feeling seemed to be somewhat shared by Lady Wilde, the mother of Oscar, whom I had met several times previously, and at whose house I visited frequently. One evening I was present at a reception given by her to a young poet, who was just then the rage there. After his arrival Lady Wilde turning to him, said: "And just to think that your poems will be sold at a penny a copy on the elevated railroads in New York," to which the young men replied that it didn't matter,

Americans would be capable of understanding his rhymes.

Miss Ford ended by saying that her intercourse with the families of the men who were langue convinced her that none of them had committed the murders, and that they had no connection with them while as to College and some convenients.

A BECCAR'S WILL.

Records of the Surrogate's Office.

NEW YORK, December 16.—One of Surrogate tollins' clerks, while examining the records in the surrogate's office recently, discovered a peculiar will which was made by Solomon S. peculiar will which was made by Solomon S. Hastings, who is said to have been a tramp and professional beggar, transacting his business in Grand and Fourteenth streets, and in Sixth and Eight avenues. Most of the beneficiaries under the will are said to be members of the testator's profession. The will was offered for probate on January 27, 1874, and is as follows:

LAST WILL OF SOLOMON S. HASTINGS.

New YORK, January 27, 1874.

I Solomon S. Hastings

LAST WILL OF SOLOMON S. HASTINGS.

I Solomon S. Hastings

Being of ansound mind do declare this as my last will and Testament i hereby appoint as executors of my last will John Gilligan and Thomas Phelan to cach of whom i bequeath one clean shirt collar on condition of them seeing that my last wishes are carried out as stated in this document.

Ist. I Bequeath to my dear friend Alex J. McConnell my Grand street route on condition that he does not keep the sidewalk two warm. I also leave to my friend, John Francis Morse my old crutch and also my old flat. Fants and shoes.

2d. I Bequeath to my friend Joseph J. Avery my Routes in Fourteenth st. and also my Routes in Sixth and Eighth Avenues providing he never saves more than i did, i don't believe he will.

3d. I Bequeath to my dearest of friends Charles Alexander my seat by Gilligan's Fire and also my chance of catching inex. I Gnoss Charley will catch as much luck as I could.

4th. To my other Friend William Kruger I leave the following articles: 1 old soldier, I Corker (if he can steal it), I old pair suspenders to be got wherever he can find them. steal it, I on pair subjects to the can find them.

5th. All the rest of my property i leave to my beloved Ida Hobbs, and i also leave her my dear friend John Clark. Witness my seal.

His

SOLOMON x HASTINGS.

Mark.

CHASTISING A LAWYER. A St. Louis Man Who Objected to Being

Called a Peradious Scoundrel.

St. Louis, December 14.—There was a rich scene in the Circuit Court yesterday, in which Henry Boemler, a prominent attorney, and Benjamin Von Phule, a real estate dealer, played prominent parts. The case of Von Phule against Menn was on trial. Boemler was the defendant's Menn was on trial. Boemler was the defendant's attorney, and when he came to address the jury he called Von Phule a perfidious scoundrel. Von Phule nurled back the insinuation, and, jumping up, furiously attacked Boemler. Judge Adams rapped for order, but his assistants were dumbfounded, and stood still, while Von Phule seized Boemler's head and got it in "chancery," and beat it until it resembled raw beef. Then, turning to the judge, the infurtated man asked him if he was not justified in using Boemler as he had. A negative answer was filed by the court, who so far dissented from Von Phule's opinion that the latter was not only overruled but sentenced to ten days in the city jall.

Mary And Kell, the Baltimore Belle.

BALTIMORE, December 15.—Died here this morning, aged 86, Miss Mary Ann Kell, daughter of Judge Kell of revolutionary fame. The lady was a famous beauty in her day, and a reigning belle in Washington. She conspicuously figured in Latayette's reception in America. Owing to disappointment in love she never married. She still has the ball dress, made in Paris, worn by her at the famous ball given to Lafayette. She died in the family mansion, over a century old.

AN INVITATION TO EVERY ONE

family newspaper for 1884, is hereby extended to act as a club agent to form a club. The most liberal rates now offered may be found in the fircolumn of this page. Scatter sample copies every.

AROUND THE FARM.

Edited by ANDREW H. WARD.

STUDY OF AGRICULTURAL CHEM-ISTRY.

To the Agricultural Editor of The Boston Weeklu What works would you advise me to procure to begin the study of agricultural chemistry? I should like very much to sindy on the subject these long winter evenings if I can get works suitable. Will you give me an analysis of a commercial manure that I shall send you, and tell what its value is for corn, oats and wheat? It can be bought for \$8 per ton. Please reply to the above soon; and, also, can I use your soil test on corn in the winter, in order to form a safe opinion before planting season?

J. DE A—N.

A very good work to begin the study of agricul-tural chemistry is "Johnson's Agricultural Chemistry," which will give the information desired.

The commercial manure that is sold for \$8 per ton is most likely to be of little value for agricultural purposes. If a person has anything to sell he should state what it is composed of, or the quantity of fertilizing elements it contains; if this is not done, his customers should be few, and If an article is sold different from what it is represented to be, the party selling is liable. A good way, in purchasing fertilizers, is to take a sample from the parcel, that shall be an average of the lot, and put it in a botile, and have it tightly closed and marked, all being done in presence of some competent witness.

If the results of its application to the crop are of little or no value, it is very apparent that you have received an article different from what you supposed you were purchasing, or that you purchased a worthless article, for the reason that you did not know what the constituents of a fertilizer should be composed of, and did not know what it was, and consequently took the chances, which are invariably against the purchaser. If, howponent parts are given, and the sample you have taken shows that it is different from what it was represented to be, you have a valid claim against the party you purchase of. If there were a large quantity to be purchased, it would pay to have an analysis made, but it could not be made except at an expense of \$15, and it costs the same to anal-

yze a small lot as a large one.

Professor Stockhardt of the Royal Academy of Agriculture at Thorend, Germany, in his chemical field lectures, says:

first what quantity does it contain in 100 parts of phosphate of lime?

First—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts of organic matter?

Third—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts of organic matter?

Third—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts of organic matter?

Third—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts of salts of locash?

Fourth—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts of space of the parts of salts of locash?

Fifth—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts of phosphate of lime?

Sixth—What quantity does it contain in 100 parts of phosphate of lime?

parts of gypsum?
Seventh-What quantity does it contain in 100 parts in carbonate of time with magnesia? Then ask in what composition is the nitrogen principally present? as an ammoniacal salt? as a nitric acid salt? as an organic substance of easy or difficult decay? By the reply to the first inquiry he is placed in a position to calculate the approximate value in money of the manure in question, whilst from the subsequent answers he acquires tolerably certain information as to the slow or rapid action that may be anticipated from its use."

It is as necessary to ask these questions of a party of whom you purchase fertilizers as it would be to ask them of a chemist; and if the seller cannot answer them it is not safe to purchase of him and expect favorable results from its application. Plaster, or sulphate of lime, is sold at from \$4 to \$8 per ton, according to locality. On some sails it is productive of great good at small expense; on other soils it produces no visi-

able to form a safe opinion before the planting season, as is fully explained in circular in relation to soil tests, which I send you by mail.

There will be seen from these tests, not only the wants of the soil, but the wants of the crop which is grown, and also what is fully as important to know, what it is not well to use, thus saving expense, loss of time, and disappointment in the from the continuous forms of the stabiling that it depends greatly on the condition of the soil and partly on the crop grown as to what ingredients or combination of ingredients to apply for fertilizing. If there is a sufficiency in the soil the fertilizer applied, there will be no increase in the crop, but, if there is a deficiency in that one ent alone, its application in however small a quantity will result in a large gain in the crop.

This is one reason of the wide difference in results in using chemical manures, and also causes waste in quantity applied, and, consequently, increased cost. Frequently half a ton is used when a much less quantity would produce as good, if not better, results. Sometimes a fertilizer is applied which, coming in contact with another element in the soil, neutralizes it, and the fer-tilizer is rendered valueless, and its cost lost by ignorance in regard to the action of chemicals, to say nothing of the loss on the crop growing, which it is ascertained, when too late to rectify it, that an article not needed has been ap-Farmers who are interested in growing crops cheaply and successfully-and what farmer is not? -should apply soil tests to their land, that they may know what their soil most needs, and, with

proper application, what crops would be most profitable to grow on that soil. Soil tests will show that some lands now not favorable to growing large crops of corn, can be made so at a trifling expense; and the same in regard to wheat-the land can be made to produce a much larger crop at a reduced cost if it is known what the soil lacks and the crop wants. Soil tests furnish this information, and every one

interested in agriculture may learn of his own knowledge and under his own eye what his soil Until farmers know what their soils lack and what their crops want, and the effects of the constituents required for their growth, separately and combined, a rational system of manuring is

mpossible. A correspondent writes that his chickens are in good condition and have the free run of the barnyr.rd and farm, but are not laying eggs, although the season for laying is at hand. He asked what he shall feed to his poultry to produce eggs. This query is an opportune one and the reply may be of

Before considering the question of food, it may be well to state that so soon as old fowls have ceased laying in the autumn, and before they have lost condition by moulting, they should, unless Hamburgs or Brahmas, be either killed or sold off and replaced by puliets hatched in March or April, which will have moulted early. These pullets, with proper food and housing, will all broduce eggs by November. When fowls are kept for eggs it is essential to success that every autumn the stock be replaced with pullets hatched early in the spring. By no other means can eggs be relied on. The only exception to this rule is in the case of Cochins, Brahmas or Hamburgs, which will lay through winter up to their second and sometimes their third year.

A judicious system of feeding is essential in winter. There is danger in overfeeding. A fathen is not only subject to disease, out ceases to lay. On the other hand fowls are not remunerative unless sufficiently fed. The almost daily production of an article so rich in nitrogen as an egg demands an ample and regular supply of adequate food. There is one simple rule that always boids good with adult fowls, viz., give them as much as they will eat eagerly and no more. When fowls begin to feed with Indifference the supply should be stopped.

If the fowls have a run of moderate extent, so lost condition by moulting, they should, unless

the nests should be changed as often as there is

the nests should be changed as often as there is any foul or musty smell.

A change of food at times will be beneficial. When the weather is warm and the production of eggs abundant, the food should abound in nitrogeneous or flesh-forming material, and not contain too much starch or oil, both of which, being carbonaceous, have warmin-priving and fattening properties; but in cold weather, when the eggs are fewer than in summer, less of the nitrogeneous and more of the carbonaceous food will be required.

One word more. Fowls require some portion of animal food; on a wide range they will provide this for themselves; when in confinement it must be furnished. Scraps from the table are good. Animal food need not be given more than three times per week, and only in small quantities. If the fowls are overfed with meat scraps the quilts of the feathers become more or less charged with blood, which the birds in time perceive, and pick at each others plumage until they have the skin bare. It is well in winter to add to the drinking water a few drops of sulphate of iron, just enough to impart a slight mineral taste; this will in a measure guard against roup, and act as a tonic.

Feeding and Dressing Fowls.

Mrs. Fanny Field, an authority on poultry matters, reports that she has had best success in fattening by use of as much as the hens or turkeys can eat clean of a mixture morning and noon of bolied potatoes, beets and carrots thickened with corn and barley meal, and whole corn at night, and milk kept by them constantly in abundant supply: "Ten days or two weeks of such feeding will put fowls in prime condition for market; he, if they are in decent order to begin with; but if they have been half-starved all summer, no amount of extra feeding will ever make them as good for table use as the fowls that have been well kept all their lives. The best market turkeys I ever saw were well fed from the time they were twenty hours old. For the last month they were the time three times daily—cooked vegetables and meal at moning and noon, and corn at night. They had all they would eat up clean each time, but no food was left in their feeding places. They had free range, but I don't think they ever went ten rods from the buildings. When killed they were between six and seven months of age, and the dressed weight of the eighty was 1286 pounds."

Reasonable objection is made to confining in can eat clean of a mixture morning and noon of Reasonable objection is made to confining in

Reasonable objection is made to confining in close, dark pens; give light and comfortable room for exercise, even if this humane treatment renders necessary the use of a handful more of feed: "Twice we tried fattening turkeys in pens in a barn cellar, where it was only light enough to enable the fowls to see to gat; the cellar was dry and warm, food and drink was kept in the pens all the time, but those turkeys would only eat just enough to keep from starvat on, and they actually weighed less after three weeks of confinement than tney did when we shut them tup. I happen to know half a dozen other people who tried the same thing with the same result."

Mr. D. W. Lewis takes up the subject from the commercial point of view, and in a recent circular reminds farmers of the requisites for securing highest prices in the New York market: "Fowls should not be fed for twenty-four hours before killing, as food in the crop is liable to sour and injure its sale. Bleeding in the mouth is the best mode of killing; heads and feet should be left on; in dressing the water should be as near the boiling point as possible, without actually boiling; dip the bird into the water three times, holding it by the legs; the feathers must be then quickly and thoroughly remoyed, without breaking the skin; then dip into boiling water two seconds, and immediately afterward into cold water the same length of time. Wet-dressed poultry is generally preferred up to Thanksgiving, after which dry picked has the preference. Small, fat turkeys seil best the season through, except at Thanksgiving and Christmas, when large, dry-picked birds only are wanted. Geese sell best at Christmas."

At a recent meeting of Ohio farmers the subject of stabling cattle in winter was considered, during which valuable experience was related. The sum and substance of the whole subject, as appeared in the experience of these farmers, was about as

It pays to shelter cattle in winter in rigorous

It pays to shelter cattle in winter in rigorous climates. Stable and feed there all the stock the farm will carry. In a word, keep as much stock as the farm can supply with hay and straw and corn fodder. Make good this bulky feed by the addition of grait, mill feed, hominy meal, oil-cake meal and similar materials, as can be had at the best terms. Feeding the last-named materials increases the value of the rough feed, as a larger per cent. of it is digested when fed with other rations; the concentrated feeds also greatly improve the manure pile.

Growing animals cannot digest enough straw in cold weather to keep up heat, flesh and strength. There is in such practice a shrinkage and loss of flesh, which means, in the end, loss of time and feed. This loss may be prevented by a small outlay for additional feed, as has been sucgested.

The great advantage gamed by feeding under shelter, in addition to the easier fattening of the animals when kept warm, and their better condition generally, is the saving of all the solid manure and urine. This last is a very important consideration when estimating the profits of stabling cattle.

The majority of farmers do not believe that it

Has any farmer ever given such a subject a thought? What we mean is this—hens should be so bred that they will combine early laying with size, and also with a view of producing farge market chicks. The Leghorns will lay, but they lack size. The Brahmas are good layers, but they are slow coming in, and if not hatched very early will only lay lif the following spring. It is well known that crossing breeds not only combines sometimes the good qualities of both originals, but gives stamina, vizor, early maturity and hardness. If large, coarse Brahma hens are crossed with a Leghorn, the pullets will be larger than the Leghorns, and will make are earlier than the Brahmas. They will also be hardier than the Brahmas. They will also be hardier than the pure Leghorns, and will make very fine laying hens, but the propensity to sit is not as strong as in the Brahma. Now this cross will do for the first one. The second year pullets from this cross schould be crossed with either a Dominique, American Sebright, or Plymouth Rock. We get pullets that are one-fourth Brahma, one-fourth Leghorns, and one-half of the breed we use in the cross. Our pullets from the cross will be of large size, will mature early, be good layers, good mothers, and produce first-class market chicks, if bred to Plymouth Rock cocks. The double cross is always better than the first, provided the cock is a pure bred one. The young chicks will be hardier and be larger than pure bred ones from either of the parents. The experiment of crossing night be tried in different directions. The Hondan crossed on the Cochins and Brahmas do well, and the pullets from this cross should be bred to Plymouth Pocks for market chicks. In fact, if you wish young chicks for market, there is no fowl that can begin to compare with the Plymouth Rock for the provided the cock is a pure bred on the cock of the provided the cock is a pure bred on the cock of the provided the cock is a pure bred on the cock of the provided the cock is a pure bred on the cock of the provided the cock They must wait for the hen to sit. It is then necessary to breed as carefully as possible to make up from the cross what is unavoidably lost by hatching late. Always cross the white Leghorns on white Brahmas, and the brown Leghorn on the Cochins and dark Brahmas if you desire to cross such with the Leghorns. It makes a more uniform plumage. To cross on Plymouth Rock hens the Dominique Leghorn will suit better, but we doubt if there is any such pure strain, though many breeders advertise them. The rose combed Leghorns are better than the single, as there is less itability of being frosted on the comb in winter.—[Farmers' Magazine and Rural Guide.

A pamphlet has recently been published abroad on the gapes disease in gallinaceous birds, and on A pamphlet has recently been published abroad on the gapes disease in gallinaceous birds, and on the parasite which causes the disease, by M. Pierre Megiun, formerly president of the Entomological Society of France. The pamphlet is a prize essay. Lord Walsingham offered two prizes, of which gapes in pheasants was taken as the subject of one. There is so much similarity between gapes in pheasants and in fowls that the information must be interesting to all whose fowls have suffered from this common complaint. The gapes disease is caused by the presence in the trachea of the fowls of worms of the genus Syngamus. The male and female worms attach themselves to the micous membrane of the fowls' breathing tubes. The female dies and sets free her eggs by the decomposition of her bedy. These eggs hatch out under favorable cenditions in twenty-eight to thirty days. Two media alone are sufficient to spread the epidemic of gapes—first, food or drinks, which has become infested with eggs or embryos; secondly, the diseased birds themselves, which are constantly disseminating the eggs of the parasite.

Montagu points out to us one of the most rational methods of treating the gapes. He obtained great success by a combination of the following means: Itemoval from infested situations; a thorough change of food, hemp seed and green vegetables fouring largely in the new diet; and for drinking, instead of plain water, an infusion of rue and garlic. The following circumstances afford a good proof of the usefulness of garlie: In 1877 and 1878 the pleasant preserves in the forest of Fontaine-bleau were ravaged by gapes; we saw the disease arrested and totally cured when a mixture was given consisting of yolk of egg, boiled bullock's leart, stale bread crumbs and leaves of nettle, well mixed and pounded together with pounded garlic, in the proportion of one clove for ten young

tions by adding that it is always advisable to disinfect the soil of preserves, and one of the best
means of destroying any eggs or embryos it may
contain is to water the ground with a inixture of
sulphuric acid, in the proportion of fifteen grains
to one and three-fourths pints of water. Diseased
birds must be carefully isolated from the heaithy
ones as soon as possible, and any which die of the
gapes should be at once carefully and very deeply
buried.

Pure Water for Animals. That pure water is better for all kinds of stock than impure will be generally admitted by those who have given the subject the least thought or attention. But all animais are not in a position to obtain pure water; in fact, it is only a very small proportion of those that come under the head of domesticated that touch absolutely pure water a dozen times during their lives, and the only wonder is that so ewe are injured by the impurities and filthy matter taken into the stomach with the liquids they drink. It has been asserted that in several instances typhoid fever has been traced to fine milk of cows feeding on farms on whitch sewage from cities had been used for enriching the land; but whether the germs of the disease were taken with the grass or in the water drunk is at present unknown, and there are not attention. But all animals are not in a position wanting very good auti-orties on such matters who still doubt if the germs of tyl-hold fever can be transmitted from the water or food of the cow to her milk. Dr. R. Barnes of England thinks that it has not yet been clearly established that typhoid fever has been produced from drinking impure milk, but says that the germs may have been added in the water put into the milk for the purpose of dilution. He admits, however, that in any case the importance of securing ture water for cattle is unquestionable. "It is obviously more satisfactory to supply the cow with pure water to elaborate into milk, as well as to have pure water to dilute it."

That cattle will sometimes drink impure and filiby water when pure can be just as readily obtained is a well-known fact, but this may be attributed to a morbid appetite, and not to natural causes. A correspondent of the Mark Lane Express, referring to the fact that sometimes animals seem to prefer filthy liquids to drink, says: "Do your correspondents know that horses have the strongest possible preferences for particular waters, not always the cleanest, and that although many will not drink their favorite water from a strange pail, others, as well as cattle and pigs, will scratch away the straw that they may suck up the flithy water stagnant in the nuck in a farm yard, when plenty of pure rain water is provided for them in clean and proper

they may suck up the filthy water stagnant in the muck in a farm yard, when plenty of pure rain water is provided for them in clean and proper troughs and tanks? Have they observed that not only horses, cattle and pigs will do this, but poultry, pigeons and our domestic and dumb pets—dogs and cats—leaving pure water provided expressly for them, and lapping up the vilest abominations found about the place and on the roads with evident and disgusting relish?"

While the above is no doubt often true, it does not in the least shake our faith in the necessity of pure water for stock. We also know that animals will eat, as well as drink, that which is not good for them, but in this they do not exhibit less intelligence than man. It will not do to trust wholly to the instinct of animals in the selection of their food and drink, for it is well known that cattle, horses, and sheep will often feed voraciously at

and the two, good food and good, pure water, usually go together.

Old pastures become foul, and the streams running through them and the springs frequented by cattle become polluted with the washings from the surface of the surrounding hand, and a change to fresh fields will often prove very beneficial to stock of all kinds. Old pastures should be occasionally broken up and the droppings of the animals mixed with the soil, and the land again seeded down after a crop or two of some kind has been grown upon it. This will prove a purifying process, and the new sward and grasses will be healthier and sweeter than the old one's; less flith will also be washed into the springs, ponds and streams where the cattle go for water. We often hear men boasting of their old pastures that have been yleiding good grass for twenty-five or more years, without having been broken up or the sward disturbed except by the feet of their cattle: and while we admit that such land must be valuable, we cannot believe that it is as healthy for stock as if it had been purified by an occasional ploughing and periods of rest.

In many of the Western States, and especially on the higher prairies, streams and springs are exceedingly scarce, and the principal sources from which water is obtained for stock are the low sloughs and depressions in which water accumulates during heavy rains or from the melting snows in spring. These pools, which are generally very limited in size, take all the wash of the higher ground about them; and the more they are visited by cattle the more healthy they become. In winter and spring, when they are tuil, the water is comparatively clean and pure, but as it becomes scarce and low in summer it grows flithy in the extreme, and the only wonder is that an animal can live after drinking such a liquid. Cows drinking such water annot give pure milk, and it is not possible for them to give any very considerable quantity, for it is well known that cows, in order to yield the best returns, must have access to pure water, as

Prime Poultry for Market.

There exists in various sections of the country a wide difference of opinion as regards the merits of "drawn" or whole poultry and "dry" picked of drawn or whose pointry and dry picked and scaled poultry. Some markets, too, demand large fowls, while others prefer medium sizes. Again, prices vary with the breeds. It is, therefore, advisable that poultry growers who want the best prices for birds sent to market, should acquaint themselves with the requirements of the dealers to whom they anticipate sending their product.

dealers to whom they anticipate sending their product.

All poultry dealers are of one mind as regards the method of feeding that produces the best flesh. The best flesh is obtained from poultry which has been properly fed from the beginning. It is juicier and richer in flavor than that from fowls taken in a half-starved state and "crammed" before killing to make weight. The preference is given to poultry that is confined for several days previous to killing and fed on sweet, clean food. When allowed to forage for t emselves, fowls pick up a great deal of flithy food that taints the flesh. All dealers prefer that no food be given for twenty-four hours before killing. In New York there is a clause in the city ordinance to the effect that shippers must keep food from poultry at least twelve hours before killing, and it would be better not to feed for twenty-four hours previously. The birds keep fresh longer when this precaution is observed and the meat is sweeter.

The ulan most generally approved of nowadays

birds hold their color better and gain the fancy prices. In the New York market all the prime dry-picked chickens are sold as "Pinladelphia dry-picked" fowls. It takes a fowl in good condition to present an attractive appearance when dry picked, which accounts for the large quantity of wet-picked poultry sold. Interior fowls, after scalding and plumping, look better than hey would if dry picked, hence scalding is in order when the birds are not up to the standard in quality. The greatest of care should be exercised in the picking of poultry for shipment. First, it must be relieved of heat; never pack until it is quite cold; do not bruise the flesh or break the skin. Medium-sized packages are preferred, and it is advised that different kinds of fowls be put in different packages, the kind being marked distinctly on the cover. Boxes make the best packages, as the birds are not so liable to get twisted out of shape in these as they are in barrels. Clean rye or oat straw, free from dust and quite dry, furnishes excellent packing material. In packing, place the birds breast down.

When the poultry is m brime condition it will boay to wran each bird in clean white paper; this will prevent discoloration, should the birds come in contact, and brevent freezing on the road. A well-known New York bountry dealer sends the following directions for packing: Wran each bird in clean white baper; fold the neck under the body, with the tegs stretched out; lay the first bird in the left-band corner, back up, with its neck toward the end of the box. Fill the first row, and then begin the second at the same piace, only let the birds' heads pass up between the rumps of the adjoining ones. This makes the packing solid. In the last row reverse the order, placing the head toward the end of the box fill the first row, and then begin the second at the same piace, only let the birds' heads pass up between the rumps of the adjoining ones. This makes the packing solid. In the last row reverse the order, placing the head toward the end of th

often rival turkeys in weight, and no matter how large the bird may be the meat is of excellent

quality.

Our city markets now depend largely upon frozen poultry, contributed from all p rts of the country. The great demand for frozen poultry comes late in the season, when fresh-killed fowls are no longer desirable. It is of common occurrence to buy as good a turkey in March as can be purchased in November. Choice lots of poultry are frozen up during the fall, placed in refrigerators constructed for the purpose, and held over in cold storage buildings until fresh lots picked up locally are consumed.—[The World.

Small Ica-Mouses on Farms Ice-houses are valuable appendages to farms. They return each year that they are filled with ice a benefit greater than the cost of constructing and

They return each year that they are filled with ice a benefit greater than the cost of constructing and filling. Farmers who have become accustomed to the advantages of ice in summer consider an ice-house a need that they would not be willing to dispe, se with. Ice is not difficult to keep, nor need the tuilding for keeping it in necessarily be a costly one. All farmers should reap the profit as well as pleasure that ice will give during the heated term of the year. If there is no suitable bu laing convenient to the dwelling for keeping it in, an ice-house should be constructed at once, before the ground becomes frozen.

From my experience with small ice-houses, the best and cheapest way is to have the place for storing under ground. It has been claimed and is still claimed by many persons, that ice even in small quantities will keep better above ground than below. This is not the case. The keeping quality of ice depends, when a proper covering is given, upon its being kept dry. Dryness may be attained by securing a good natural or artificial drainage underneath, and by admitting plenty of air to absorb the damp vapors that will rise to the top of the building. In large houses an outlet must be constructed for the dripping water. Such a construction is hardly ever necessary in small buildings, since the water will soak into the ground. Quantities of ice may be more easily kept above the surface, because proper drainage can then be had, and, besides, it is less expensive te build above ground than to excavate. In the small ice-house the principal care is to guard against the effects of the solar heat. This can be done at a less expense by using the ground as a part protector.

wither in rigorous to the institute of animals in the selection of their must be constructed for the dripping waters. Such and will often feed voraclously at a like the state of such as much stock hay and straw and bulky feed by the must be constructed for the dripping waters. Such and will also drink water strongly impregnated may fined, oll-cake must be constructed for the water will socal in the feed to the state of such liquids, and will older feed voraclously at a must be constructed. For the dripping waters was and bulky feed by the water wand bulky feed by the water was an average and the feed with noisonous chemicals. Dogs, cats, rats and may fined the water will socal as a feed of the water will socal the water will socal as a feed of the water will socal the water double? Both coverings can be of boards or the outer, one, may be shingled. Shingles are more lasting. Boards may then be nalled to the under side of the rafters and the intervening space filled with sawdust. A ventilator may be put in the root, but the same effect can be had by leaving the door in one of the gables partly open.

Many farms have streams flowing through, or close by them, from which lee can be cut on the deeper parts. If there are no suitable natural ponds, as artificial one can be constructed at a small expense. By having the place for cutting close by, the tee can be put up much more rapidly. Randity is worth money in the lee harvest, since in this latitude there are often only a few days on which the lee is fit for cutting. No great returns, whether of pleasure or profit, can be expected without some little expense and trouble in securing them. Putting up ice takes some time, but the work of cutting comes when there is no rushing business of any other kind to be done. It may take energy to face the severe cold of winter to prepare a cooling arricle for a luture time. Some sacrifice of present comfort may be required in leaving the warm stove. But don't, think that it won't be hot next summer. It will, and the sun's warm rays will dispel like magic the effects of frost. No mementees will remain except those that have been saved. The last vestige of cold will have disappeared, and then the opposite extreme will come. The mercury will again attempt to leap over the top of the thermometer tube, and then, as the sun expresses through at lightning speed, by the air line, so many packages labelled 'hot," how nice it will be to get a chunk of ree and hug it until it melts away in tears trying to keep you cool.

Lee is valuable in making butter. It is one of the best of medicines in fevers. By its use good, cool drinking water can be had. Its value in saving earables from putrefying is inestimable, through its aid the hotel-keepers are enabled to set down the same old hash for over a week. Its benefit

Dollar.

And grown in a city at that! Yes, and something more also. Year after year nearly, and for And grown in a city at that! Yes, and something more also. Year after year nearly, and for a third of a century, the American Agriculturist has urged every one having a single square yard of soil, in village or city, as well as in the country, to plant a grapevine, and train it up against the house, on a post, on a trellis, along a fence—or anywhere in the free, uniaxed air and sunlight. It will yield shade, fruit and follage grateful to the eye. If you call this preaching, then for a little practice come with us over to Brooklyn, N. Y., the third largest city in this country, and on this second day of October, take a seat with us on the rear piazza of a small, comfortable residence, on a lot twenty-two by one hundred feet. The piazza, six by twenty-two feet, squarely faces the sun at 10 a.m. Its floor is on a level with the main room opening into it through windows of full length. Underneath is a paved area, forming a sort of summer working-place or wash-room for the basement kitchen. Its ceiling and roof are supported by two plain columns. The yard has on sides and rear a plant and flower border two feet wide, inside of which is a three-leet-wide flagged walk, and inside of this is a grass plat, say 12x36 feet, with a clothes line post at each corner. It is surrounded by a board fence, six and a half feet high, capped with sharp pickets, alternating twenty and twenty-four inches high, which the cats cannot well occupy for night serenades. A four-bar trellis stands along the centre of each of the two side borders. Across the yard, thirteen feet back from the piazza is a trellis, twelve feet high, which nine cross bars upon four plain scanding posts, one at each side and two at the corners of the grass plat, with arched openings cut through to each sidewalk. In the border, a variety of plants and flowers are grown, and parsley enough to ornament the table oilses all through the year, the water supply being transferred to earthen pots in the celiar. So much for the situation of the trellises, and the surrounding

will grow anywhere that it can get a small foothold in a bit of soil; it will run up on anything that its tendrils can cling to; it will halp itself to sunlight and food from the air and earth. If you have a yard of ground, plant a grapevine on it, in ci y, village or country. Do it now, or certainly next spring.

Things Worth Knowing.

Professor W. J. Beal, who believes in the practice of mulching, both upon the farm and garden, gives the result of different materials ordinarily used for mulch and experimented with by him. Old clover hay produced a fine crop of clover plants which had to be killed the next spring. Hay gave a similar result in a young crop of grass. Badly-threshed straw sowed the ground to grain. Plue shavings worked into the soil and proved a nuisance. Tan bark did the same. Forest leaves held down by cornstaiks biew away during the winter. A thick coating of barnyard manure proved an excellent mulch for bedding blants. Coarsely-chopped straw or cornstalks, cut two or three inches long, gave the best satisfaction.

Do not feed corn to the bucks, but give them plenty of oats and keep them out of storms. The best flockmasters put the bucks by themselves at night. The lambs will be stronger.

It is unnatural for domestic animals to live constantly on one kind of concentrated food. Let the pigs have something else with the corn. Raw postoses are better than nothing, and they will eat them greedly. Clover hay cut fine and soaked is good. They will fatten faster on less corn, it they have a change of this kind every day.

In two rospects the shoeing of horses in Holland differs from ours. First, to prevent slipping, the fore-hoofs are pared away to the toe, and the shoes so fitted that the toes do not touch the ground when the foot stands flat, the weight resting on the middle and heel of the since. Second, the shoe is nailed on perfectly flat and close to the foot, which is flattened to receive it; the iron is thereby deprived of all spring, and the hold of the nails is undisturbed. The frog comes in contact with the ground.

Parmentier, the French scientist, declares that the lest way of storing wheat, retaining the seed-germinating and food-making principles in their perfection, is to thoroughly dry and clean the gain, packing the production in dry, clean sacks kept apart from each other. Care should also be taken to preserve as Professor W. J. Beal, who believes in the practice of mulching, both upon the farm and garden,

those cows which have four equal teats and those which have six (four equal and two smaller ones, which surely yield no milk), belong especially to the higher order of their class, and those of infefor orders have usually four teats with one false

the higher order of their class, and those of inferior orders have usually four teats with one false nipple.

Wright claims that the best food for fattening fowls is buckwheat meal. If this cannot be procured, he advises an equal mixture of Indian and barley meal. Each bird is to have as much as it will eat at one time, but no food must be left to become sour. A little minced green food should be given daily to keep the fowls in order.

When hogs are taken from grass or other bulky diet, to be fattened, the change to a more concentrated food should be gradual, as too sudden a change is attended with serious results. The animal should at first have light food. Bran and other mill stuff, made into slop and given with grain is good, and if the refuse from the orchard or potato field is given, that, too, will be beneficial, especially if cooked and mixed with the bran, etc. One pound tallow, one-half pound beeswax, one-quarter pound resin two ounces neat's-foot oil, two ounces elycerine. Melt and mix thoroughly, Keep in an iron skillet, and, when needed, melt and apply to your boots warm. That'il keep out the water and keep'em soft and nice.

In the experiments of Sir J. B. Lawes of Rothamstead, Eng., he finds this year his experimental plot of mangles planted for forty years on the same ground is much more thirffy than his main crop of thirty acres, to which he applies both barnyard manure and nitrate of soda. He attributes the superiority of the small plot to the fact that every weed was destroyed as soon as it became visible. In this wet season he believes the weeds in the main crop took more nitrogen than was supplied by the fertilizer applied. This is worth thinking of by farmers. Manure costs too much money to allow their neutralization from lack of clean culture.

a pelicle forms on the surface of the water in each pitcher (carbonate of lime), and that must never be broken till the moment for withdrawing the eggs. This process enables eggs to be kept f.esh for six or eight months, and not more than five in 1000 prove objectionable.

Sometimes we feed our fowls too fat. The Plymouth Rocks are notorious for being always fat, while the Leghorns are said to be never so. A Brahma chicken will not fatten perfectly; but, when grown, takes on fat quekly. To reduce the fowls in flesh, without depriving them of food, may be done by forcing them to scratch for a living, and give to them oats only, and but once a day. Select a dry portion of the yard; or, if in wet weather, the floor of the fowl-house, and cover it with leaves, cut straw or salt hay, and such waste material as answers. Throw the oats into this and let them hunt for the grains. Feed nothing in the morning, give the oats at neon,

wet weather, the floor of the fowl-house, and cover it with leaves, cut straw or salt hay, and such waste material as answers. Throw the oats into this and let them hunt for the grains. Feed nothing in the morning, give the oats at neon, and allow nothing at night. On very cold nights a little corn may be fed. Watch the fowls carefully, and do not carry on the process any longer than may be necessary. Moistening the oats to swell them a little before feeding, and also parching them occasionally, will be sufficient change during the feeding for the reduction of fat.

Good feed for the colts will make strong limbs and joints. A few bushels of oats may keep away spavins and curbs. Running in the vard in the day will prevent ringbones, and having the benefit of a box-stall, nights, will save other accidents and give them the excreise they require. A young colt is naturally very active, and when deprived of the opportunity is apt to receive in jury.

When fowls are fed sparingly, being kept short, they become an expense, for there is no stock that pays so poorly if negiceted, or as well if extra ear is taken of them.

H. G. Abbott says that two pigs furnished with muck, sand, weeds and sod, will manufacture them into the best manure that can be found, and will be worth, when the pigs are six months old, as much as a ton of the best superpnosphate that selfs for \$50 at ton.

W. F. Brown says: "I find more profit in a cow that comes la iresh in the fail than from those that are fresh in the spring. Not only does butter bring a better price, but I think the cows give more milk in the year under this management, for just when they come to the time when they would naturally begin to jshrink largely in their milk, they go oir fresh pasture and increase the flow, while a cow that is fresh in the spring begins to shrink just at the season of failing pasture and the transition from green to dry feed, and a great failing off in milk is unavoidable."

Many a man has had his pork fail to keep properly because it was salted in a

top dressing, well-rooted barnvard manure, prepared muck, etc., to put on your grass lands, do it now. The theory is quite common that a somewhat worn meadow must be pleughed and reseeded, but experience shows that grass seed sown and the field well topped will help very greatly. As a rule we prefer top dressing newly seeded lands. On light soils it will not pay as well, but on clay or heavy loam it is one of the best uses of well-rotted manure.

All animals cannet dig stalike. One ox can eat and digest more than his mate, one pig more than another, and one sheep more than another, although they may be of the same age. When feeding animals these differences should be observed, and the animals fed accordingly. The same quantity all around won't do. It may make some sick, and some will not get enough.

Some of the more important advantages of underdraining are lersely stated as follows by Waldo F. Brown. It prevents the drowning out of crops in wet seasons. It enables the farmer to work the soil earlier in the spring and sooner after rains. It prevents the souring of the soil, caused by excessive moisture. It lessens the risk of freezing out in winter grain. It lessens the risk of surface washing. It keeps the ground moist and the crops growing in a dry season. It makes the ground warmer. It permits a more thorough pulverization of the soil. It increases the fertility of the soil.

Bemember, mixed foods are what are required for all young animals, unites in liself all the above constituents and everything required to maintain hie and growth. Where young animals are deprived of milk they should have a substitute as nearly like it as possible. This is common sense and science, good to build on.

The shabby old harness or travelling satchel may have the color restored by an application of good blacking, a subsequent brushing, a very slight olling, and an after dressing of gum tragadinth. It is surprising what an effect this treatment has upon old and shabby-looking leather.

I have more than once freed fields entire

wireworms by sowing a crop of white mustare seed. I once sowed a whole field of forty ode acres which had not repaid me for many years in

consequence of every crop being destroyed by the wireworm to white mustard. I am warranted in saying that not a sligle wireworm could be found the following year, and the succeeding crop of wheat was a fine one.

Plant the most mature and perfect seeds of the

Plant the most mature and perfect seeds of the most hardy, vigorous and valuable varieties, and, as a shorter process, ensuring more certain and happy results, cross and hybridize our finest kinds for still greater excellence. This is President Wilder's formula for improving our fruits.

A pound of poultry can be grown at a less cost than a peund of beef, and is worth more.

Milk is a most valuable food for fowls at this season. Supposing you have it. Even whey is good for them.

The consumer pays eight cents for a quart of alleged milk. The farmer receives two cents. Now who gets the 75 per cent. that slips away in the wide gap between producer and consumer, and what right has he to it? That's what we'd like to know.

and what right has he to it? That's what we'd like to know.

Do not pack several varieties of apples in the same barrel for market. Use the odds and ends at home, and make as salable backages as possible for shipping.

Are you wintering any cows which will not pay for their keeping? If so, fatten and sell them; or sell them, anyway. A poor cow runs its owner in debt.

It is a good plan to be watchful of the calves at this season of the year. The busy dairyman is quite apt to be unmindful of them in the fail and early winter. By exposure to sudden changes and chills from cold winds and wet weather, a loss of flesh and a stint in their growth will occur that will afterwards cost heavily in extra food to

early winter. By exposure to sudden changes and chills from cold winds and wet weather, a loss of flesh and a stint in their growth will occur that will afterwards cost heavily in extra food to overcome. They need shelter and good feed to keep in good condition to go into winter quarters. It is an exceedingly hard fortune for a calf to begin winter on a losing basis.

Gardeners understand the good effect that turning up the soil late in the fall has upon the next year's crop; but there are many others—those who have small gardenes, and in this class are many of our well-to-do farmers—who, by neglecting this work, only raise half a crop of vegetables, and these of an inferior quality, and then they wonder why their more knowing neighbors do so much better. Hence, we cannot too often repeat the advice that if they will use the garden fork, and turn the soil up full fork deep, late in November, allowing it to remain in itumps all winter, exposed to the frost, it will have much to do in putting the ground in excellent condition, and tend greatly to add to next year's crops. This is especially where the ground is not so treated at all; but we would mention that to do this once in two or three years, instead of every year as some gardeners do, will produce equally good effect. Gardens—and especially old ones—should be limed about once in five years, though but lightly, say at about the rate of thirty bushes to the acre, and lightly salted every other year, at the rate of from six to eight bushels per acre, applying it evenly to avoid injury. Keep the sait from coming in contact with box-edging and all other evergreeps, very small trees, etc. Such a course will recuperate your old gardens in a surprising manner.

Whether they can afford it or not, more than one-half of the time. How many farmers, with all their ability for saving expenses, have ever full day's labor performed the cost had been fully §4 per day. If a miller, a lumberman, a provider of material of any kind requiring the service of teams, cannot afford t

services of teams, cannot afford to keep idle horses in the stable, how can the farmer afford it? The farmer often complains, and rightfully, that his margin of profit is very smail, that other branches of industry make larger profits, and admitting this conclusion, would it not be well for farmers to study the methods of economy in time adopted in other branches of business? A team horse will soon eat his head off feeth neemployed, and he will do so whether kept by the farmer or the manufacturer.

How many poultry keepers have as much noultry and eggs to use in their families as they ought to or would like to have? Isn't it a little strange that farmers at least should not have as much of this kind of food as their families want? They can be raised or produced cheaper than nork or other meat supplies and are better. Why not resolve to turn over a new leaf in the matter of poultry raising ann have enough for a pot-pie once in a while. We know new who will carry agon all day and roam over helds, through brush and swamps, day after day, to get enough wild game to make a pot-pie. The material, when thus procured at a great loss of time, of labor and strength, is not half as good to eat as properly raised poultry. Ah! but the sport! you will say; well, it may be sport for those who like it, but we don't want any of that in ours, thanks. A good chicken pot-pie is good enough for as, and it is easier. It car it is no one's own premises than to scour the country with dog and gun to find. Besides, after chickens have passed the pot-pie stage they are good enough as roasters to make any reasonable body's mouth water when properly prepared. Then there's your fresh egg for breakfast, your omelet, your puddings, cakes and lots of other good things, all dependent on a supply of raw material from the ponlity yard.

For propagating grapevines in the garden or vineyard without artificial heat the cuttings should be made this fall, or soon after the frosts have killed the leaves. The young canes of this season's growth should b

A Baby Cuddled Up by a Bear. (San Francisco Paper.)
Henry Flynn of Inskip let his three-year-old

daughter ride upon a horse that he was taking to

much as they will cat eagerly and to more. Where to the dwith bundledness but forms limited all antitions, a largery of plants and flowes are grown and interest the total the waste and the continued and the position of the water in the pick will and the position of the water in the pick will and the position of the water in the pick will and the position of the water in the pick will and the position of the water in the pick will and the position of the water in the pick will and the position of the water in the pick will and form the position in the form of the water in the pick will and form the position in the position of the water in the pick will and form the position in the position of the water in the pick will and form the position in the position of the water in the pick will and form the position in the position of the water in the pick will and form the position in the position of the water in the pick will and form the position in the position of the water in the pick will and form the position in the position of the water in the pick will and and form the position in the collar both the position of the water in the pick will and and form the position in the collar both the position in the collar both the position in the collar both the position in the position in the collar both the collar bo pasture, and after she had ridden about forty rods from home he lifted her off the horse and told her

THE GREAT GERMAN STEP SHOULD HE WILLIAM CERTIFICATION OF THE PARTY OF T

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Ge somin, 8 grains.
Ext. Lenatics armarse (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. lenatics, 2 scruples.
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hix.
Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m. and anoth r on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bed ime making the number three a dsy.
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therefore, what should be added. They also furnish information regarding the agricultural as well as the market value of the three constituents generally conceded as being all that is necessary to restore the fertility to the soil, or to restore what has been also

stracted by growing crops. THE TEN SOIL TESTS

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30 DAYS' TRIAL

THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

Novelties in Decorative Art-A New Bronze Age.

Various Glimpses of Fashion-Fabrics and Shapes for Cleaks-About Ulsters.

The Latest Fancies in Jewelry-Olla Podrida.

It would seem from present indications, says the Art Interchange in an article on decorative novel-ties, that we are about to enter into a new "bronze age," so numerous and beautiful are its applications to ornamental uses. Bronze of various combinations, showing exquisite tintings of silver. gold, copper, nickel, and "verd antique," is seen east in every form, from stutues of heroic size down to tiny birds; also in picture frames, almost superseding gilt in this case, mirror-frames, photograph-frames, and in vases of magnificent proportions and chaste de-sign. Among vases for the hearth or bay-window a stately pair is shown, elaborate in gold, bronze, copper and repousse; on the body are shown storks in flight; on the neck and banded above the base are conventionalised Oriential flowers; handles, in red copper bronze, are two immense dragons, minutely wrought as to their glittering scales. For hall decoration come mediæval-looking armorlal groups in Berlin bronze of a nickel tint; on the face of the central shield is painted in rich oils the three-quarter figure of an ancient warrior or knight, adding a point of interest to the picturesque arrangement of gauntlet, halberd, lance and shield. For the library is shown a waste-basket of white bronze and brass, suitable for a gilt to a shipowner of ilterary turn, the design being a fishing-net hung on a brass anchor and oar; an umbrela-stand, which might accompany the basket; the heimsman's wheel, composed of old oak, is mounted on a silver bronze captain's trumpet. Among minor objects in bronze recalling the middle ages are candle-soonees and cande-sticks in Berlin iron, reproductions of celebrated old forms; for paper weights are herds of tiny calves, sheep, cows, and swine in gold and silver bronze, and numerous grotesque figures in the same composition. Very striking and ancient in form is a heraldic clock, the design, the Russian eagle, in old brass, bearing on his breast an antique shield of silver bronze, on which the twelve hours are figured; mounted on a shield covered with rich plush, it makes a highly ornamental timepiece. three-quarter figure of an ancient warrior or mental timepiece.

Speaking of the rage for bronze, charming effects are obtained by the use of colored bronze paints; by their use the delicateiy and fantastically woven Eastern baskets are converted into jewel-like beauties; a carelessly disposed bow of broad satin ribbon of a harmonizing or contrasting shade completes one of these dainty trifles and makes it a lovely gift for a lady.

GLIMPSES OF FASHION. Fabrics and Shapes for Cloaks-About

Ulsters-The Latest Fancies in Jewelry -Olla Podrida. The latest importations of cloaks, according to Harper's, are large garments that may well be

called "upper dresses," as they conceal the dress beneath them, and have most of the new features of winter costumes; thus, they are close and simply shaped about the waist, the back of the skirt is full and very bouffant on the tournure, and the sleeves are full and set high on the shoulders, no matter how they may be shaped below. We have already spoken or the combination of two materials in these great cloaks, and now two colors in contrast appear in them precisely as they do in rich dresses; for instance, green brocaded velvet is used for the skirt and sides of a cloak that has bearbrown plain velvet for the middle of the front and back of the waist; and this arrangement of materials is repeated in many other colors, such as old blue with seal brown. Titian red velvet with black lace, and also with many black brocaded velvets in which there are glimpses of red or yellow wov.n in the fabric. Prane-color, golden brown, and duil red are favorite colors for rich cloaks that may be worn alike in the day or evening, for it is no longer a settled thing that a handsome cloak for visiting, church, and day receptions must be black. Velvet is the chosen fabric for large wraps, and may be either plain or brocaded, and when two fabrics are used it is a matter of taste whether two kinds of velvet are employed or very heavily repped ottoman sik takes the place of one or other. When only one material is seen in the entire cloak, a good deal of rich trimming appears in passementeric ornaments on the front and back of the waist, or else around the neck and on the tournure just below the waist, where they are arranged in full pleats, tassels, or bows to add to the bouffant effect. The high sleeves are variously arranged below the shoulders; sometimes they are the square half-long sleeves worn last winter, in other cases they fall low down and open in the oriental shape, while in others they are folded upward from them for a pleasant supcalled "upper dresses," as they conceal the dress beneath them, and have most of the new open in the oriental shape, while in others they are folded upward from the eibow to the hand, are folded upward from the elbow to the hand, and the arm rests upon them for a pleasant support. The neck is trimmed very full and high with a standing band of fur, or of feathers, or of many pleated lace ruffles, or else of the rich chemile fringes. The trimming most usually extends down the front and down the middle of the back, but in some cases there is so much fulness and weight in the pleats of the material in the back that this lengthwise trimming is omitted, and only an ornament is placed on the fournure. The lining now most in favor for all cloaks made of fabrics that have little warmth in themselves is quitted satin in preference to the plush and fur lmings formerly used. This lining is very lightly quilted in diagonal lines to make it pliable. For cloaks of one fabric plain Lyons velvet, ottoman silk, or Sicilienne is used with fur, passementerie, teathers, or chenille triminings.

About Uisters.

Ulsters and redingotes have also added fulness in the back instead of outlining the whole figure by their close and clinging shape. A postition back is added to many of these useful cloaks to make them full on the tournure, while others have two great box pleats in the back of the full skirt, or else are slightly drawn back from the front, and a Moliere vest is added to fill in the parts drawn back. The dull gray and drab shades formerly used for ulsters are now replaced by dark and warm shades of green, brown and blue cloths, with also dull red, and there are many excellent striped and plaid cloths of rough surface employed for these useful wraps, which are no longer confined to rainy-day garments, and as travelling cloaks, but are worn on city streets for morning walks, shopping, etc. A fur collar and cuffs trim many such cloaks, and in some cases the collar extends in a band down each side of the front; black Persiani and gray krimmer are used for trimming such ulsters or redingotes, especially for those of mouse-color, green or blue cloth, while natural beaver bands of light color trim those of brown cloth. Tapestry-figured cloths are used by French modistes for redingotes that are meant for semi-dress occasions, and these are usually trimmed with velvet.

To sum up the whole matter, for those who have but one wrap black is the best color, as it may be used with any dress. For young ladies this one garment should be, if meant for dressy occasions, a small brocaded velvet shoulder cape with long tabs in front, bordered with full chenille fringe, or a band of fur or feathers; if intended for general wear, the choice lies between a short ottoman cloth jacket with velvet or braid trimming, or else a long pelisse with full skirt in the back. For older ladies the most useful wrap for censtant wear is of black Sicilienne, or-ottoman slik or of black camel's hair cloth, warmly wadded and made in the visite shapes or else in one of the various designs for long cloaks. The fabrics just quoted are soft and pliable, and are more easily managed by inexperienced needlewomen than thicker cloths that require a man's s by their close and clinging shape. A postilion back is added to many of these useful cloaks to

when they were in great favor.

Some floral designs for ornaments, says an exchange, are exquisitely beautiful, such as a wild rose with delicate enameled petals, pistil tipped with yellow dead gold, and a diamond dew drop glistening in the centre. A graceful Marguerite has petals of purest white enamel; the diamond in the heart reflects the golden light of the mottled pistlis. A superb tourmaline, yellow diamond, and a violet ruby form a three-leaved clover.

The taste for insects has by no means at ated.

The taste for insects has by no means at ated. A huge spider is luminous with the brilliancy of spots of varied size and hues of rubies, emeralds, sapphires and the eyes of diamonds. There are golden beetles with jewelled coats, and butterflies that glow like creatures of the mine, with a gnome-like splendor. These are specially intended to be fastened to a portion of the dress.

A variety or color is seen in bracelets. A pair of heavy but narrow bands are set with three tourmaines of a dark afther color, the purple red of port wine, and a fine blue green; diamonds divide the stones, and there is also one at each end. Another pair are set with seven sapphires of contrasting colors, as blue, violet, tawny citron, and a more fittense blue, green, clear red and pink. A dazzingly brilliant collection in a bracelet includes diamonds of whitest purity, of pink, amber, straw, golden and greeft. There is yet another of garnet of delicate, pale-green set with small diamonds; a ruby niched beside each gem yields the necessary bit of color. A Greetan key pattern of yellow gold is studded with five diamonds; in each space is set a dark pearl of contrasting

snades.
There is a charming variety in gentlemen's scarf
plus, nor is the insect tribe omitted, though beings
dess size are less hideous. Among the more at-

tractive is a turtle; the back is a black pearl, the bead is formed of a light pearl, the eyes are diamonds. A black pearl forms the body of a fly; the wings are of diamond specks, and a ruby forms the neck, attached to the diamond head. The body of a small spider of etruscan gold is formed of a yellow and a white diamond; the eyes are of diamons. Another larger spider seems especially aggressive in coloring, of yellow gold with specks of black enamel; a black pearl is set in the lower part of the body, a ruby in the upper part, and the eyes are diamonds.

Some very transincent catseyes gleam from a setting of small diamonds. Jockey caps are largely duplicated with diamond visors. Others are in delicate enamel, set with pearls and diamonds. A superb star ruby has hexagonal lights of exquisite violet thits. A sculptured head of a satyr in a moonstone of remarkable light eyes of emeralds and ruby mouth. Other heads of fawns, satyrs, hamadryads, Egyptian heads of Osiris, Isis and other delites are marvellously carved in cameo of quartz known as beliotrope, sard, chrysoprase, jasper, water saphire, jacinth of a deep red orange, and translucent milkwhite jade, which is very rare and valuable. A cat's head is carved from a Brazillan ruby or pink topaz; the eyes are diamonds. Other bins are set with small nugget gold squares, inlaid with gems. It has been decided that sleeve-links are more convenient than the button, therefore these are seen in the favorite nugget style set irregularly with sunken stones. One style takes the shape of alternate spear heads and tigers' heads set with sapphires and diamonds. Four-leafed clover is linked to a plain placque of yellow gold, brilliant with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. A set of red copper gold and platina is elaborated with a finely engraved diamond and platina snake, wound about one stud: the other is exquisitely engraved to represent rippling water and fish in relief. A concave game set is enamelied with figures of ducks and dogs and rushes in relief. There are many othe

Olla Podrida.

The Fedora puff of white or black crepe lisse in diagonal folds like fine crimping is worn in the neck and sleeves of both rich and simple dresses.

Chinchilla and silver-fox furs are worn on the trains and across the pettheoat fronts of white and gray satin dresses for dinner and full-dress occasions.

Among favorite flowers for embroidering and painting this season are the warm-hued nasturtiums, pansies, tulips, magnolias, asters and chrysanthemums.

chrysanthemums.

A, pretty bit of lingerie is a deep standing collar of Titian red or sapphire velvet fastened by a gold clasp, and having two squares of pleated lace attached to the front.

To throw over the head and neck when leaving the opera, balls, etc., are wide scarfs of white silk muslin, trimmed across each end with five rows of lace sewed together to form one piece, then added to the scarf.

to the scart.

A handsome combination of color in a felt tablescart is of sea foam and sage green—the latter in
a band bordered by a running vine of yellow jasmine, the scarf finished by a cut fringe of both
colored felts.

colored felts.

A new cravat bow to be worn with linen collars is made of a band of doubled linen half a yard long and two inches wide, with a full frill of Valenciennes or of oriental lace across each end. This band is then folded to form two sides of a triangle, and at the point is a brooch or placque of pearl, with gided figures in relief to fasten it in front of

with gilded figures in relief to fasten it in front of the colar.

A novelty in lambrequins is of Chinese design; on a deep band of scarlet silk are embroidered dragons and conventional waves in gold; bordering this is a band of old green silk, on which is depicted in colored silks groups of Chinese ladies as a finish; below is a deep net-work of dull green silk twisted with gold and interspersed with scarlet silk tassels.

Lincrusta painting is coming in vogue; a handsome dining-room screen of this marveilous material shows two leaves covered with relief conventional flowers painted in colored bronzes; the central leaf, of dull gold, has painted on its rich surface a beautiful Chinese damsel bearing a tray with tea-pot and tea-cups, Lincrusta forming a canvas-like ground for painting.

A large screen for a room, Japanese in sentiment, is composed of black satin mounted in a black lacquer frame; the decoration, a peacock-life sized and perched on a pine bough, is magnificently embroidered in dazzling gold, the feathers of the bird standing out in slight relief; for beauty of effect the pine, with its needle-like foliage, is admirable, either in gold, green, or dull antimmal reds, or bronzes, the clustering spikes being always picturesque.

AH SIN'S SUNDAY SCHOOL. Almond-Eyed Pupils Who Flirt with Their Pretty Girl Teachers.

[New York Morning Journal.] The mission Sunday schools for the heathen Chinese are nearly all taught gratuitously by young ladies under the direction of a superintend ent. There are several of these mission schools in New York. The Chinaman wants to learn Eng-lish for commercial purposes, and he is very glad to learn it from the lips of a pretty girl.

to learn it from the lips of a pretty girl.

It is a very amusing sight—this Chinese mission school. Pigtatis, oiled silk tunies, embroidered clogs with thick white soles form a pleasing contrast to bangs, frizzes, Gainsborough hats, fluttering ribbons and black silk mitts. The girls take the matter seriously, from the scholastic and religious standpoint, but I fear the laundryman regards it in the light of—flutation.

The same Chinaman who will stand up with the school and sing "Rock of Ages" in Chinese, looking as pious as a Princeton student, will sit down by his benevolent young teacher and lead the conversation round, as far as his English will carry him, to his worldly prospects and his ambition for matrimony.

One gay Chinese deceiver gently intimated to his teacher that he was in pursuit of a wife—a "Melican" wife. He bestowed numerous crimson silk handkerchiefs upon her, which she accepted, because all the others did, in accordance with what she supposed to be Chinese custom. She took great pains with her pupil's English, and taught him useful sentences, such as "Some American men are good; some American men are good; some Chinese men are good; some Chinese men are good; some Chinese men are bad." In which original sentiment the youth heartily concurred.

This young man looked about sixteen, and had the merriest little countenance and the most ingenuous manner imaginable. But behind it lurked duplicity and craft.

"Teacher, I own laundry—make fifteen dollar

Teacher, I own laundry-make fifteen dollar Teacher-"That is good, Lung; you will be a rich man."

Chinee—"You no call me Lung—my name Quong
Lung. In China young lady no call man by last

Teacher is silent, much abashed at this reproof.
Meditates over the fact that wisdom issues from
the lips of babes, sucklings and Chinamen.]
Chinee—"Teacher, keep my money in tomatocan under board in back part my shop. Melican
man like to find it, eh?"
Teacher suggests that it would be as well not to
enlighten "Melican man" on the subject.
Chinee—"Teacher, own house in China—most
nice house—now want wife—make plenty money—

Chinee—"Teacher, own house in China—most nice house—now want wife—make plenty money—me. Pay hundred dollars for wife—not too wuch for good-lookin' gal. Pay torty dollars—no goodugly, common thing. For hundred dollars—first-class wife. Teacher, you mudder and fader 'live'". Teacher—"Quong Lung, I want you to read some English before it is time to sing the last hymn."

Chinee (producing gold ring)—"Teacher—give you that if you take—nice ring—real gold—plenty ladies in China be glad to have that ring."

Teacher (not caring to have a Chinee for a "steady company," replies as sternly as the smothered giggles around her will permit)—"Quong Lung, you have not said your lesson yet. What have you done with the book?"

Chinee (in the language of the Bowery)—"O, let up on 'ligion! Better read and speil—learn something—help get money: 'ligion no good."

The teacher is so horrified at this sentiment that she no longer insists upon her pupil's acquiring a knowledge of the private and the teacher is a few when her read and speil—learn something—help get money: 'ligion no good." The teacher is so norrined at this sentiment that she no longer insists upon her pupil's acquiring a knowledge of the principles of the American religion and falls back on the spelling-book, while this Chinese "masher," satisfied to leave his salvation in the hands of Confuctus, fiirts his handker-chief, twists his book, wriggles and squirms, ogles his teacher from the corners of his wicked fittle almond eyes and behaves badly.

Mrs. Langtry lost her King Charles spaniel in Louisville, and left a standing offer of \$50 for its discovery. The result was, says the Commercial, that up to 11 o'clock last night Count Botto had been asked to trace a resemblance to the lost St. Charles in at least forty-seven different dogs. An old colored man named Gable Wilson, who lives on the "Point," made four calls, each time bringing a new dog. His last presentation was the most beastly looking cur imaginable, with all the hair singed from his body and legs, and his tail either cut off or driven in. A girl from the ninth ward called with a lap-dog. She was almost positive it belonged to Mrs. Langtry. She calmed that the poodle had appeared at her tather's house on the day that St. Charles was reported stolen. Jack Gillooly of the United States Life-Saving Service has a collection of ten stray dogs, which he will present today. Mr. Gillooly is willing to bet that Mrs. Langtry's St. Charles is among the lot.

The theory that Langtry's tender pup was devoured by an Irish bull-dog is gaining credence. Louisville, and left a standing offer of \$50 for its

An Actress Vanguishes a Custom House Officer.

A witty and well-known actress who was coming, a short time ago, from Canada to the States, had in a valise a bottle of brandy which a friend had presented to her to use in case of sickness. At the usual place the custom house officials came to inspect the baggage. After looking through the trunks, one of them said to her, as he took hold of the valise: "I suppose there is nothing in this but your wearing apparel?" to which she answered in the negative. Just then he took out the brandy bottle, and holding it up, exclaimed: "So this is part of your wearing apparel, is it?" "Yes." she quickly replied, "that is my husband's nightcap." The answer pleased the official so much that he put the bottle, back into the valise, and walked quietly away. A witty and well-known actress who was com-

is the title of an interesting treatise (96 pages) sent, post paid, for three stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

A Crochet Scarf-A Pen-Wiper-Table Covers-Lunch Bag-Many Other Inexpensive Articles.

A pretty crochet scarf is easily made by any one who knows how to crochet. It is worked with white zephyr wool and a bone crochet needle, in lengthwise rows. Make a chain of 145 stitches for a foundation, fasten off. and begin at the other end. Work loosely and lightly.

end. Work loosely and lightly.

First row—Form a loop, take a loop through the back of each of the first three stitches, and draw the wool through the four loops now on the needle. *Make a chain stitch, take a loop through the back of the chain stitch just made, take another loop through the same stitch through which the one before the last was taken, and take two loops through the back of the next two stitches, making five loops in all; draw the wool through these five together; continue to repeat from * until you reach the end of the row, then fasten off.

Second row—Form a loop, take a loop through the first stitch in the last row, a loop through the next stitch, and another through the four loops together. *Make a chain stitch, take a loop through the same stitch through which the last of the preceding three loops was taken, and a loop each through the next two stitches, draw the wool through the pace through the next two stitches, draw the wool through the five loops on the needle, and continue to repeat from *to the end of the row. Fourteen more rows worked like the second finish the scarf.

Work a row of loose single crochet stitches

scarf.

Work a row of loose single crochet stitches across each end, and into these knot short strands of wool to form the fringe.

A Pen-Wiper. This pen-wiper requires a circular piece of cardboard three inches in diameter, bound around the edge with black silk ribbon. The top is covered

edge with black slik ribbon. The top is covered with folded leaf-shaped points of cloth, ornamented with long chain stitches of slik. The outside row is of black cloth, the inner rows of red, light blue, and dark blue. At the centre of the pen-wiper, and covering the stitches of the inside row of points, are two circular pieces of cloth, one red and one black, placed one upon the other, and fastened down with knot stitches of yellow slik. The bottom of the pen-wiper is covered with black cloth, over a thin wadding interlining.

Some strong and durable material, such as carriage leather or enamelled cloth, is best to make the bag of, and the most serviceable lining is stiff riage leather or enamelled cloth, is best to make the bag of, and the most serviceable lining is stiff light brown paper, which can be frequently and readily renewed. The bag is not sewed, but is held together instead by steel stud-bottons slipped through slits, or else by shank buttons held by a ring inside. Cut the outside material ten inches wide and eighteen long, and the lining an inch narrower and two inches shorter; slope both a little narrower toward the ends, which form the top of the bag. Cut two strips, for the sides, four inches wide and twenty-three long, and slope them down to a width of three inches along the middle nine inches; bend down both ends to make the strips as long as the front and back together, and turn down the side edges an inch. Cut a flap four inches deep to hang inside the top of the bag. Now turn in the inch of material that projects around the edge, bend in the bottom, and that of the sides as well, and then make the slits for the buttons an inch apart along the edges, being careful to make those of the flap and sides correspond with those on the front and back. Prepare two ribbon handles, to be fastened in with the top buttons, and the parts of the bag will be ready to button together. A little decorative stitching, worked with thick saddlers' silk, will improve the appearance of the front.

appearance of the front.

Make the covering for the cushion, which may be either square or oblong, of dark-colored silk be either square or oblong, of dark-colored sike or satin. To decorate the silk for the top cut a large flewer or other figure out of a piece of gay-colored cretonne; vein or mark it with stitches in colored silks and gold thread; then, having pasted it on the silk to keep it in place while working, sew it down around the edge with gold colored silk; sew a thick colored cord around the edge of the cushion over the seam.

A Child's Hood.

There is a very easy child's hood to be made out of colored cashmere. One yard will make two hoods if carefully cut. Each is cut in half square, with the corner rounded, measuring 30 inches long and 17 inches deep. There are two drawstrings, one running along the length at a distance of 2 inches from the edge, and the other in a half circle at 3 inches from the edge, but 5½ inches in the centre, opposite the corner. This is owing to the drawstring being in a half circle, and the corner pointed, or rather rounded. The first drawstring gathers the hood round the child's face, the second round the nape of its neck, and so forming the shape. A bow of ribbon or a ruche of lace round the front can be added for additional ornament. A false hem of 2 inches deep will probably have to be made in one hood. In pale pink, gray and blue, these hoods are pretty. of colored cashmere. One yard will make two

Aprons. Tennis aprons, called "Russlan," are made thus: The apron is of navy blue twill, about 30 of turkey red stitched on, with a row of Russian embroidery (cross-stitch) or coarse white insertion lace between. The bands are 3½ mches wide, the same width between and from the edge. The whole may be reversed. There is one large square pocket to one side, embroidered or trimined to match.

pocket to one side, embrodered of tribinate of match.

Another apron is of cream unbleached linen, edged with red, blue and cream coarse Russian lace, headed by a pattern worked in thick red washing thread on canvas, which is afterwards drawn away shred by shred. The pocket is square, and in the centre worked to match, and the left corner of the apron is turned back and buttoned with a red-covered button, showing two crossed racquets and a ball worked on in red thread.

Black lace aprons for elderly ladies, and cream lace for younger ones, trimmed with colored satin ribbons are always attractive.

The first, for a table longer than wide, is of olive-green feit, trimmed with a band of cardinal plush about a finger wide, and put on with yellow olive-green fest, trimined with a band of cardinal plush about a finger wide, and put on with yellow embroidery silk in any of the fancy stitches. (Not knowing the names of the different stitches, I cannot describe mine.) A worsted fringe composed of the different shades of olive green, tipped with a dash of red, serves as a finish to the bottom. The lining is of olive-green canton flannel, although I had intended it to match the plush band, but, not being able to get anything near the color, had to fall back upon the olive green. The second is a scarl of olive brown plush lined with cardinal silk. On one end is embroidered plusk and white flowers, with their leaves in the different shades of green; and on the other side, red and yellow flowers with their leaves. The cardinal lining extends boyond the plush on the long sides in three small folds, so as to form a finish. The short sides below the embroidery are finished with red silk balls about an inch apart. The third cover is for an octagon-topped stand. It is of English red plush, nailed tightly over the top, while from the sides hang scalloped lambrequins, one scallop to a side, each of which is embroidered in patterns of plusk primroses, pond hiles, forget-me-nots, line, white flowers, leaves, etc. A fancy fringe, the predominant color of which is red, finishes the bottom of each lambrequin.

Instead of plush for the last two tables, felt or

Instead of plush for the last two tables, felt or canton flanuel may be used with very pretty effect.

Ladies, Scarf.

Take eight ounces of double scarlet zephyr and four ounces of black split zephyr. Take large, long wooden needles and cast on 100 stitches of long wooden needles and cast on 100 stitches of the black, knit across fifteen times, then break and the on the scarlet, knit across twice, then break and the on the black. Continue knitting ten of black and two of scarlet till it is long enough, and then knit fifteen times. Gather the ends and place a bow of ribbon on them. They are very easy to make, as it is all plain knitting, and are very handsome, and look like chenille.

A Fancy Box

This is made by using a cigar box. Take off all This is made by using a cigar box. Take off all the paper and rub it smooth with sand paper, then give it a coat of black paint, lampblack mixed with varnish will do. Shellae varnish is best, as it dries so quickly. Let it get thoroughly dry. Varnish it with clear varnish, and have ready some pressed ferms; as soon as the varnish is partly dry arrange the ferms in any way you fancy, using the varnish as a glue. Set the box where it will not get dusty, but where you can see it, for it will be necessary to press the ferms down occasionally until dry, as the edges often loosen and fly up. Then varnish again, ferms and all. After being exposed to the light the ferms bleach, and you have a box that looks like inlaid work. Paint the inside crimson, or finish with fancy paper.

Look up all your engravings and nice wood-cuts, and trim them off evenly. At the stationer's you can get a cheap kind of bristel board. Cut it up can get a cheap kind of bristel board. Cut it up into two sizes, one large and the other smaller. Ours are 15x11 inches and 10x11 inches. Make a smooth passe of starch, cover the back of a pleture with it, taking care that the edges are all wet, but do not put on enough so that it will not squeeze out. Place it on the bristol board, taking care to get it in the middle. Have a sheet folded, and lay the pleture face downwards on it. Lay a soft, thin cloth over it and press it a few minutes with a hot iron, then turn it over, and spread on the cloth as before and press till dry.

For these bright little affairs two large Madeira nuts or English walnuts are required. Haive them carefully by forcing the points of your selssors into the soft end. Scrape the inside perfectly clean, heat a hairpin red hot, and with it bore two small holes opposite each other at each end of the shell. Varnish with guith shellac, dissolved in alcohol, then set them in a warm place till perfectly dry. Make a bright celored silk bag three inches

and a half square, with a bem at one end and a place for a draw string. Sew on the nuts at equal distances, a little way above the unhemmed end. Rup a thread round that edge, draw it up tight, and finish with a little bow. Form the other end into a bag by running a narrow ribbon into a drawing nem. Last of all set a tiny bow at the top of each shell, and fill with a bag of cotton wool, sprinkled with sachet powder.

Madeira Shell Boats.

These are pretty for Christmas trees, and please the little ones. Take half a shell, glue a slender mast in, and put in a sail of glit or sliver paper.

Spectacle Wipers.

This is something the little ones can make for grandpapa or uncle. Cut out of soft chamois eather two perfectly round pieces an inch and a half across, bind the edges neatly with narrow ribbon, and fasten them together at the side with

Varnished Crochet Work.

Pen trays, wall-peckets, cases for holding rolls of music, flower-pot holders, and a great many other useful and pretty things, can be made of cotton crochet work. The method of treatment is the same for all articles. The covering is erocheted in strong white tidy cotton, a size smaller than the thing to be covered, so as to admit of stretching tightly. A monogram or other ornament is then worked on the cover, which is stretched over its frame and secured. A coating of thick boiled starch is rubbed in, and when dry another coating is applied. Varnish with shellac, which, used over white cotton, gives a tint like cane or bamboo. If a darker color is desired the starch is boiled with strained coffee instead of water. A basket made in this way will outwear two ordinary straw ones, and there is this advantage, that if, at any time, a portion of the work is worn through or cut, it can be softened with alcohol, mended with tidy cotton, and stiffened and varnished again. One thing must be remembered, articles must be allowed to dry in the desired form. other useful and pretty things, can be made of

Very effective mottoes are made by cutting letters from pasteboard, and then cutting strips of white wadding a very little wider than the letters. Take white thread and tack the wadding upon the letters, taking care to keep the stitches in the centre of the wadding. Now take your needle and divide the wadding, taking half, and turn the edge over towards the centre so that it will lide the stitches. Turn it over on both sides, and then rub your finger over it to make it fluifly. Fasten the letters on to a background of black, and your letters stand out like letters of snow. A pretty way to fix them for a cnurch is to get some man to make a rough frame six or eight inches wide. The size of the frame will depend on the motto. Cover with white cloth or paper, and fasten sprays of evergreen on it. Stretch black paper cambrie, with the unglazed side out, and fasten it on the back of the frame and then fasten on the letters. ters from pasteboard, and then cutting strips of

Dissected Maps and Pictures.

At the conclusion of the reading of each piece any comment or good-natured criticism is permitted, as of course only one of the players knows the author of the article. If two or more persens call out "Fragment," all players vote upon the question by holding up their right hand, and the majority thus decides whether it shall be so considered and thrown out.

Finally, all proceed to decide upon the merits of the completed articles. This is done by ballot, and any player is permitted to vote for his own article if he considers it better than any of the others. To designate his favorite piece each one writes the name of the person who chanced to read it, and wno still has it in his possession.

These ballots are collected by the editor, who only votes in case of a tie, when she decides the question in accordance with her judgment; she also counts the votes and announces the result. The article which has the most votes is entitled to prize No. 1, and so on in regular succession. But in case a less number of articles than five fail to secure any votes, the second ballot is thrown for the prizes which are left. These can be made cheaply, and please the children. Get some bright colored maps and pictures, and put them on pasteboard, following the directions given for putting on engravings. Then with a very sharp knife cut them up in all shapes.

Get matting that comes around tea chests. Scrub well with soapsuds, then rinse, and wash again with soda water, to turn it yellew. When dry, cut the desired shape and bind with scarlet

A Lamp Screen.

There stands on my table a lamp screen which is very pretty and easily made. It is of black There stands on my table a lamp screen which is very pretty and easily made. It is of black canvas with a pretty border, worked in red worsted, and a central figure also m red. It is lined with white silk, and has at the bottom a heavy white bugle fringe. The framework is of doorspring wire, in two pieces, fastened together in the shape of a cross, and wound with red worsted. This framework is securely fastened to a heavy stand made of ribbun spool, filled with lead and covered with clocheted worsted. The banner or screen, which is eight inches wide and ten inches long, is suspended from the crosspicce. Cord and tissels finish the screen, and at the ends of the wires are little balls made by crocheting red worsted over small silk spools, filling the holes with wax, and in this inserting the wire ends. This screen set in front of a lamp shields one's eyes gratefully, and its white lining prevents the room from being too much darkened.

Pretty Sachet.

For a sachet case, take one-half yard each of two pretty contrasting colors, or two shades of the same color in satin ribbon, about one and one-half inhees in width. Cut each piece in two, and fringe the ends. Then join the four pieces, alternating the colors, by a small seam on the wrong side. Now fold the squares which you will have made into a triangular shape, and join the edges nealty, having first piaced inside a little cotton or wool wadding into which sachet powder has been sprinkled.

Decorated Fan.

An old-fashioned paim leaf fan is made quite ornance and printing the ends. Then poin the four pieces, alternating the colors, by a small seam on the wrong side. Now fold the squares which you will have made into a triangular shape, and join the edges nealty, having first piaced inside a little cotton or any say it is different from a summer day, because it is shot. An old-fashioned paim leaf fan is made quite ornance and proposed to the same time.

Alter a little practice the word will be easily guessed by even the youngest players; but no one must give an an

or water colors, of tuilps, poppies, sunflowers or any gay flowers that may be lancied, and a double bow of gay-colored sating ribbons; sultan and gold color harmonize well with the above-mentioned flowers—is then tied where the fan and handle join. Still another design is of pansies, yellow, purple and violet, with green leaves arranged in a mass. For the bow use violet and purple ribbon, and, if preferred, gold color might also be mixed with the other colors. They make pretty, light hand-screens to keep the glare of the sun from the eyes when sitting out of doors in the summer, thus answering the double purpose of fan and screen.

Ornamental Tambourine

The smaller-sized tambourines are prettier, and make very dainty, inexpensive little pictures. make very dainty, hexpensive little pictures. The face only is to be decorated, leaving the wooden framework as it is. A pretty design of landscape, birds and flowers may be used; the one given is of wrens on a branch, with a clouded sky for background. The tambourine is suspended by a long loop of light blue satin ribbon, with double bow and ends. The loop is to be run through one of the bell-holes in the wooden framework. A full bow of ends of the ribbon is also fastened at the bottom. They are intended to be hung against the wall as a picture. A medium-sized tambourine can be purchased for about sixty-five cents, and the smaller ones are even less expensive.

This is a very amusing game, for it can be found out quite easily by paying close attention, and as its secret dawns upon the players one at a time they do not fail to enjoy the efforts of their companions to discover it also. The players sit in chairs placed in a circle around the room. Several of them should be already familiar with the trick, so that their correct answers will keep up the interest and excite the curiosity of the less fortunate.

One of the players begins by turning to the person at his right, with the remark, "I am a merchant." The player addressed replies with the inquiry. "What do you seli?" He then names some article, as chair, table, nail, tack, sofa, hair. The next player then in his tura informs the player on his right hand in the same words, "I am a merchant," and replies to the inquiry. "What do you sell?" with the name of something which he guesses may be the proper article. The leader, he who begins the game, will probably inform the player that his guess is incorrect. The next player that his guess is incorrect. The next player that his guess is not correct. This seems surprising, as he will often try without success the very same articles which have been found to be correct when mentioned by some of the knowing ones.

Profiting by each other's mistakes the trial goes merrily on, and many ways are tried to discover the process upon which the knowing ones are working. They try the initials of their names and many other devices, and carefully watch the manner of asking and answering the questions.

After puzzling long enough they are somewhat mortified to learn that the answer is correctly given only when the article named is touched with the left hand of the person who is naming it. A little ingenuity will enable the player to touch a great many objects without exciting much attention; but as the game goes on and the manner of playing begins to be suspected, more caution is needed. For this penwiper take the bettom of a box, cover it over with scarlet cloth, and fill the under side with layers of flannel pinked out around the edges to wipe the pen upon; then make a double bux-plaited ruche of cloth pinked on each edge and put around the side; the top piece is embroidered in different colored silks, with a butterily in the centre.

To make a periume sachet, take a piece of blue satin, a half-yard long and eight inches wide; fringe the ends a quarter of a yard deep, sew the fringe the ends a quarter of a yard deep, sew the edges of the plain piece together on the wrong side, and turn carefully right side out. Take a half sheet of white wadding, and place a little perfume on it; then make a roll of it large enough to fit exactly from end to end of the satin cover. The as tightly as possible a piece of pale blue ribbon around either end of the satin; sew it fast to the satin to keep it in place, and finish with bows. The sides may be ornamented with painting, embroidery or applique.

A Lamp Shade.

A lamp shade of pare blue may have the proper A lamp shade of pale blue may have the proper æsthetic touch given to it by running a fine wire through lace, and then bending it around the bottom of the shade, so that it forms a little flounce; the lace should be about three inches deep and scant; there should be just fulness enough to make it hang gracefully.

A Satin Tidy. A handsome satin tidy may be made in this manner: Take a piece of pale blue satin a quar-

ter of a yard wide and one yard long; on either side sew a strip of pale pink satin six inches wide; embroider or paint on the ends of the blue a design of morning glories; trim the edges with lace, gather the centre in scarf fashiou, and when fastened to a chair spread out the ends.

A pretty receptacle for scraps or waste paper may be made from a peach basket, by weaving strips of blue silesia in and out between the slats and then making a full lining which shall be deep enough to form a puff over the top. I made mine by weaving in strips of black and pale yellow gal-loon, one above and one below the band, the band itself being covered with blue silesia, and finished with a bow of the same.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for ary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, pronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affectious, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's block, Rochester, K. Y. "ROUGH ON COUGHS," 25c., 50c., \$1, at drug

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

Prize Stories-Contrasts - The Merchant Trick-Laughter Games-The Five-Dot

The number of players for prize stories is lim-

ited only by the size of the room. The host must prepare in advance five simple gifts, such as

boxes of paper, books, inkstands, paper-weights, etc., each one of which must be neatly tied up in a

separate package, and then marked No. 1 to

Each player is then furnished with a pencil and three sheets of large paper, and all write the name of some one of the persons present on a small silp of paper. These ballots are collected in a hat and counted by the host, who announces the vote by saying: "You have made a choice of Miss—— as editor." The player thus chosen takes her seat at the head of the table, and selects three pictures from any book or magazine, of as varied subjects as possible, and places them in full sight of all the contestants.

The editor then takes out her watch with the remark, "We will now devote an hour to preparing a story suggested by the seenes and persons in these fliustrations, each one of which must be alluded to in the nairative, although any one of the three may be chosen as the chief subject. Any one who has not completed the task at the expiration of the time will not be considered as a competitor for the prizes which you see before you."

you."
All then write as rapidly as they can without making mistakes; for no one is allowed to reject his first idea and to begin again. It will be best for each to carefully study up his subjects and to see what combinations suggest themselves before committing them to paper, as time will thus be gained. Each one will, of course, follow out his own idea, and write either a humorous or serious sketch in prose or verse, as his fancy may dictate. When all mave worked steadily for three-quarters of an hour, the editor must give notice that all

of an bour, the editor must give notice that all contributions must be in within fifteen minutes.

contributions must be in within fifteen minutes. Ten minutes later notice is again given that now five minutes only remain; and the fun and excitement increase until the hour is spent, and the papers are all folded up and laid before each player on the table. Each marks a number in pencil on the outside of her paper, the editor being No. 1, and the next player on the right No. 2, and so on. The papers are then all collected in a basket, shaken together and passed around, each player drawing out one, which he looks over in order that he may read it fluently when his turn comes. The editor reads first, and afterwards each player in turn reads the one which was drawn by him.

At the conclusion of the reading of each piece

Contrasts.

side of the fireplace, and any even number of per-

sons can join, as each one must have an opponent

remark was addressed, for if he thinks he has the correct reply it is for his advantage to keep his secret until his turn comes to guess, for the first guesser becomes the leader of his side. After a word has been correctly named the one who is first to guess it takes his place at the head of the line. It is now his turn to select the word for the side to guess which gave out the first word.

If a player gives a guess out of turn, he takes his place at the foot of the line, and turns his chair so that his back is toward the other players opposite, in which position he must remain until the word has been answered correctly by some one on his side. When the leaders are changed they take the places and chairs of the ones who succeed them. The game goes merrily on until each one has had an opportunity to act as leader.

This is a very amusing game, for it can be found out quite easily by paying close attention, and as

There is a whole class of games, of which the

candle. The players approach each other from opposite sides of the room, and sustain a dialogue in solemn tones, while they must keep a grave countenance, on penalty of paying forfeits. For

countenance, on penalty of paying forfeits. For example:

"The King of Turkey is dead." "What did he die of?" "Doing so" (some ridiculous gesture).

A more characteristic version (in Nantucket, Mass., had it), "The royal Russian Princess Husty Fusty is dead." To which it was necessary to answer, soberly: "I'm very sorry to hear it. Even the cats bewall her loss."

If the staff-bearer laughed, he or she must take the chair, otherwise the next player continued the game.

diculous action.

The players are arranged in two rows, one each

ignorant of their contents.

No. 5, inclusive, by one of the players who is

Each player is then furnished with a pencil and

posture as to bring one of the five dots at the mid-dle of the top of the forehead, one at the point of each foot, and one at each hand. But no one must take longer than a certain time, say hve or ten minutes, in making his picture. The results some-times are very laughable, and the game calls for a good deal of invention and skill.

If and If.

"If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, 'take cheer, if you are simply aiting, or 'if you feel weak and dispirited, without 'clearly knowing why. Hop Bitters will

"surely cure you."
"If you are a minister, and have overtaxed 'yourself with your pastoral duties, or a Mother, 'worn out with care and work, or a man of business or laborer weakened by the strain of your 'every-day duties, or a man of letters, toiling over 'your midnight work, Hop Bitters will surely

"If you are suffering 'from over-eating or drinking, any indiscre-'tion or dissipation, or are young and growing 'too fast, as is often the

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating, if you are old, blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady. faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what 'you need to give you new life, health,

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill. If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment-and turn for a cure to Hop Ritters.

If you are sick with that terrible siekness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries-malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers-by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath, and health. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters costing but a trifle.
FSuMWwylm n16

ON LAND AND SEA; IN THE YEARS 1843, '44, AND '45,



of "The Gold Hunters of Australia." "The Bush-rangers," "Life in the East Indies," "The Belle of Australia," etc.

The January Number of Ballou's Monthly Magazine will contain the first chapter of this thrilling biography, elegantly illustrated. The best and most amusing work of the author. Be sure and read it. Ballou's Magazine's the best and chespest in the world. 100 pages. Illustrations, poetry and stories. Only \$1.50 per year—15 cents single copies. Send 10 cents for specimen number. Address, Roston, Mass., 23 Hawley street. wyst d4



MONEY EASY MADE.

game.

A third amusement is for girls to excite one another to laugh by gently pinching in succession the ears, nose, lips, etc., while making use of some ridiculous expression.

In aSwiss game this performance is complicated by a jest. Each child pinches his neighbor's ear, but by agreement the players blacken their fingers, keeping two of the party in ignorance. Each of the two victims imagines it to be the other who is the object of the uproarious mirth of the company.

Mechanical Grasshopper.

JUMPS SIX FEET HIGH.

OldFolks tickled and Children
delighted with it. Sample by
mail, post-paid, 19 Cents,
3 for 25 Cents, 1 dozen, 60
Cents. WESSON MANF'Q
CO. Providence, R. I.



other who is the object of the uproarious mirth of the company.

A game which was formerly popular with children in Massachusetts was to lean a staff in the corner, while a player was seated in the centre of the ring. Another child now entered, took up the staff, approached and addressed the one sitting, and a rhymed dialogue ensued:

"My father sent me here with a staff,
To speak to you, and not to laugh."

"Methinks you smile." "Methinks I don't.
I smooth my face with ease and grave,
And set my staff in its proper place." It is capital fun, we assure you. Any number can play, but each player must be provided with a sheet of white paper and a pencil. All must then mark five dots in any arrangement on the piece of paper before him, and pass it to his next neighbor at the left hand. He then takes the dotted paper which has been handed to him, and takes to down on it some homes force in such a

MEEKLY GLOBE CLUB LIST.

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When you answer any of the advertise ments in this paper, please do us the favor BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE.

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, DEC. 18, 1883.

A NEW STORY Begins in This Paper on Page 7. It is entitled THE CORSAIR OF THE SCUTH SEAS, LOVE, CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

BY MRS. C. W. DENISON. Now is the time to see every family in your

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will begin about January 8. It has qualities which will make it one of the most successful serials ever published in this country. Everybody will read it. Subscribe at once, and receive the opening chapters.

TO EXCHANGES.

We are receiving every day requests from weekly newspapers to be placed upon the exchange list of THE WEERLY GLOBE during the presidential campaign. To all such we would respectfully answer that THE WEEKLY GLOBE will be sen free until January, 1885, to all newspapers publishing for three successive weeks the following

THE

From Now Until March 5, 1885,

Only \$1.00.

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Wherever he goes, DE LESSEPS is said to claim relationship by descent with the people he is ad- tal and Labor should be allies to fight down dressing. The old canal builder missed his vocation. He should have been a politician.

Justice MURRAY of New York recently asserted that some of the policemen had become mysteriously wealthy. Now some of the wives have all they can do to prevent their club-swingers from

New York World: The Republican Senate shows a disposition to be sectional. Out of a halfdozen fat offices filled by the caucus only one filler was taken from a Southern State-the ser-

to believe that Governor BUTLER will not amount | most to bear. to anything politically hereafter are the ones which keep saying something derogatory about notice him.

One of the thousand and odd bills that have been introduced into Congress has reached a good old age. It has been presented to every Congress since 1852, and has still enough life to ensure its regular appearance before any number of Congresses still to come.

A Michigan school teacher took four children to in mathematics. It is in order now for young men who walk several miles of an evening around billiard tables to inform questioning parents the next morning that they were studying mathematics the night before with their chum.

The members of the Salvation Army are not so very different from ordinary mortals after all. When they had been discharged from the City Court of New Haven it is said that they "gleefully hurried to a photograph gallery and had their pictures taken." The Salvatiouists, then, have not vet eliminated vanity from their composition. They seem to be no farther advanced on the road to perfection than quartets, glee clubs, rifle clubs and members of the capinet.

Commissioner Loring's report gives an account of the value of the forest products of this Renew at once and keep your name on the country that shows them to be of more value than mailing list. Renew a once and avoid the rush. is generally supposed. He says they are worth times as much as the precious minerals and coal combined. The unconsidered waste that is constantly going on in forests and forest products becomes criminal in the light of such figures as

The New York Herald makes a sensible and warning remark when it states that "if church festivities continue to develop at the present rate sinners will soon flock to sacred edifices for the sake of diversions after their own heart." Church rows should be suppressed if possible. It should be remembered, however, that in every large association or society, of whatever description, an unpleasantness is liable to occur, and the churches stamps will be accepted. When stamps are sent they should not be railed at if they cannot help having

to get the tail of the esteemed British lion in a split stick. He has introduced resolutions in name of the writer, his post office, county and State. | the House calling for information on several subjects, and among other things wants to know whether the minister to Great Britain has received any title of nobility, such as "Lord Rector," from any foreign State, and whether such English "lord" is still retained in the service of the United States. Also, whether the officers and sailors of the United States navy rendered any service to the British navy in the recent bombardment of Alexandria in Egypt. Mr. Robinson also wants some information about the British spy, M. E. O'Brien, who is said to have been allowed to tamper with and open the correspondence of American citizens in the New York Post

is asking some very pertinent questions.

"UNDER-CONSUMPTION" INSTEAD OF "OVER-PRODUCTION."

To the Editor of The Globe: It is easier to make a dog give up the bone upon which he is dining than to make the popular mind loose its hold upon an idea which it has once en-

For example: when a period of business depression comes, old tradition attributes the evil to over-production. Then the statisticians come out in full force with their array of figures to prove that our mills and factories can be urged to such year as much merchandise as the country can consome in a whole one. So-called political economists nod their wise heads and tell us of the dangers of producing too large a quantity of the necessities of life! Others advocate a checking of production, in order that glutted markets may be relieved. On all sides we are told what a terrible thing is this over-production, and people are puzzling their brains to find out how to stop it. moment suppose that there is any such thing as general "over-production"? Does any man suppose that misfortune to our country is caused by our having too large a supply of those things which are necessary to make life endurable? We

It is time now to drop this fruitless talk about name, which is under-consumption. Let us not pretend to say that we make too many of the goods | power. which the people need; but rather let us look facts squarely in the face, and say that for some reason or another the product of our labor is so distributed that those who want and need our surplus are lacking in the power to purchase, and thus the demand, although it exceeds the supply,

For those who have no wish to see the condition of the working classes improved, this idea of overproduction is a consoling one. It relieves them from all responsibility in the matter. It helps to hide the existence of such a thing as inequality in distribution. They wish to see that subject let alone. It will not, however, be let alone; this is too progressive an age for any injustice to lie in

The worst foe of liberty which exists today is the giant Monopoly. Its power to tax the people is almost without limit. The evils and inequalities capital and labor alike.

It tends to stir up class feeling, to lead unthinking people to blame Capital for the faults of Monopoly, to make the ignorant believe that Capital is the enemy of Labor when in truth Capi-Monopoly. A more equal distribution of our products will give purchasing power to the masses and keep the wheels of our industry moving. If Monopoly is allowed to tax the laborer, by the amount of that tax is his ability to purchase our surplus lessened. If law can say to the cabman, "so much shall you charge and no more," then law has also the right and power to say the same to power help to cause inequal distribution. Inasmuch as this inequality is lessened, in so much will the machinery of our industries gain uniformity in its motion. When the crank gets caught on the centre-a period of hard times-It is noticeable that the journals which pretend | the poor are the first to suffer, and they have the

But let us not call hard times the result of overproduction, but of under-consumption, caused by him. If they did not fear him they would not | unequal distribution. Then we shall be in the way of truth and better able to find our way out of the difficulties which we encounter.

JOHN GOODSPEED.

A NEW WESTERN SOHEME.

A Minnesota lady developed great admiration for a wealthy gentleman of her acquaintance, and detected in him the material for a first-class husband, but as she was already married and could a billiard hall. She considered it an object lesson | not utilize him herself she wrote to a New Hamprimonial possibility. The result of ensuing correspondence was that the gentleman sent the New Hampshire girl money to pay her way to Minneapolis, and also enough to take her back home should the personal encounter not prove mutually satisfactory. They met, were pleased and were straightway married. This can be overlooked for once, but Western bachelors should be notified that any such scheme for invelgling all the pretty girls away from New England will not be tolerated as a rule.' If they take the girls just as they come and not send for samples and pick out the choice ones, reserving the right to reject any or all offers. The home market can take care of the most desirable lots, and if the Western bachelors want to fill up their waste places they should take whatever Providence pleases to send them ten times the gold and silver product, and three and be thankful to get even the most superfluous of New England girls.

SPECIMEN REFORMERS.

In a Republican contemporary we find a report of the Republican senatorial caucus, in which occurs the following paragraph: "The chaplaincy being next in order, the question was raised: What reason exists for a change in that office beyond the fact that the incumbent is a Democrat? Several senators, notably Senators En-MUNDS and INGALLS, expressed themselves as During the informal interchange of opinions on this point, it became apparent that the majority favored a change in all the elective offices in the Senate, and, no motion having been made to the contrary, Rev. E. H. HUNTLEY, pastor of the RICHELIEU ROBINSON is making preparations | Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church of Washington, was nominated."

We have heard much about the desire of Republican politicians to institute civil service reform. roundly abused for entertaining the alleged purpose of taking all the offices they could get and turning out truly good Republicans to make room we have the virtuous reformers making a purely religious office a political prize. The chaplain is supposed to pray for the Senate, and it might to the petition of a Democrat as to the pious supplication of a truly good Republican. There is no claim that the Democratic chaplain is incompe-Office. It is the fashion to laugh at ROBINSON tent as a pleader before the throne. It is admit-

a Democrat, the parson must go in order that some Republican may have the place and get paid for recommending his party to divine mercy. Well, we suppose that is all right. A man ought to be paid well for asking Providence to bless such a gang of spoilsmen and hypocritical re-

WHAT CARLISLE'S ELECTION MEANS.

[New York Herald.]

Under the Republican rule the taxes are needlessly high; they are levied in a cumbrous and oppressive manner: they are made year after year to produce an enormous surplus revenue over which lobbyists and jobbers wrangle. Under the specious plea of "protection to home industry" the tariff laws have been so arranged that by their effect the rich are made richer and the poor poorer. General industry has been crushed and production paralyzed by regulations which stupidly close foreign markets against our manufactures; but "protected" capitalists, made secure against competition in the home market by the niquitous tariff, impudently and openly combine to stop production, and at frequent intervals throw their workmen out of employment in order to create an artificial scarcity, and thus compel the public to pay the high prices they choose to demand for their goods.

Under the leadership of CARLISLE, MORRISON, HEWITT and those associated with them in policy the Democratic party has, for the first time in many years, a very strong chance of gaining

THE TIMES CHANGING.

This is certainly becoming a great country when the London Times condescends to compliment us

"The United States have now formed and estab-

lished themselves, not without one struggle of tremendous proportions; their material resources are secured to them; they are safe for a long time to come against many of the trials which must befall the older civilization of Europe. But is already almost a commonplace to say that their real trials are only just beginning. When the era of settlement over that of internal development will begin. What will be the moral and intellectual aspect of it? What will be the gift of America to the common stock of ideas? The question is one that can only be vaguely asked as yet; time alone can answer it. But meanwhile it would be vain to deny that the century old republic is giving every dication of a future as remarkable in the region of merals and of ideas as in the material region. Literature is beginning to take a character, and a very charming character, of its own; in art the Americans are shewing, if not indepennce, at least an extraordinary facility which must lead them to better things before long. They are eager for all that Europe can send them in the way of letters, the drama, or pictures. There is no 'evacuation of New York' on the part of English lecturers, English actors, or English writers The keen American mind is turning with eagerness, not uninformed with criticism, toward the best that the modern world can give it. The intellectual future of such a race is not likely to disappoint the most sanguine of the prophets."

MR. BELMONT'S BILL.

PERRY BELMONT'S two bills which he introduced into the House last week, providing for the removal of customs' duties from works of art. should meet with early consideration, and in some form or other be passed. The long list of blunders known as the tariff bill of the last Congress ontained no more blundering provision than that which raised the tariff upon works of art. It might be advisable for the honorable members to bestow a little more attention on the subject when it comes up for debate.

It is related that a certain senator after the passage of the bill was in a well-known art store talking with the proprietor, who was not aware of his position. The proprietor spoke of the increased art duties, and deplored the action of Congress, "Why," said the senator, "that surely is not true, is it?" He was informed that Congress certainly did raise the tariff on works of art to 30 per cent. ad valorem. He still protested his disbelief, when a copy of the tariff bill was shown him and the particular sections pointed out. "Why," said he, "that is strange. I voted for that bill, and I did not know anything about this

Artists, dealers and buyers are all united in opposition to the present law, and are almost unanimous in desiring such works made free. Congress should not impose protection from the 'pauper labor of Europe" upon those who do not want it. Mr. BELMONT's bill should be passed and works of art made free.

THE CHLORAL HABIT.

The sad end of a sad life was chronicled the other day in the despatches announcing the death of the wife of ex-Senator CHRISTIANCY. She added another to the long list of victims of the chloral habit, having delivered up to it sense and reason before it finally demanded her life.

prevalence of the habit which, though it may not be so common as sensational statements sometimes assert, is much more common than it ought to be. Opium, chloral, chloroform in one form or another-these drugs are the frequent resort of people who suffer from nervousness, sleeplessness or mental trouble. Excepting, perhaps, the use of opium, the habit is oftener found among people of position, refinement and culture, than among the uneducated. They indulge it for the very same reasons that the poor man gets drunk. It gets fastened upon them in a slightly different way, perhaps. They take it to get relief from nerves strung to the last endurance point of tension to induce sleep, or to cause forgetfulness, at least for a time, of a sea of

The atrical and literary people are especially apt, from the nerve-wearing character of their occupations, to form the chloral habit for the sake of relief. Although they know the dangerous character of either chloral or chloroform they refuse to believe that as small an amount as they take could

But the chloral habit is a thousand times surer to take its victim straight to destruction than the alcohol habit. Opium, chloral or chloroform, either one, is more degrading, in its mental effect, than any form of alcoholism; and the man or woman who once forms the habit must have an unusual vitality and a Titan strength of will to break away from its deadly effect.

The entire business of the Canadian Pacific railway is at a standstill, and the trouble is attributed to what the correspondents mildly term the company's "policy of retrenchment." In other words, the company has ordered a reduction of wages and the employes have struck. The engi-

Democrat, exists for turning him out. But being | men have quit work, and it will be several days before business can be resumed, even if the company can get help from the East. A policy of retrenchment that begins with the wages of workmen and does not touch high salaries and dividends is a poor policy in the long run.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

A Washington correspondent states that Senator Hoar is "a lawyer who loses \$10,000 to \$20,000 every year in order to give his country his time.' This is news.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette: The actors say Mr. Beecher is a wonderful audience. His big eyes glow and the color comes and goes in his face. If there is fun he laughs all over and loudly, and when the crying time comes he weeps without reserve and wipes away pocket handker chiefs full of tears. Any theatre could afford to pay Beecher a big salary to go twice a week and

During the present year sixty-six Chicago gas meters have been tested at the request of consumers by the city inspector, one-third of which registered too great a consumption and one-quarter too small, while the rest were nominally correct; that is, they varied less than 2 per cent. from perfect accuracy. The largest variation against the consumer was 19 per cent., and against the company 12 per cent.

There is a renewed demand that the Congressional Record shall contain only such speeches as are actually delivered in Congress. The public printer says that this would materially lessen the expense of the publication.

Wood Granger was fined \$30 for disfurbing public worship in a little church near Middletown Ky., notwithstanding Robert Andrew Higgins testimony in his behalf, as follows: "Wood Granger, in my 'pinion, wus no wuss in his behavior den some of de res'. I tole you dan's no behavior in dat church whatsomever. Dev all cuts up dar. I've done seen 'em rollin' dese yer little round dace in de pews while de preacher war a prayin' fur de salwation of der souls. What I means by behavior is, dar wuz no real good genteel behavior."

There was a railroad accident on an Ohio road the other day and a passenger engine went in on an open switch and knocked a freight caboose into kindling. The freight conductor's dog wasn't killed, but looked as though he had been shot through a section of botler plate. The conductor's pants hung in the caboose with that official's best piece of "star" plug in the hip pocket. The tobacco was found seventy feet away uninjured, but the conductor is still inquiring of his crew,

"Say, boys, where's my pants?" The Whig reports that a minister of Bath was called upon to marry a couple one day two weeks since, and was thunderstruck to find the groom dressed in a linen duster and standing in his stocking feet. The minister, not expecting any fee, was surprised when he was handed \$1 He said it was the queerest wedding he ever

John Swim of West Jefferson, O., began life as a lawyer, but soon abandoned the profession, and became a rag-picker. He has not slept on a bed for thirty-five years, but owns several fine farms, and is worth fully \$200,000.

Philadelphia Call: A baby was born in a Louisville street car the other day, and the conductor became so excited over the unusual event that in his efforts to amuse the child he rang his belipunch over fifteen minutes before he realized what he was doing. He hopes to make up the discrepancy between the showing of the punch and his cash on hand in the course of two years.

A physician observes that many men get the pneumonia by taking off heavy business suits of clothes and donning light evening dress ones to

This incident happened in a church in Japan: "A coarsely-dressed native came timidly in and stood waiting in doubt near the door. Noting the fact a satin-gowned worshipper promptly crossed the room, courtesied elaborately, and escorted the belated worshipper up front." Here is an example for American worshippers to copy. The amount of capital represented at Vander-

bilt's ball was something like \$500,000,000. The Republicans should not tease Mr. Blaine any more, but take him at his word and not ominate him for the presidency "under any circumstances."

At a lecture the other night a man fainted, or at

east that was the supposition. It was suggested that some one go for some brandy. The man re mained very quiet. "No, here is some water, that will do," said a by-stander. The recumbent individual at once sprung to his feet and looked very mad. No one likes to be poisoned. The latest Chicago trick to get a drink free is for a man to step up to a bar with a quart bottle of

dark green glass and ask for a quart of "the hest." After the bottle is filled he will find he has no money. If he cannot get trusted the liquor will be poured out, but in the bottle a dry sponge had been placed, which has absorbed and retained enough to make one or two good-sized drinks.

"You come here for money, sir," shrieked one lawyer to another in a New York court. To hear such a truthful statement in a court room caused a painful silence. The remark completely staggered the attorney addressed.

That gift of £38,000 to Mr. Parnell will enable him to go on with his work. A physician condemns the practice of making school children learn lessons at night. The retail liquor trade is perfectly free in

Belgium, and anybody can open a public house

where he pleases. Pittsburg Telegraph: Two years ago an Albany, N. Y., man wrote to his girl: "I love you better than I do myself. We were made for each other.' The other night the same man chloroformed the same woman, who had been his wife for a year or more, threw pepper in her face and tried to steal the rings off of her fingers. She now thinks she

was made for the wrong man. Chicago News: More than 37,000 new bables have appeared in Indiana in the last twelve months. Both parties seem to be making a desperate struggle to grasp the doubtful State. In England the average of life exceeds that of

France by eleven years, though the French climate

Waterbury American: At a recent party: Anxious young man-"Miss B., may I have the sixth dance with you?" Miss B .- "As we have no pencil, I cannot mark it." A. Y. M .- "O, well, leave a space there and you'll understand." Miss B .-Very well, then; when I see a vacant spot I shall know it is you." Exit anxious young man.

Thirty-two thousand photographs brought up in the Dead Letter Office at Washington last year. A New York servant girl captured a burglar by It is estimated that \$300,000 is annually ex-

pended for Christmas cards in this country. An Ohio girl, after being elected to the position of a wife, declined the office at the last moment, even after the guests and minister were assembled, because her affianced expressed a fear that his fortune would not support them in the style they had been accustomed to. She said if he was afraid of that he "might go," as she could take care of herself-and he went. Chicago News: This is to be stereotyped and

held for daily use: "The beautiful Miss - of ____, ____, has mysteriously disappeared. No clew to her whereabouts can be obtained. Her home was a happy and attractive one. It is believed she ran away either to go on the stage or to be married.' This Congress is pretty apt to do something for

A Southern court has declared that a note based upon transactions in cotton futures comes under the law against gambling debts, and is, therefore, null and void. Burlington Free Press: A scientific writer says that kissing is delightful because the jaws are so

full of nerves. After a mangets married he sort

of wishes nature hadn't put so many nerves into

Fitz John Porter.

A Cincinnati genius claims to be getting up an electric arrangement by which a man, by simply touching a little knob set in the head of his bed, can kindle all the morning fires in the house simultaneously. An Eastern chap figured that scheme out long ago.

A Dead Shot

may be taken at liver and bilious disorders with Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Mild yet certain in operation, and there is none of neers refused to accept the terms offered, and drastic catharties. By druggists.

CROFFUT'S LETTER.

The Lion and Unicorn Fighting for the Lyric Crown.

A Pleasant Chat With Charming Etelka Gerster and Her Devoted Gardini.

Tupperiana-Last of the Irish "Rebels" -Odds and Ends.

NEW YORK, December 13 .- I met Colonel Mapleson on Friday just before he pulled up his peratic stakes and folded his operatic tent, and playfully rallied him on his surrender to Abbey. "Tisn't no surrender, my boy," he answered; "it's a flank movement; just like Sheridan did afore Winchester; just like Grant did afore the Wilderness and Frederick the Great on the morning of the battle of Zorudorf--you remember

I told him that I could only just remember it, for it was when I was a little boy. (I wasn't certain about this.)

"I'm leaving the young man in possession of the field so as to make him over-confident," he ontinued, "and when I go off ahead of him and collect some more ammunition I will meet him fearlessly again. We have both lost money here. I know he has and I think I have. But I'm not a fool, my boy. Of course I'll beat in the end, cause I am an expert and he is a mere interloper.

I rarely say anything about him. "Yes-no," I said. "I haven't seen more than seventy or eighty interviews with you on the sub-

"O, well," he mused, laughing; "he's always so resh, my boy?"
I was going to answer "He seems to have sailed you!" but I thought it wouldn't be polite and didn't.

and didn't.

On Monday evening I struggled into the Metropolitan Opera House. ("Standing room only.")
The auditorium was completely full—as I had never seen it more than two or three times before. Meeting Mr. Abbey in the foyer I congratulated him on the circumstance and mentioned the Mapleson hegica.

"Yes, it is a fine audience," he replied. "The house will be full every night now till I leave. I have nothing to say about Mr. Mapleson. I have never said a word against him yet I have other business. Nor have I ever considered him in any way in any of my projects. I shall go on as I have begun."

The Opera Fend.

The extent to which the opera feud has gone is not at all understood out of the city. Mapleson and Abbey have each had their partisans, who and Abbey have each had their partisans, who have made the success of their musical chief a personal matter. The Academy of Music clan included the old-timers, the folks of blue blood, whose ancestors went to the opera, the social aristocracy of the city; while the Abbeyites were the new rich and the proletarians. On one side were the Belmonts, Stuyvesants and Astors; on the other, the Vanderbilts, Jay Goulds, Sages, Hatches and Keenes. It was the old fight between the grandees and the parvenus; the grandees knew most about music, but the parvenus had the most money. And how the battle has rage! As if personal virtue and the welfare of the country were involved! Friends have separated on account of it and brand-new quarries have spring up in families. I do not know of any marriage have account of the country were the country of the country were involved. families. I do not know of any marriage have been broken off by the fight; but I do know of

ing been broken off by the fight; but I do know of calling lists having been reconstructed so as to leave off the names of the enemy. I heard a lady say last week: "I don't care two cents about Sallie and Clara since they deserted to Abbey. I think they're real mean fellows!"

As I looked around Abbey's citadel, then, on Monday night, I was surprised to see some of the most conspicuous of Mapleson's hosts present in the boxes. "How's this?" I asked one. "O. Colonel Mapleson and darling Path have gone." she said, "and we fly hither to hide our grief." But she smiled. The fact is, a truce is declared. Mapleson has limbered up and hauled off, and the opposing forces are meeting and chaffing on the only common ground left. It reminds me of the Blues and the Grays, tired of skirmishing, throwing down their muskets and wading out into the Rappahannock to swap coffee and to-bacco.

Gerster and Mer Husband.

called on Mme. Gerster, whom I had not seen or some time, and who was to leave that evening for some time, and who was to leave that evening with Mapleson for Philadelahia.

In the vestibule I met Mr. C. A. Barattoni, a well-known scholar and traveller, and manager of, the American Exchange Travellers' bureau in this city, and Mrs. Barattoni, a beautiful Massachusetts lady who has been a favorite centralto singer on the American stage. They had come for the same purpose, and we made the call together.

gether.

We found not only the prima donna, but her nusband, the Count Gardial, an affable black-eyed Italian, who speaks his own language as if it had been just uttered by angels, and mine as if it had been invented by the devil. I was interested in and the manager of opera in Venice for many years; not because he had a lovely

him; not because he was an impressario himself and the manager of opera in Venice for many years; not because he had a lovely paiatial villa on the Appenines twenty miles above Bologna, where he retires with his song-bird after each season, and strays amid the flowers and vines as long as possible. I would, if I were he. But I wanted to see him on account of his passionate attachment to his wife. Notwithstanding their profession, they are really in love with each other. It is so odd! Whenever she sings Gardini follows her out of her dressing-room, stands between the, flies and watches her with intense interest and enthusiasm.

I remember a manager who addressed him on business at one of these supreme moments, and Gardini replied to him in monosyllables, his eyes feasting on the prima donna, while his mobile face changed to the fluctuations of her song. At hast the manager broke out; "See here! Attend to me, Gardini! Dammit! I haven't time to waste on your ecstacies!"

We were not kept waiting in the ante-room as long as the reader has been. Mme. Gerster received us with her accustomed cordiality, in a dress of russet velvet, polonaise of same, with maroon stripes. (The lady will pardon me if this isn't a scientific description.) She was not a party to the quarrel, she said. "Mapleson applied to me first, and I promised him, and, though there was no contract, I sauck to my agreement, though Abbey came and offered me twee as much. It is the best way. No, I have not been engaged for next season: I don't know what will happen."

I had noticed the wreck of a nursery with the railways and broken dolts through the door in a little room adjoining, and now an infant came toddling in aunouncing herself with that blessed tle room adjoining, and now an infant came ddling in, announcing herself with that blessed word common to all languages, " "Come here. Are you mamma's precious bam-bina?" Gerster said in Italian, and the little black-eyed, black-haired chub snuggled up to her side with "Si! si! si!"

After the new-comer had told us she was 3 years old and had deigned to approach me, I asked her in my choicest Italian how many dolis she had. She must have understood me to say that I was She must have understood me to say that I was Buebeard and wanted her for my little wife, for she uttered a cry of alarm, ran off to her mother and hid her face in the folds of her gown. That lady kindly repeated my question, as well as I could have done it myself, and Bambina, reassured, smiled at her mistake and said cheerfully, "Chinquee! no, quattro, signore!" ("five—no four, sir.")

"Remembering," explained her mother, "that one of the dolls has broken her head off, and is no better than dead."

I asked the count what he thought of the opera war. "It should close with this season," he said. "Neither the Academy nor the Opera House can be crushed out; both must continue. They ought both to be funder one manager next winter who be crushed out; both must continue. They ought both to be under one manager next winter, who should run grand opera and some first-class dramatic entertainment at the same time. Let him present the opera in one house and the play in the other during November and December, alternating them during the spring season. That's my idea." I may add that it is the idea of a gentleman of good sense and varied experience.

Martin F. Tupper. When in England last summer I made an effort o call on the poet, Martin Tupper, but my sojourn in London was so brief that I failed to find him. I

in London was so brief that I falled to find him. I dropped a letter to him, however, making inquiries about himself, which elicited an answer, dated November 10, from which I quote:

"My long didactic poem (Proverbial Philosophy) grew gradually through forty years, commencing when I was 18, in the essays on Love, Marriage, Friendship and Education, and ending with my fourth series ten years ago. I took the style and rhythm from the Scriptures and Apecrypha, not intending to write in hexameters, but in the swing of the Psalms and other Hebrew and Greek poetry of the sacred sort. You wish to know if I had any anticipation of the success it has attained. Distinctly, yes, On page 406, ctc., of the Boston edition of my socalled complete poetical works, you will find three sonnets of assurances of success. My health at 73 is excellent; of my appearance, you may judge by Sarony's photographs. . . . As to a third visit to America, it is very improbable. I am thankful to hear from so many thousands of unseen triends who still remember my through my works, and greeting them and you I remain,

Truly yours, MARTIN F, TUPPER.

The Last of the Irish Rebels. Of all the Irish rebels of '48, Meagher, Mitchell, Smith O'Brien, Doheny, Joseph Brennan, Oliver Byrne and other such, John Savage, the poet and

Byrne and other such, John Savage, the poet and orator of this city, is the only one who has lived to establish himself on a solid basis. He has money, a pleasant home, a wide reputation, and he has been for many years elerk of the Marine Court, an office which he has held with great acceptance to the public. He is a poet of fine fibre, and his published poems have had wide circulation. He is a playwright, too, and his wife is a lady of refinement and culture—the ways great daughter of Compactors Read of

the General Armstrong. During the war needited a Democratic paper at Washington called The States, and some of his editorials so inceased Senstor Jini Lane of Kansas that ne sent word to Savage that he was coming to the States office to "clean him out." Savage must have managed to escape somehow, for I saw him yesterday at the office, looking as full of (easy) days' work as ever, his face as rosy as ever, and his hair as white as snow. I wonder if Jim Lane's message has anything to de with its color. I never knew which was in the right in the quarrel, but my political predilections lead me to infer that James was.

but my political predilections lead me to infer that James was.

A few days ago, while eating a plate of hash at Creok's, Thomas Powell, the veteran editor of Frank Leshie's, pulled out a stool at my side and ordered a plate of similar ambrosia. (I ought to explain that Creok's hash is to be classed with the ortolans and woodcock of the average hotel table.) Knowing that Mr. Pewell had been a boon companion and trusted friend of the Irish rebeis who fied to this country, after '48, I asked him if he had ever joined in any of the Fenian plots against the British government.

"Well," he said, after a pause, during which he added butter and pepper to his hash, "I can't wholly deny it. When John Savage, as president of the Fenians, visited Ireland some years ago, I commissioned him to carry off from Whidsor Castle Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice, the stipulation being that I was to have the princess for inventing the plot and he was to have the old woman for executing it. He came home without them, excusing his breach of faith by declaring that he had searched all over Ireland and couldn't find Windsor Castle. This is the only time I ever knew John Savage to fail to keep an engagement." Then we ordered beer and drank a bumper to John.

Odds and Ends of Talk.

Odds and Ends of Talk. Incident of the ball of the Family Circle Dancing Class last week: Young lady with note-book and pencil meets two richly dressed in corridor (De pencil meets two richly dressed in corridor (De monico's). Remark by Note-Book: "Your names, adies, please, and description of dresses for publication in the Ladies' Society Journal and Too-Too Fashionable Reporter. Is this real honiton? Wait a moment. Perint me to examine your necklace. Ah, real diamonds! Thanks." Remark by lady reported: "Dreadful—to dreadful—to be wayiaid by such people. The impertinence! I should be enraged if she should be peak of me!" This is the young lady who sent her footman to

This is the young lady who sent her footman to the L. S. J. and T. T. F. R. office for twenty-four copies the next week.

A rage for going to Mexico has suddenly broken out, and it looks as if some thousands of our citizens would go and winter on the table-lands of the capital, where the thermometer varies but ten degrees the year around. F. S. Church, the artist, is already there, and Joseph Gay is going. I met Charles Dudley Warner the oth r day and he said he talked of going, so do Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tuck of Sixty-first street, and many others. The number going this winter, even this early, is unprecedented. The trip cannot yet be made with much comfort overland, because the gap in the National railroad between Saltillo and Mexico is not yet closed; so the Alexandre steamers from here to Vera Crūz, stopping two days at Havana and one day at Yucatan, get all the custom. Seth Green caught the Mexican fever in the vestibule of the St. Nicholas the other day and said: "I vow, I b'ileve Pil go. They say the fishing can't be beat?" "But it's no place for you," said Judgo Roosevelt, "they eatch the fish all with a seine." "They dof" broke out the son of Walton, "who said so?" "Why, It's noterious. Everybody says so. Haven't you heard yourself of the 'Hauls of the Montezumas?'" By the way, Thomas C. Purdy, vice-president of the National railroad, of which General Palmer is president, has just arrived from Europe with Mrs. Purdy, and they will return to Mexico again next week.

DEATHS FROM FRICHT" his is the young lady who sent her footman to he L. S. J. and T.-T. F. R. office for twenty-four

DEATHS FROM FRICHTS Several Curious Cases Where Nervous Shocks Proved Fatal. (London Globe.)

The distinction between fright and fear ought always to be borne in mind. Fear can be mastered by an effort; fright has come and gone before the brain has had time to come to the conclusion that an effort is possible. There is no fear in human beings so strong as the fear of death, and yet "there is no passion in the mind of man," says Bacon, truly enough, "so weak that it mates and masters the fear of death. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear occupateth it." Pity, which is the "tenderest of passions." led many to kill themselves from compassion for Otho's suicide. Even taedium vitae, mere utter weariness of doing the same thing over and over weariness of doing the same thing over and over again, will lead a man to defy his inborn fear of death. But what passion can guard against fright? A Jew, according to Louovicus Vives, once crossed a narrow plank over a torrent in the dark, and, visiting the place next day, saw the extensity of his last night? risk, and died of—what? Not of fear, obviously, because there was nothing to be alraid of, but possioly of fright. So, again, persons have been known who always fainted at the scent of certain flowers, notably that of the May blossom, but it would be riductious to accuse them of being afraid of hawthorn.

Surgeon-General Francis of the Indian medical service tells of a drummer who was suddenly aroused from his sleep by something crawling over his naked legs. He imagined that it was a cobra, and his friends, collected by the outcry, thought so too, and he was treated accordingly, incantantions, such as are customary with the natives on these occasions, were resorted to and the poor fellow was flageliated with twisted cloths on the arms and legs in view partly to arouse him, but principally to drive out the evil influence (spirit) that for the time being had taken possession of him. With the first dawn or light the cause of the fright was decovered in the On Sunday I dropped into the Everett and

influence (spirit) that for the time being had taken possession of him. With the first dawn or light the cause of the fright was discovered in the shape of a harmless lizard, which was lying crushed and half killed by the side of the poor drummer; but it was too late. From the moment that he believed that a poisonous snake had bitten him he passed into an increasing collapse until he died. The drummer was not a strong lad and the shock was too much for him.

The most remarkable death from the accident and the shock was too much for him.

The most remarkable death frem the accident of fright was that of the Dutch painter Pentman, in the seventeenth century. He was at work on a pleture in which were represented several deatheads, grinning skeletons and other objects calculated to inspire the beholder with a contempt for

heads, grinning skeletons and other objects calculated to inspire the beholder with a contempt for the vanities and folies of the day. In order to do his work better, he went to an anatomical room and used it as a studio. One sultry day, as he was drawing these meancholy relies of mortality by which he was surrounded, he fell off into a quiet sleep, from which he was suddenly aroused. Imagine his horror at beholding the skulls and bones dancing around him like mad, and the skeletons which hung from the ceiling dashing themselves together. Panie-stricken, he rushed from the room and threw hunseif headlong from the window on to the pavement below. He sufficiently recovered to learn that the cause of his fear was a slight earthquake, but his nervous system had received so severe a shock that he died in a few days. Frederick i of Prussia was killed by an accident of fear. He was one day sleeping in an arm-chair when his wife, Louisa of Mecklenburg, who had for some time been hopelessly insane, escaped from her keepers and made her way to the king's private apartments. Breaking through a glass door, she dabbied herself in blood, and, in a raging fit of delirum, cast herself upon the king. The latter, who was not aware of the hopelessness of her lunacy, was so norrified at the appearance of a woman clad only in linen and covered with blood that he imagined, with a superstition characteristic of the age, that it was the White Lady, whose ghost, according to time-honored tradition, invariably appeared when death was around the house of Brandenburg. He was setzed with fever and died in six weeks.

More ridieulous was the death of the French

In six weeks.

More ridiculous was the death of the French marshal, De Montrevo, "whose whole soul," says St. Shaon, "was but ambition and lucre, without ever having being been able to distinguish his right hand from his leit, but concealing his universal ignorance with an audacity which favor, fashion and birth protected." He was a very superstitious man, and one day a salteellar was upset at a public dinner in his lap, and so frightened was he that he arose and announced that he was a dead man. He reached home and died in a few days, in 1716, literally scared to death by the absurd casualty of a salteellar turning over. Greenbacks of Over 4000 Years Ago. The oldest bank notes are the "flying money." or "convenient money," first issued in China, 2697 B. C. Originally these notes were issued by the treasury, but experience dictated a by the treasury, but experience dictated a change to the banks under government in spection and control. A writer in a provincial paper says that the early Chinese "greenbacks" were in all essentials similar to the modern bank notes, bearing the name of the bank, date of issue, the number of the note, the signature of the official issuing it, indications of its value in figures, in words and in the pictorial representations in coins or heaps of coins equal in amount to its face value and a notice of the pains and penalties of counterfeiting. Over and above all was a laconic exhortation to industry and thrift. "Produce all you can spend with economy." The notes were printed in blue lik on paper made from the fibre of the mulberry tree. One, issued in 1399 B. C., is preserved in the Asiatic Museum at St. Petersburg.

Sat Down Upon, But Still He Persists.

[Lowell Times.]
There was a little one-sided difference of opinion yesterday morning between the compositor and us concerning the nationality of Phidias, the sculptor, and the typo and his satellite, the proof-reader, had it their own way; but we stick to our declared idea that he was not a German, but a

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GATH'S GOSSIP.

Some Boyish Reminiscences of the Late Unpleasantness.

Revival of the Ballet-Taglioni, Ellsler, and Other Famous Dancers of Times Past.

How "Richelieu" Was Written-Interesting Chat on Other Topics.

NEW YORK, December 15 .- A day or two ago I met the son of V. H. Stevenson of Tennessee. He ls now one of our most enterprising real estate men. Said he: "When the war broke out I was a small boy, and was sent to the Confederate West Point at Marietta, Ga., where we had about 600 cadets. My father subscribed to \$100,000 of the Confederate loan at par. He lost all his negroes, and I am glad of it. Although I was on the opposite side I am perfectly satisfied with the result. and so is everybody elso of good sense that I have talked to. Our ladies in the South were so gallant for the war that they really made me believe I could go out with a wheat straw and whip every

"My grandfather, after the Federals got into Chattanooga, became so patriotic that he wrote my father a letter that I ought to be taken out of the military school and sent to the battle-field. My father merely enclosed the letter to me without any remarks, and thereupon I went to the commandant of the academy and asked for my discharge, as I was going to enlist in the ranks to be sent to the front. I enlisted in an Irish regiment,

charge, as I was going to enlist in the ranks to be sent to the front. I enlisted in an Irish regiment, entirely composed of railroad laborers, and we started for the battle-geld of Chickamanga in box-cars, every soldier being possessed of a canteen filled with New Orleans rum. You can imagine what a diabolical scene was in that carrighting all the way along; but I was regarded as quite a young hero. We had a terrible battle, and in the excitement I had no time to think. It got out, however, who my father was, and I was put on the staff of a man named Benton Smith, who was only 23 years old and a general.

"Benton Smith," resumed Mr. Stevenson, "being called the boy general, concluded that he must have a staff entirely of boys. He was a prodigy of audacity and courage, but his high, hervous nature at last wore him out, and not long ago he was a lunatic in a padded cell in Tennessee. He always kept his aids right up to the front, and I saw that unless something happened i would be shot. Just before the big battle at Atlanta, where Mepherson was killed, Smith's brigade was reenforced by a Georgia regiment nearly a thousand strong. I went to a hospital the morning of that battle, where I saw a pile of legs and arms amputated, and it made me sick at the stomach, being quite another lesson of the war. Finding one of our aids with several canteens of peach brandy, Fasked him to let me have one to settle my stomach, and drank the whole of it. Smith then ordered me to lead the Georgia regiment into the battle. I was blind drunk, and charged my horse right over the Federal ramparts. He had both eyes shot out and both knees broken, and as I went up that rampart I could hear the Yankees cry all down the line, 'Don't shoot that boy.' My life was really saved by my youth. It was that charge, as I have understood, which led to McPherson's death. I was twice promoted for gallantry on the battle-field, and upon my soul it was nothing but that peach brandy."

The latest theatre for New York is to be Kiral-fys', who have made a specialty of ballets, and have really undertaken to found a school of ballet in New York. The ballet has been almost enin New York. The ballet has been almost entirely neglected in this country, though it is a nearly necessary feature in the production, not only of dramas, but of operas; and we possess in dur wide and various nationality perhaps the finest female forms in the world. So old is the ballet that the word on which it is based in French is traced to a Greek word, meaning to idance. The ballet is described in one place as being as old as the world, dancing having been merhaps the earliest religious ceremony. The dance. The ballet is described in one place as being as old as the world, dancing having been berhaps the earliest religious ceremony. The Greeks, who founded Europe and led civilization, had the ballet in their earliest literature; and the Greek ballet not only kept time to music with the feet, but acted and described manners and passions. The sculpiors went to the Greek ballet to mark the attitudes of the dancers. The Romans took the ballet from the Greeks, and the names of the dancers come down to us from the Roman world in the time of Augustus, having almost gurvived the names of any actors in that era. Women, however, were not the earliest dancers in Rome; but at Constantinople the Emperor Justinian, who made the great code of laws, married a ballet dancer. To this day it is observed that judges like to attend the ballet, and the above incident shows the connection.

Disappearing from the Roman empire for centuries it is a significant fact that the ballet in Europe next showed itself contemporaneously with Columbus. Three years before he found the western world a great hallet was given by the duke of Milan. The guests from this ballet took the fashion over Europe, and the Queen of France, Catherine De Medicin pearly a genury later gave

the fashion over Europe, and the Queen of France, Catherine De Medici, nearly a century later gave

duke of Milan. The guests from this santet look the fashion over Europe, and the Queen of France, Catherine De Medici, nearly a century later gave a great ballet, which cost about \$23.600,000. The two greatest kings of France, Henry of Navarre and Ionis XIV., inlied their labors at the ballet, and the latter when he was a young man danced nimself before the court.

When the English stage sprang up under Garrick, who bore about the same relation to acting that Shakespeare did to dramatle writing, he had a contemporary named Nouverre, who raised the ballet to classical importance, and reformed it in each of the great capitals of Europe, beginning in London and ending at Lisbon and Paris. Marie Antoinette made him her chief of ballet and master at the Royal Academy of Music. The Vestris family, which made celebrated allunces, were prominent during the early years of our Republic. They were Florentines, who went to Paris thirty years before the American revolution. The chief of these brothers was very ignorant, and could not read and write, but had abundant vanity. He once said there were but three great men in Europe—the King of Prussia, Voltaire and himself. This Vestris left a natural son, who danced during our revolution at the French revolution, and died in 1842, having appeared in his old age at 75 for the benefit of Mad. Taglioni. He, too, left a natural son, who came to America in General Jackson's administration, and created quite a sensation for that stated period. The latter Vestris had a wife who was a daughter of an Italian engraver in London, and she became a fine actress, especially in male parts, which gave great display to her figure, and she was a good contraite singer. She married Charles Matthews, and did not die till 1858.

Triumphs of Taglioni and Fanny Ellsler. Marie Taglioni, though of Italian name, was born in Stockholm, and her father was a balletmaster in various parts of Europe. She danced from 1822 to 1847, and was regarded as the finest dancer in Europe, her grace and sweetness and strength being all noticeable. She became rich, and purchased a villa on the Lake of Como and a palace in Venice. She married a count at the age of 28. Fanny Ellsier, about whom all our mothers were talking, was one of two sisters, the elder named Therese, both Vienna girls, brought up in the ballet. Fanny came on the stage at the age of 6, and would have been immediately arrested by the Society to Prevent Cruelty to Children in New York. There being no humane institution of that kind at the time, she became a rich woman by starting in early. The society might have saved her at the age of 6, and kept her poor for life.

Elegant gentlemen and superior musicians took these two sisters in hand, and after they had been thoroughly trained in Italy advertised them for the Berlin stage. Fanny was handsome and superb, and she became the most celebrated woman in Europe. The two sisters went to Paris when they were about 25 to 28, and appeared in Shakespeare's "Tempest," adapted for them by a celebrated auther. Fanny Ellsler at once master in various parts of Europe. She danced woman in Europe. The two sisters went to Paris when they were about 25 to 28, and appeared in Shakespeare's "Tempest," adapted for them by a celebrated author. Fanny Elisler at once challenged Taglioni, and in the Spanish character eclipsed her. The French went into ecstasies over Fanny, and she had numerous offers of marriage, received the finest criticisms, and had books made about her. The two girls came to this country forty-three years ago, and among our staid parents picked up a large amount of money, and then went to Russia; and in 1851 Fanny retired with a great fortune and bought a beautiful villa in Germany, while her sister married one of the princes of Russia, and was ennobled, although the marriage could not be officially recognized. The life of Fanny Elisler after her rettrement was filled with remarkable episodes. Lovers continued to pay her attention, and visit her who had seen her in different parts of the world. Old Nouverre, the Shakespeare of the dance, thought a perfect ballet was a picture of universal human kind, its love, joy, song, plumage and customs—a noble pantomine through which the eyes alone spoke to the spectator.

The Kledys have hitherto been compelled in

spoke to the spectator.

The Kicaltys have hitherto been compelled in The Khaltys have hitherto been compelled in our country to pick up coarse wemen, there being a social stigma against a dancer; although in one of the most successful English dramas of our time "Castle," by the late Mr. Kobertson—the heroine, who marries a British officer of degree, is a ballet-girl. I have often observed through a glass at the ballets at Niblo's Garden that many of the girls are pock-marked, and f. w of them apprehend the relation between their work and the fine arts. But the dance is far from vulgar or wanton. The costume of the ballet really disarms coarseness, as the modern bathing-dress, without any length of skirt, is more modest than wet gowns sticking to the body. The influence of fine dancing over the mind of one weary can always be seen by theatre-goers, who are often unable to follow any mtricate narrative that is acted, or to sit out instrumental or even yocal music which has become worn and tame.

Macready's diary, which you may now find in your public library, enables us to see just how such a piece as "Richelleu" was written. There very easy appears to have been twenty-five weeks, or nearly scribers.

haif a year, consumed between the conception of the piece by Bulwer and its production by Macready at Covent Garden. Five weeks after Bulwer first spoke of the piece he made a rough sketch of the piece he made a rough sketch of the piex. Three weeks afterward he sent-it to the manager, who read it, saying: "It is excellent in parts, but deficient in the important point of continuity of interest." The same night Macready remarked: "The scenes are not effective in the latter part, and the play will not do." A day or two after he called on Bulwer and developed a general plan of alterations. The author grasped the idea and consented.

Then Macready, as well as Bulwer, began to read up on Richelieu earnestly. In twelve weeks from the first day Bulwer had his piece rewritten. Macready then called in his leading actors and friends, half a dozen in number, and they all heard the play read, with pencils in their hands to write their opinions down, but not to speak. They were all favorably inclined. The actors had this piece presented to them about three weeks afterward, and they were more delighted than Macready. After the piece was being put on the stage Macready's scholarly instincts revolted at Bulwer's picture of the "Cardinal," saying: "I gave my attention to the inquiry as to the possibility of harmonizing the character which Bulwer has drawn under the name of 'Cardinal Richelieu' with the original, from which it so entirely differs. I was not much cheered by the result of my investigation and experiment," Then Macready, as well as Bulwer, began to

and experiment."

When "Richellen" was played in 1839 both Bulwer and the author of "Cinq Mars" came to see it. It will be asked what chance a play like "Richellen" would have in this country at present, taken to an American manager.

A Mysterious Telegram Worth \$10,000. Talking to a gentleman not far from Mr. Shepherd French yesterday, said I: "But the late election shows that it was all folly to raise the large sums of money that Arthur used to raise out of patronage, to carry the State, when the Republicans elected a large part of their ticket last time with hardly any money and with no corruption."

"You are not informed as to that," said my friend. "The State committee met and set aside for the election in New York \$5000. The boys who run our campaigns said that they would give up the contest. They had 668 polling places to man, and each of them required a booth that cost \$9, and there had to be three men to a booth, hesides challengers, etc. They went to Steve French again. He said to them: "Do not annov the president. Smother your wrath. By Monday something can be done." It was then Saturday evening. These young men, not satisfied with a promise, sent Stevenson to Washington—the same man who carried the money to Indiana in 1880, and who sued Tom Murphy for a little \$500 loan account not long ago. When Stevenson got down there on Sunday the President's secretary told him that the President would not see him. He came back again that Sunday night. Mr. French rather upbraided the boys for having gone to the President. Arthur would not see that man particularly who had been mentioned in the Indiana contest as the boodle-carrier. But a telegraph despatch was received from Washington by French patronage, to carry the State, when the Republitest as the boodle-carrier. But a telegraph despatch was received from Washington by French on Monday, which enabled him to raise \$10,000 that day and pass it over to the city workers.

which has spread all over the press, began in the London Illustrated News, with George Augustus Sala. The next appearance was in the Washington Evening Star, called "Gadabout's Column," nine years ago. The New York Star then published "The Man About Town," by Mr. Acker-

iished "The Mar. About Town," by Mr. Ackermann. The Tribune about the same time published "Johnny Bouquet," and followed it with "The Broadway Note-book." A few weeks after the latter began all the newspapers followed suit. The stiffness of editorial comment is thus thrown off, and direct responsibility evaded.

A triend says that there are 30,000 square miles of coai in Arizona. Where, then, can Ericsson erect his solar engine?

The century plant, which, as you may know, takes 100 years to ripen in the North, takes but twelve years to mature in California, and takes only five years in Mexico.

Tombstone is the second mining camp west of the Rocky mountains. It is quift an orderly, well-sustained settlement, and has four go. d mines. It is called Tombstone, as some say, because when the first prospectors went in there they were told to take their tombstones with them, that they might be identified after they were dead or heard from once more. Others say that the name was given for one of those mining land-marks or monuments put up in Mexican times.

AN UNRAVELLED MYSTERY. Willie Dickinson's Long Absence-A Search of Two Years Which Has Extended

Over Two Countries. The strange disappearance of little Willie Dickinson from his home and parents at Commonwealth, Wis., is still an unravelled mystery. Vafound to be fruitless. At one time it was sup-Eng., but that vicinity has been thoroughly searched, and all hope of his recovery there is abandoned, although the reward of £500 is still offered for his recovery, or for information in re-

A reporter called upon Mrs. Dickinson at her residence in Dorchester yesterday and inquired if there was anything new in the case. She said that a short time ago a man called upon her lawyer and claimed to know the whereabouts of the child. He was immediately the child has been moved to some other city from the one in which he supposed he would find him. Mrs. Dickinson did not wish to state the name of the man or the locality of his labors, but is confident that he knows something about the boy, and that he will eventually find him alive and well, which he claims he will do.

John Ronan of the "clay cut" below Commonwealth, with his wife, believes that the child was stolen by a weathy hunter and huntress, who, as

stolen by a wearthy hunter and huntress, who, as they claim, had been hunting in the neighborhood stolen by a weathy inities and futilities, who, as they claim, had been hunting in the neighborhood previous to his disappearance; they had expressed a great iking for Wille and disappeared mysteriously at the same time Willie was missed. The fall that Willie disappeared and for several autumns previous thereto, a weathy old gentleman, with his wife, considerably younger than himself, hunted in the vicinity of Spread Eagle, a region then much frequented by deer and other wild animals. This eccentric couple, Colonel Johnson and wife of Champaign, ill., are the people whom Mr. Ronan suspects. But from George W. Simpkins, a trapper, it is ascertained that the Johnsons are wrongfully suspected. He has known of them more or less since Willie's disappearance, and from Capital Dickinson himself it is learned that Mrs. Johnson died but a short time ago, and that the colonel is now on his death bed. Trapper Simpkins firmly believes that Willie perished in the woods that wild night they saw him last.

Mrs. Dickinson states that she believes that

min last.

Mrs. Dickinson states that she believes that Colonel Johnson and his wife did not have any connection with the supposed abduction. It is a common thing for a married couple without children to express a liking toward a child, and because they happened to do this toward her child and happened to leave that part of the country at the same time that the child disappeared, it is no reas on that they took the child. Further, the aged couple were followed to their whater home, and no child has been found in their possession.

In regard to Trapper Simpson's belief, she says: "This Simpson is an old trapper and hunter, who lives in the woods in an old hut." To look at him, he would put you in mind of the pictures you have seen of Kip Van Winkle. I am personally acquainted with him. He came to me shortly after the affair happened and expressed his belief that the child was lost in the woods and had died there. He further claims that on the night of the disappearance he heard outcries in the woods, but as the woods were full of searchers through the whole of that night, I think he must be mistaken. It may have been the cryo fan owl or of another kind of bird which inhabits that part of the country, the name of which I cannot call to mind, and whose cry is similar to that of a human being. During the spring, summer and autumn of the past two years we have kept a man constantly in these woods, who was acquainted with While and who knew the kind of clothing he wore at the time of his disappearance. I is to us a plain case of abduction. Every clew that has been presented to us has been thoroughly ventilated, and the one of which I spoke at first I and my husband think will prove successful. It is now over two years since Willie was taken from us." Mrs. Dickinson states that she believes that

The Cotton Reduction About Thirteen Per Ceut .- Yield of Corn, Wheat, and Oats. WASHINGTON, December 12.—The December crop returns, issued from the Department of Agriculture, report the season for cottou-picking since the frosts, in the gathering of the bottom crop, quite favorable. The indications of the De cember returns favor a reduction of about 13 per cember returns favor a reduction of about 13 per cent. from the crop of last year. This report points to a crop of about 6,000,000 bales.

The returns of corn production are more conservative than those of October and November, from the injury to soft corn by warm, moist weather. The final estimate of the quantity produced will fall a few millions short of the indications of previous returns. This estimate relates only to quantity, and makes no discount for inferior quality, which seriously increases the practical shortages.

ages.
The wheat aggregate slightly exceeds 400,000,000,000 bushels. The oat crop is about 4 per cent. larger than that of last year, and exceeds 500,000,000 bushels. The yield of rye and barley is a little less than in 1882, and buckwheat is reduced more than one-third.

WILL YOU FORM A CLUBP

We wish that every one of our 35,000 subscrib-

ers, on reading this notice, would determine to send a club, or three or two subscribers, or surely one subscriber. Any person will find it very easy at this time of the year to secure sub-

GAMBLING WITH DEATH.

Disclesures of Graveyard Insurance Frauds.

Men of High Social Standing Charged With Conspiracy to Defraud.

Consumptives and Inebriates Insured as of Sound Health.

FALL RIVER, December 12.-Developments to date regarding the reported "graveyard" insurance frauds leave little doubt that a considerable amount of fraudulent insurance has been carried on for several years in this city, and the names of many people are mentioned in connection with them. It is but fair to state, however, that many of the rumors that are afloat appear to be greatly overdrawn, or without good cause. The investigations are being made by J. C. Brock, the agent of Bristol county for the Massachusetts Mutual Benefit Association, who was also at the time appointed special agent for several other insurance companies that had been defrauded during the past two years by dishonest agents. These agents were certainly assisted by regular practitioners of medicine. Since that time two private detectives have been quietly investigating the frauds, and more than \$100,000 of fraudulent insurance has been discovered to have been made in this city, all of which is confined to made in this city, all of which is confined to mutual benefit insurance companies, and startling reports are made of persons of reputable character being connected with the frauds, some of whom are said to have acted as ringleaders in the matter. Warrants were issued yesterday by the local authorities against Edward Driscell, Jr., and Dr. Thomas C. Hennessey, ex-Alderman Barrett, and a young man named James Kirby. Neither of the first two parties mentioned have beeen found. Great surprise is expressed that Dr. Hennessey may be involved in transactions of this nature, as his father, who resides in Providence, is reported to be very wealthy. Barrett and Kirby were arrested last night and arraigned in the District Court this morning

Charged With a Conspiracy to Defraud the United States Safety Fund Association. Neither the government nor the defendants were ready for trial, and the complaints were continued

until the 20th inst.

Among other parties whose names have been Among other parties whose names have been mentioned as of persons implicated in these matters are Dr. Dufort, a French physician, and Michael Palardy, alias John Heaven, who have left the city and are supposed to be in Canada. Several physicians of respectability are alleged to have passed persons as being fit subjects for insurance under the rules of the companies, which of course, require first-class bodily health, although the insured were consumptives, or at least not fit subjects for insurance under the rules. And not only this, but they are said to have been found to be holders of policies after the death of the insured.

sured.

In the case of John Murray, an insured person who recently died, and upon whose life there was \$5000 in policies in the Massachusetts Mutual Benefit Association of Boston, it is alleged that Dr. J. H. Abbott, the examining physician, held a policy for \$2000. All the claims are said to have been abandoned upon Murray's policies, with the exception of that of a Mr. Crothers, who says that he shall collect, as if there were frauds committed he had nothing to do with them; nor was he he had nothing to do with them; nor was he mizant of the facts but took out his policy in

cognizant of the facts but took out his polley in good faith upon a certain consideration between Mr. Murray and himself.

Dr. Handy, it is stated, refused to pass one Jeremian McCarty as an unfit subject, but he was afterwards taken by McFadeen, agent in this city for the United States Mutual Benefit Association, after being examined and passed by another physician subsequently to the examination by Dr. Handy.

At the session of the grand jury which closed

Handy.

At the session of the grand jury which closed in New Bedford yesterday, a great number of witnesses were examined relative to cases in six different companies. Among them was John Smith, an alleged sick man, upon whom there is a policy of \$15,000 heid by Alderman William J. Hurley, who also holds another policy of \$15,000 upon the life of Owen Connors, who was summoned to appear before the grand jury, but Connors refused on the ground that the sickness prevented him, and said that he had been sick for a long time.

A Miss Marrell, who lives in the rear of E. S. A Miss Marrell, who lives in the rear of E. S. Brown's dry goods store, who is said to be a consumptive girl of 13 or 14 years of age, but who was insured for a healthy person of 26 years, was also before the grand jury. A Mrs. McCann of Somerset, upon whose son's life was a policy for \$15,000, was before the grand jury on Saturday, and her son was

at home at the time. Two physicians were also present from Somerset, and were examined in the

It is stated that very strong evidence was It is stated that very strong evidence was placed before the grand jury against quite a large number of persons here who would have been benefited by the death of insured persons. The last case presented was the case of the mysterious death of one Charles Russell in a tenement house belonging to Mr. J. B. Wilmot, situated upon Orchard street, upon whose life there was a policy of \$5000, payable to Edward Driscoll. The body, upon being taken out of the grave at the "Bear's Den," Sunday, proved to be that of a man who was 60 years of age, when the policy upon Russell's life stated him to be 30 years old.

Nothing has yet been heard of Michael Donovan, an aged and intemperate man who has been missing since election day, on whose life quite an amount of insurance is said to have been placed by several liquor dealers. He is said to have been suffering from delirium tremens when last seen. On election day he fell down a flight of stairs while intoxicated, and hurt his head quite badly. His wife has published a letter, stating that his life was not insured by her, but for \$5000 by George Curran, a liquor dealer on Spring street, whom, she thinks, had no right to insure a man not in his right senses.

Mr. Brook states that the letter of Mrs. Donevan helps to throw light on another case. Semetime since parties in some way obtained a blank appli-

Mr. Brook states that the letter of Mrs. Doneyan helps to throw light on another case. Some time since parties in some way obtained a blank application of the Massachusetts Benefit Association, and filled it out for one James Bowden, and took him to a physician for examination. The doctor told the parties he would have nothing to do with trying to insure such a man, and immediately tore the application in halves and threw it in the waste basket, but learned that this was only one of four for \$5000 each that had been written on the same man.

HENTING UP A BOGUS EVA.

The Scheme of a Physician to Get Insurance Money-How Mr. Corey of Jersey City was Made a Party to a Barefaced

W. Peacock and Mr. Elam W. Corey were today arrested on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. The complainant is J. M. Grinnell, supreme treasurer of the American Legion of Honor, and the story was related in court today. In June last, Marion Corey, a son of one of the prisoners, was admitted to Union Council, No. 626, on the certificate of Dr. Peacock, who was the examining tificate of Dr. Peacock, who was the examining physician. Soon after he was taken sick, and white ill he told his father that he had joined the order, and his insurance for \$2000 had been made out for the benefit of his father. The certificate, he said, was is the pessession of Dr. Peacock.

Young Corey died in October, but before his death the elder Corey spoke to Dr. Peacock about the certificate and he says the latter put him off. After his son's death Mr. Corey again went to the doctor and asked for the \$2000. The physician, he says, told him that the insurance was for \$5000 and or that amount three-fifths had been made out for the benefit of "Eva Williams," a cousin of the deceased, and two-fifths for the benefit of the young man's father.

Corey declared that his son had no cousin, and states that Dr. Peacock insisted that he had, and to convince him took him to a saloon in New York, where he introduced a young woman asserted that she was Marion's cousin. She returned with them to Jersey City, and went to the house of John O'Itelly, where they met John D. Harrington, an officer of the order, and John Phillips, treasurer of the Unkan Council. There Dr. Peacock produced the certificate, and the woman signed her name as Eva Williams to it.

The certificate was then sent to the supreme treasurer, and in due time Corey got a draft for the amount and went with Dr. Peacock to the Germania bank to get the money. Dr. Peacock said he would take Eva's money, and waited outside the bank for Corey. When the latter came out he handed Peacock \$3900 and kept \$2000.

Corey alleges that this was the last he heard of the matter until Menday night, when Dr. Peacock sent for him and told him that there was going to be tremble about the affair, and handed him for sending her the money left for her by her cousm. Corey declares he knew no more about the case until arrested.

The officers of the Supreme Council learned of the swindle through Miss Eva Williams, in which she addressed Corey as "Dear Uncle." and thanked him for send physician. Soon after he was taken sick, and while ill he told his father that he had joined the

Elam W. Corey and Eva Williams, and she refused. She, however, told what she knew to a member of the order, who notified the Supreme Council of the story. The result was the arrest. The woman who figured as Eva Williams has not been found. Corey says that he has been made a dupe of, and the doctor said he had been foolish, but would make no statements. The prisoners are having an examination this afternoon.

OLD LETTERS TELL TALES.

Implicated.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 16 .- When General Colton, partner of Stanford, Huntington & Crocker, died he left behind him a trunk full of old letters and miscellaneous manuscripts. A portion of the letters make up the correspo which passed between Colton and Hunting ton, and there are copies of some letters from Crocker to Huntington, and vice versa. These letters were introduced in evidence in the case of Mrs. Colton vs. Stanford, Huntington et all., now being tried in Santa Rosa, this State, by which the evidence of Colton is endeavoring to force the railroad magnates to fairer settlements than it is alleged were made with her deavoring to force the railroad magnates to fairer deavoring to force the railroad magnates to fairer settlements than it is alleged were made with her immediately after her husband's studen death. These letters are said to make an astonishing revelation of the alieged corrupt methods of the Central Pacific monopoly, and to show up many men prominent in State and national politics as the abject tools of Stanford & Co. Huntington's letters, it is said, are full of allusions to the necessity of hoodwinking Congress by making believe that the Seuthern Pacific and Central Pacific were controlled by different persons. The object was to defeat Tom Scott's effort to get a land grant for the Texas Pacific. The letters contain revelations of a series of intrigues to obtain control of the Union Pacific road. They seem to planly show that when Stanford, Huntington & Co. started the Oxidental and Oriental Steamship line it was their purpose to break up the Pacific Mail Steamship Company? In a letter written November 9, 1874, Huntington says be thinks three steamers, will oxidental and Oriental Steamship their it was their purpose to break up the Pacific Mail Steamship Company? In a letter written November 9, 1874, Huntington says he thinks three steamers will be enough to break up the Pacific Mail. The fact is also disclosed that Huntington by making certain statements to Gould induced him to cease interesting himself in the railroad projects of Senator Jones of Nevada. It will be remembered that the failure or Gould and others to keep their promise to Jones caused him to go to the edge of financial ruin and obliged him to self out part of the road built by him. In the letters Jones is alluded to in a coarse and jesting manner, as are the other distinguished Pacific coast politicians. Ex-Congressman Tuttrell is spoken of as "wild hog." In one letter Huntington speaks of Sargent's services being worth those of half a dozen other men, and Conkling is alluded to as a fiend. The letters shew conclusively that Huntington was the master spirit of the concern, as all of the great projects seem to have originated with

ADDIE'S ANCIENT LOVER.

She Signed the Marriage Contract in the School Room at Astoria.

of the great projects seem to have originated with

JERSEY CITY, N. J., December 17 .- The room of the Court of General Sessions was crowded today with men and women because of the announcement that the trial would be begun of Captain George I. Gordon, who was recently arrested here for having abducted from Astoria, Addie here for having abducted from Astoria, Addie Bresiin, the adopted daughter of Patrick Bresiin, a wealthy resident of Long Island. Mr. Breslin, with his wife and a number of friends from Astoria were in the court room before 10 o'clock. They were soon joined by the officers and a number of ladies connected with the Children's Home of Jersey City, where Addie was when the Breslins saw and adopted her. Addie was placed in the judge's chamber, out of the gaze of the curious. Cordon was led into court at 10.30. He was pale, and his long, sleek whiskers and hair gave his face an uncouth appearance. As he entered, the district-attorney moved the indictment against Gordon be tried. A jury was then selected. The district-atrorney briefly opened the case, stating that the defendant had been indicted for abduction with intent to seduce, and that he was also charged with having actually seduced the complainant. He related the story of Addie's acquaintance with Gordon, their elopement from Astoria, and their subsequent arrest at Taylor's Hotel in this city. He related the story of Addie's acquaintance with Gordon, their elopement from Astoria, and their subsequent arrest at Taylor's Hotel in this city. John H. Corries, an officer of the Children's Home, testified that Addie, who was known as Rosetta Bessesser, was indentured to Patrick Breslin, July, 1878.

Lena Roberts, a half-sister, and Charles Roberts, a half-brother of Addie, testified that Addie was only 14 years of age.

Lena Roberts, a half-sister, and Charles Roberts, a half-brother of Addie, testified that Addie was only 14 years of age.

Addie Breslin was then called. Counsellor Daly objected to the competency of Addie as a witness, on the ground that under the law of the State of New York she was the wife of the defendant. The girl was then sworn as to her competency. She admitted that the signature to the marriage contract was hers; also that the three lefters produced, in which she addressed Gordon as "My precious husband," and signed herself "Your affectionate wife," "Your devoted wife" and "Your repentant wife," were in her handwriting, but said she was on her way to school when Gordon gave her the contract to sign and she signed it at school and sent it to him through the mall; that Gordon told her it was only for tun. She testified that no ceremony had ever been performed between them. The letters shown he told her to write and to sign her name as his wife. She admitted that she promised Gordon she would marry him. She stated that Gordon told her what to put in all her letters.

Mr. Daly for the defendant then submitted, in support of his objection, the letters produced, the marriage contract and the statutes of the State of New York, relating to the marriage ceremony. marriage contract and the statutes of the State of New York, relating to the marriage ceremony. The court permitted the girl to be sworn, and the defence took an exception. Addie testified to her acquaintance with Gordon, and said that the day she went away with him she was on her way to school when Gordon met her and asked her to go with him to get married; that she said she could not, and that he said she must or somebody would be a corpse before sunset. I went with him then, and he took me with him to New York. At this point the court took a recess.

A STRANCE APPARITION. The Creature that is Creating an Excite-

ment Near Mexico, Mo.

MEXICO, Mo., December 17.—The fleighbor-hood of Hopewell Church, near this city, is much excited over the appearance in the locality of a strange creature, which is thought by the credulous to be a ghost, and which is a puzzle at least to the mest sceptical. The apparition is simply that of a least monster man, between eight and ten feet in height, wearing a long cleak, and going about with his head bowed in an abstracted way, about with his head bowed in an abstracted way, but occasionally glaring at those it meets with small, glittering eyes, said to resemble those of a cat or some wild beast. The negroes believe the apparition to be a ghost, the white people do not know what to say. There appears little doubt, whatever the creature may be, that it has actually been seen a number of times. The school at Hogewell Church is about abandoned because of fear of the monster, and even sturdy farmers go about armed in apprehension of it. John Creary, a well-known old resident, declares that yesterday afternoon as he was returning from Mexico to his home he had a good view of the queer being, who was about fifty yards ahead of him, walking in a leisurely way along the middle of the big road, in mud almost knee-deep, his head still lowered, and his long black cloak flowing in the breeze. All at once, and in the twinking of an eye, he disappeared in the thick woods as mysteriously as he came upon the scene.

flowing in the breeze. All at once, and in the twinking of an eye, be disappeared in the thick woods as mysteriously as he came upon the scene. Mr. Creary says for the first time in his life, although a soldier under General Grant, he was frightened, and it was all he could do to control the horse he was riding, so great seemed its fear of the object.

Mr. Cyrus Haggert and his wife, who were returning from church Thanksgiving eve, were surprised by the monster's peering with its cat-like eyes into their burgy and leaning against it, aimost crushing the ventcle. The lady has not yet, it is said, recovered from the shoek. Mr. and Mrs. H. both claim on this occasion a white cloak was worn.

A large number of others have seen the strange creature, and tonight a large party is scouring the neighborhood of Hopewell Church, hoping to capture it. No newspapers of the city are represented in the searching party, which includes one or two St. Louisians, and a report from the expedition is awaited with much interest. The creature is thought to be located in the hills in the rear of one Philip Brown's residence. The Mexican party is under the leadership of Bob White and Jake Merkel.

What Came of Enlisting Under a False

Name.
Dover, N. H., Dneember 17.-A curious incident of the late war has just come to light. A young man of this city at the beginning of the late war, ran away from nome and enlisted in a neighboring city under a fictificus name. When his time expired he re-enlisted under the assumed name. He served out his time, and then returned home. During his service he was wounded, and from the wound is now suffering. He is entitled to a remaion, but as the surgeon who examined him pension, but, as the surgeon who examined him and the officers whom he served under are either dead or cannot be found, his enlisting under a false name prevents his identification.

Cas to be Carried in Tank Cars. PITTSBURG. December 12 .- Some Pittsburg ransport natural gas to the city from Tarentum. They are having tank cars built for the purpose, and claim the transportation will be in the end the mast satisfactory and 25 per cent. Cheaper than by pipe line. The scheme is the result of a contract, in which a land owner of that place leased and for drilling gas wells provided the gas was not piped away, the idea being to attract manufacturers to that vicinity.

YOU CAN FORM A CLUB EASILY.

We will furnish sample copies free upon application. We will send a large poster and subscription blanks. Nail the poster in a prominent place, with your name as agent written plainly upon it. Scatter sample copies everywhere.

DEATH INSTEAD OF GOLD.

Terrible Sufferings of Explorers in Siberia.

Astonishing Revelations Alleged to be Lying Sick for Months in a Cabin, Without Made-Many Prominent Men Said to be Medicine or Attendance.

> The Thrilling Story Told by the Sole Survivor, Now in Waterbury.

WATERBURY, Conn., December 16 .- The American recently printed a portion of an interesting story of adventure, fortune-hanting and death, told by the sole survivor of a party of Siberian gold-hunters. Owen Bascom was born here thirtysix years ago yesterday. About eleven years ago he suddenly left the city, having conceived a passion for adventure, through constant reading of thrilling romances and exciting tales of the sea. For some time his aged parents made earnest efforts to find their truant son, but although his father spent a large portion of the hard-earned savings of many years of hon-est toll as a carpenter, no trace of Owen could be discovered, and after many months all hope was given up, his father and mother finally concluding that he must be dead or they would have had some word from him. Great was their suryesterday to celebrate his return to America and to commemorate the anniversary of his birth. He tells a thrilling tale of his experiences since he left home. He went to New York on leaving Waterbury and stayed there for some time, knocking about town and picking up an odd job here and for adventure, with a prospect of riches as a reward. This chance did not come before his funds were exhausted, and he was finally compelled to ship before the mast or return home, which latter alternative was too much for his pride to permit. He knocked about on board ship for months, running into nearly all the principal foreign ports and

Getting all the Adventures he Wanted, but not with the anticipated alloy of the pleasure he had looked forward to. One day when he was in Calcutta he met with a party of adventurers whe, like himself, were looking for fortunes. He who, like himself, were looking for fortunes. He hobnobbed with them all day, got mellow with them at night, listened to their seductive schemes for acquiring wealth and finally concluded to join their expedition. As their vessel, the Nellie, was to sail the next morning. Bascom went on board the vessel to which he beloaged, gathered up his few effects and quietly deserted. The Nellie cleared for Nicolaevsk early in the forenoon, intending, after getting a full store of supplies, to prospect for gold along the coast of China or Siberia. Nicolaevsk was reached without incident, and four or five days were spent in laying in stores for the expedition. The men comprising the party and crew when it left Nicolaevsk were Captain Thomas Thompson, Captain Philip Brown, Johnson Emery, the mate of the Neille, and two Chinamen. Great Shautar, or Sugar Island, lies off the coast of Siberia in the western part of the Okhotsk sea, in a bay of the same name.

Indications of Gold Were Found

Indications of Gold Were Found by the prospectors, and they concluded to make their headquarters at this point. Accordingly, they made a permanent landing there on September 17, 1876, and on the 20th began the erection of a log ranche. This was completed and moved into on October 5. The next day one of the Chinese sallors was left in charge of the cabin and supplies, while the remainder of the party took the Nellie and went off across the bay on a prospecting four. After a cruise of two days, during which time the party put into many little coves and inlets in quest of the treasures of the earth, they started back. A storm came up and a terrible gate blew the Nellie upon a sunken rock just opposite their place of habitation. She went to pieces, and the men had great difficulty in getting ashore. Brown was taken sick October 18, and one of the Chinamen became very ill two or three days after. Mattars began to look very gloomy for the little party, and a few days after, hascom, who was feeling in much better health than any of the others, started for Nicolaevsk h: a whaleboat, which was thrown up on shore after the wreck, to get assistance from there and obtain medicines for his comrades. He was caught in a severe storm and, in spite of his most streames efforts blown out to of a log ranche. This was completed and moved rades. He was cought in a severe storm and, in spite of his most streamous efforts, blown out to sea. For days he was tossed about in his little boat, and, although he ate very sparingly, his small supply of provisions soon gave out. After he had been

Without Food for Three Days, and was about to give up in despair, Bascom saw a sall. With a desperate effort he attracted the attention of the vessel and was taken on board. It was a native Chinese craft on a fishing cruise, and it was many weary weeks before he was landed at Hong Kong. During all this time he had, of course, heard nothing of his comrades, and was extremely anxlous to render some assistance to them. For a long time no opportunity offered, until finally one day he succeeded in finding a vessel bound for the Okhotsk sea, and secured passage in her. His supply of money, contributed to by his fellow-expiorers, had dwindled pretty low, but was repleushed to some extent by charitable people to whom he had told his story. The vessel in which Bascom secured passage was the Hannah Rice, owned by a firm of traders, A. W. Linholm & Co., of Wadinstock, and was on her way with supplies for a new station just established at Mangur, on Shautar bay. When the party under Bascom's lead reached the spot where his party had set up the cabin, they were startled to find, lying a few yards from the door, the detached bopes of a man. Pushing open the door an overpowering stench greeted them. They fell back precipitately, but finally mustering courage again advanced.

Just over the threshold lay a decomposed body and in a bunk built in the side was another. They were entirely unrecognizable. There was a small store of salt beef, hard bread, tea, molasses, to-bacco, and two rifles, three old rusty sabres, and bacco, and two rifles, three old rusty sabres, and some ammunition. In the bunk with the body was the log. Parts had been torn out, presumably to preserve some secret. Nearly all the entries were made in the hand of Captain Thompson, and many of them bore his signature. The story told by the log is one of terrible suffering. Although the log was in a very dilapidated condition, Baseom secured what remained intact of it and this afterneon permitted your correspondent to inspect it. The entries for January, 1877, showed that heavy snows and intense coid were experienced. Both Brown and the Chinaman got much better, until the latter part of the month, when Brown's leg began te swell badly and he was condined to his bod. In February there were very heavy falls of snow. On March 1, Captain Thompson's entry says: "This month brings sickness and misery into this house." March 8-I was compelled to lie down with my legs swellen and turning black, which I put down as scurvy.

March 20—One of the Chinamen on his back March 20—One of the Chinamen on his back with the same disease. Brown still getting worse and complating that he cannot live.

March 30—This month ends with the stekness of our other Chinaman, who is just able to walk. My God, where will this end?

April 5—This month brings the greatest misery I have ever experienced. Brown is not able to turn on his blanket, and none of us are able to give him a helping hand. The poor Chinaman is only able to give him a cup of tea once in a while. April 8—Poer old Brown died, and not one of us able to close his eyes.

April 10—One of two Chinamen gone.

We Had an Awful Time getting the body into the snow. April 11-This night I feet more like dying than

April 16—There is absolute misery in the ranch. One Chinaman died during the night. This morning I tried to get up, but fainted. We tried to get the dead Chinaman outside, but all efforts failed. I feel that we are all dosmed.

The next and last entry has no date, and is written in a very feeble, shaky hand. It reads: "How long I have laid here I don't know. All is a blank. I am alone, unable to move; the others are dead, Oh! what agony I am in. I feel it eading at my vitals. This must be death—" Here the log abruptly ended.

A grave was dug by the party, and the remains were laid in as best they could be. The door of the cabin was strongly fastened to keep out the bears. Two years after Bascom visited the same spot. He says: "The cabin still stood above the common grave, and I could not look upon it without a shudder passing over me to think of the terrible tragic months these men passed dying one by one of that slow, certain disease, far from home, help and civilization. The shores of this wild, desolate country are the silent custodians of many a tragedy the counterpart of this, and lonely graves and ghastly skeletons give evidence to the hundreds who have lost thefr lives in search of gain or adventure in this frozen land of the north. No clew to the friends of my comrades were found, so far as I know, and they had unfortunately told me nothing of their history. They were men without experience in cold latitudes, for they had made none of the ordinary precautions to ward off sickness."

Bascom has been cruising around the uncivitized parts of the world ever since these thrilling experiences until last Saturday, when he arrived in New York, and immediately started for his home here. He wants no more of adventure, and being a man of good education and much experience will probably settle down to the hundrum life of a Waterbury tradesman.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

STOCK AND MONEY REPORTS.

Boston Money and Stocks and General State Street Gossip.

STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, December 15, 1883. A history of the situation, so far as the money market is concerned, would be but an old story retold. There continues the same abundance of the story in the same abundance of the same abun market is concerned, would be but an old story retold. There continues the same abundance of loanable funds, which are easily obtainable, at low rates of interest, by those who can give the required security; but the banks are as conservative as usual, consequently the market has shown but a moderate degree of activity. The general run of good mercantile paper continues to range from 5-6 per cent, the banks supplying a ceriain class of their regular depositors upon the lowest terms, which in some instances are slightly below 5; prime corporation notes and acceptances are in good demand, whereas the supply is limited; the ruling rate for this grade of paper is 4 per cent. Collateral loans on call ranne from 3-6-4-2 per cent. per annum, the rate depending upon the nature of the security. The country banks are supplying the wants of local trade at Boston discount and money rates, and report a fair business doing. The note-brokers report a very good demand coming from parties outside of the banks for paper at rates which range from 4-1/2-6 per cent, and upward, but owing to the searchy of the necessary grade of the paper report only a moderate business doing. The savings banks and trust companies are glad, and almost consider it a favor, to make loans at very low rates of linterest, which, however, do not materially differ from those asked by the national banks, but in such instances the very best of security is required.

Between banks this week the rate for balances has ranged from 1-2 per cent., the rate today ranging from 1-2 per cent.

At the clearing house the gross exchanges this morning amounted to \$10.837,622, and for the week \$7.1.83,353; the balances this merning were \$1.600,214, and for the week \$9.943,175. New York funds today sold at 25-30 cents premium per \$1.000.

Foreign exchange closes quiet but steady at the following prices; sight 4-844-6-484, 160 days

nium per \$1000.
Foreign exchange closes quiet but steady at the Foreign exchange closes quiet but steady at the following prices: Sight, 4.84\(\frac{1}{2}\), 48.2\(\cdot\), commercial bills, 4.80\(\cdot\), fraces, sight, 5.18\(\frac{1}{2}\), 48.2\(\cdot\), commercial bills, 4.80\(\cdot\), fraces, sight, 5.18\(\frac{1}{2}\), 48.5\(\cdot\), 29.7\(\cdot\), 5.21\(\frac{1}{2}\), 48.2\(\cdot\), 29.7\(\cdot\), 19.8\(\cdot\), 48.2\(\cdot\), 19.8\(\cdot\), 29.2\(\cdot\), 29.2\(\cdo\), 29.2\(\cdot\), 29.2\(\cdot\), 29.2\(\cdot\), 29.2\(\cdot\), 29.2\(\cdot\), 29.2\(\cd

Government Bonds.

These securities have steadily grown in strength, and the closing bids today were at the best prices of the week. These, when compared with the closing bids of last Saturday, show a gain of ½ per cent. for the 4½ and 3 per cents, 5½ for the registered 4 per cents, and 3% per cent. for the coupon 4s.

Under the 121st call for bonds \$29,000,000 have been redeemed; \$10,660,000 under the 122d call, and \$7,000,000 under the 123d call.

Prices of Bonds and Stocks at 3 P. M. (Furnished by Evans & Doane, Saakers and Brokers, 28 State street.)

COMMERCIAL MATTERS. BOSTON MARKETS.

Office of The Boston Daily Globe, a Sautrday Evening, December 13. I BUTTER.—There has been a light demand for Butter for and prices are easier. We quote: Northern creamery, fine fail make, 33@35c B b; choice, 28@30c B b; summer make, 24@27c B b. Western creamery, fine fresh, 36@38 B b; choice fresh, 30@35c B b; Summer make, 23@27c B b. Northern Dairy—Fine frankin County, fall, 28@30c B b; choice Vermont and New York, fall, 24@27c B b; choice straight dairies, 20@25c B b; late fall and whater, 18@25c B b; fair to good, 17@10c B b; com-

Western creamery, the fresh, 36928 % Hb. choice fresh, 30935 & sh. Summer unker, 25027 & sh. Western day—Choice, 26921 & sh. declared by the choice Vermon and New York, ful., 26930 & sh. inter full and winter, 150250 & sh. fair to good, 17016 & sh. choice western ladie, 15 different say of the full state of the choice western ladie, 15 different say of the choice of the choic April 16.—There is absolute misery in the ranch.

Initished Call ranges from oscapel, as to quanty. Initished Call ranges from oscapel, as to quanty and different kinds of finished Leather have been in mederate designed.

MOLASSES.—The market has been duil and prices are stile changed. We quote.
Barbadoes at 30,833c g gal; belling, 50 test,@
.... 3 gal; Porto Rigo, 26,645c g gal; New Orleans, 35,635c g gal; Clenfungos, 28,230c g gal. New Orleans, 8,615.—The demand for Nalls has been steady and assorted sizes have soid at \$3,10 keg, with the usual discount to the gads.

NAVAL STORES.—The market has been easier for spirits of Turpostine at 37,63% g gal. Resins have been quiet, with sales of common at \$2,30 g b bd.

24,062 65 for No 2, \$2,75,63 for No 1, and \$3,50,64 for nais. Tar and Fitch have been quiet, with sales at 35,64 g bd.; Wilmington Far, \$3,25,63,50.

NTTRATE OF SUDA.—Nitrate of Soida has been steasy and sold at \$2,300g 40s. has been quiet and we quote the sales of No 1 and extra white at 47,046 g bush; No 2 white at 43,4644 g bush; No 3 white at 42,245 g bush; and mixed at 3,3640 g bush.

UIL.—Linseed 611 has been quiet at easier prices;

da Peas at \$1 10@\$1 15 \$ bush; docommon. \$5@95c \$ bush; Northorn Green Peas, \$1@1 10 \$ bush; d Western \$1 30@ 1 60 \$ bush.

PUTA TUAS.—The market for Petafoes has been llb erally supplied and prices are without improvement we quester.

Eastern Rose Patatoes at 52@...c \$ bush; Northern Rose at \$5@80c \$ bush; Eastern Prelifies, \$5@55c \$ bush; flurbask \$60d lings at 50@52c \$ bush; Houlton Rose, 52@35c \$ bush; Areostook Rose, 50@.. d \$ bush; Provincial pesatoes, 40@45c \$ bush. Sweet Potatoes at \$4@4 45 \$ \$ bush.

POULTRY AND GAME.—There has been a fair demand for Poultry. We quote:
Northern Turkeys, young, 18@20c; fair to choice, 14.

216c; Sprin Chiekens...@. c; choice Fowl, 1212g lot \$ b; com to good, \$200c; fair to choice, 14.

216c; Sprin Chiekens...@. c; choice Fowl, 1212g lot \$ b; com to good, \$200c; fair to choice, 14.

216c; Sprin Chiekens...@. c; choice Fowl, 1212g lots, @.. g \$ b; live Swring Chickens...@. c \$ b for heavy weight:

226 Western Turkeys, choice, 17@18c \$ b; com to good, 10@13c \$ b; Chiekens and Fowls, 10@21c \$ b; choice Chiekene, 14@16c.

327 Gease, 12@14c \$ b; Ducks, 13.206c \$ b; Partridges, 50@80c \$ pr; Orouse, \$0@90c \$ pr; Venison saddles, 13@15c \$ b;

328 Dol; new mess at \$5 and newards; boston clear, has sold at \$17 00@17 50 \$ b ol; backs \$18 00@18 50 \$ b bl. Geef has been in rair demand and the sales of western mess have been at \$11 00@12 00; Western extra mess at \$11.20 12 90. We quote sale \$ of Western extra mess at \$11.20 12 90. We quote sale \$12 50@13 00 \$ bol. Smoked Hams have been in good demand and the sales have been at 12.10 13 c \$ b as to quality. Lard is firm, with sales at \$14.20 2.5c, including city and Western Takloow—We quote sales of rendered at \$1.50.00 \$ b as to quality. Lard is firm, with sales at \$14.20.5c, including city and Western Peas heen seles of rendered at \$1.50.00 \$ b. has \$1.50.0

TALLOW.—We quote sales of rendered at 74-2075 set & fb. for ease has been selling at 5-42-65% cb h. as to quality.

TEAS—Gunpowder. 22-24-50 B; Foung Hysen, 18-23-50 fb; Hysen Skin, 10-25-52 fb; Hysen Skin, 10-25-52 fb; Hysen Skin, 10-25-52 fb; Hysen Skin, 10-25-52 fb; Congou, 18-25-50 C b; Hysen Skin, 10-25-52 fb; Congou, 18-25-50 C b; Senathong, 18-25-50 C b; Oolong, 18-25-50

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, December 15.

FLOUR—Dull and depressed.

GRAIN—Wheat futures were ½c higher, in respense to an advance in the West, but trading light; sales, 2,920,900 bush No 2 red; December, 81 12; danuary, 81 1314,841 1354; February, 81 1814,261 1554; May, 81 204,261 21; suot sales, 132,000 bush. Of rye 25,000 bush seld; Slate, 76e; Western, 70,07214c in store and delivered; No 2. 70c. Oats easy, sales, 915,000 bush; No 2 mixed, 401,46404c; January, 441,462,442,2640,26; February, 411,2641,46; May, 441,462,442,640,26; February, 650,66605; May, 632,66504c; post sales, 184,000 bush. After Change, Wheat closed steady; No 2 red, each, 31 1375, affect: Becember, 81 12; January, 81 131,5; Peoruary, 81 164,000 bush. After Change—Wheat closed steady; No 2 mixed, 65 bc affect; December, 81 21 Cerr, steady; No 2 mixed, 65 bc affect; December, 64c; January, 647,6c; February, 647,6c; May, 633,6c; May, 634,6c; May, 634,6c; May, 648,6c; Ma covado, 64/9c.

PROVISIONS.—Bard futures were better early in the day and closed firm, with sales of 800 tierces, closing Deces.ber. 9.10cc. January. 9.10698.18c; February. 9.2869.30c; March 9.38629.38c. April 9.4569.47c; May 9.8669.58c. On the spot city sold at 8.90c; Western at 9.15869.13c; refined to the Continent, 9.35c; Nouth America. 9.59c. Moss pork easy and duil at \$14.684/9815; clear back, \$17.59 Secf and beel hams still. Out means stendy: 1500 fresh bellios 8c, and 1606 fresh bams 1649c. Dressed hogs firm at 74c. Satter weak and obcess firm.

PBTROLEUM.—Begined for export was again very quist, but escentishly firm at 94cc for 70° Abel test. Crude oil certaincase had a quiet day; prices declined and the feeling closed weak. The production is now in excess of the consumption: siles on the two exchanges, 8.238.600 bbls; opening, \$1.14c; highest \$1.1456; loweet, \$1.1856; lessing, \$1.1354; average daily ruse to the 18th fast., 63.301 bbls, and deliveries, 64.827 bbls.

COTTON.—Futures were slightly dearer, but closed baroly along at 10.36c for february, 10.68c for March, 10.83c for June, 11.29c for August, and 10.95c for September; sales, 85.400 bbls. Spots duil; middling uplands, 10.716c. Fert receipts, 40.756 bales. ovado, 61/ge. PROVISIONS.—bard futures were better early in the

Brighton Cattle Market.

Brighton Castle Market.

[Reported for The Scatea Daily Globe.]

Prices of Western beef cattle \$\text{N}\$ 100 fts. live weight, choice. \$\text{36}\$ 5007 10; first quality, \$\text{36}\$ \$\text{36}\$ \$\text{25}\$ \$\text{36}\$ \$\

posing I them.
Swink.—The arrivals from the West consigned to home slaughterers and taken direct from cars to alaughter-house, the consignments being as follows: John I. Squire & Co. 10.050. Charles it. North & Co. 3560; Nites Brethers. 1450. Quotations: Western far hogs, 534.66 % h. live weight: Western dressed, 76 % bit; country dressed, 104.69 % as & Store in light supply, the demand slow; those on offer brought to market from the neighboring choice and tewns, and disposed in all manner of ways from \$150 to \$10 per head, and trem & to 102 % b. live weight.

VEAL CALVES.—These on sale were brought in from the neighboring tewns: track active and values firm. Quotations: Chelce. \$20 % b; common and ordinary 54g % b): bobs. \$1 5062 cach.

STORE CATFLE.—Receipts light, but full enough for the demand. Any that were in a fair condition for samphresing found ready purchasers by country butchers. Questations: Yearlings, \$99213; two-year-olds, \$1 1620; three-year-olds, \$156,023 were all from the West, and consequed to slaughterers, taken direct from cars to slaughter-house, costing kinded: Sheep, 54,2066, \$6 h; lambs, 44/cc. \$6 h; two-sight.

Watertown Union Live Stock Market.

Watertown Union Live Stock Market.

from cars to slaughter-house, costing kinded; Sheep, 61/266, # h; kambs, 61/26. # h, live weight.

Watertown Union Live Stock Market.

[Reported for The Boston Bally Globe.]

Watertown, Unesday, December 11.

Hiddes, Eto.—hrighton hides, 7/271/26 & h; Brighton hides, 61/2676 & h; commer hides, 62/2676 & h; bull hides, 52 & h.

Working Gren.—The receipts were in keeping with the demand. Trade quened fair, and before the close of the market the following sales were noted by J. Limon. 1 pair, girta 6 feet 7 inches, 12/20 & hs, 130; 1 pair, girta 6 feet 10 inches, live weight 2900 bs, 5157. C. 9. Howe, 1 pair, girth 7 feet 1 inch, live weight, 3160 bs, 5187. J. D. Hosmer, 1 pair, girth 6 feet 6 inches, live weight, 2500 bs, 295; 1 pair, girth 6 feet 10 inches, live weight, 2875 bs, 2155. Quotations: Per pair, 8200100/2125/2140/2150/2175.

MILCH GOWS AND SPRINGERS.—Trade during the market heurs was fair, with the receipts lither than the previous week. Quotations: Choice, 555/265; ordinary to common. 830245.

SHEEP AND LAMIS.—Trade opened at an early hour, and long before the close of the market a clearance was effected, and values advapeed on extra grades from 1/46/46 & h; teamen erdusary grade in good request. Cectadons: Western sheep, 51/266 & h; himbs, 61/26 & h; hambs, 61/26 & h.

Northerm and ordinary grade, for which these was a mere active demand than for several weeks pass. Sales needs by R. E. Winn, 1 beef cow, to dress 10/26 bs cash, 96 % h, dressed weight; 2 cattle, to dress 10/26 bs cash, 96 % h, dressed weight; 2 cattle, to dress 10/26 bs cash, 96 % h, dressed weight; 10 cattle, average 1700 bs, 28 % h, two weight.

VEAL CALVES.—Trade active, with the arrivals light. Chaice fat yeal was in good request, but not plenty; values for all grades stra.

Store CATTLE.—The theory consides a principally to shoughts of the bibbs, \$1/2600 ft. h; common,

(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.)

stees y and sold at \$2 30@3 40.

ATS.—The market for Oats has been quiet and we quote the sales of No 1 and extra white at 47 and 64 a bush; No 2 white at 43\sqrt{24}\text{46

war, and anecdote and story naturally drifted in that direction. It was a characteristic of the reminiscences that tales of gore and bloodshed were almost entirely ignored, and remembrance only seemed to drift back to the lighter and

were almost entirely ignored, and remembrance only seemed to drift back to the lighter and brighter side of that memorable struggle.

"The fights in camp," said Captain Hand, "were often hotter than our engagements in the field. Most of the disputes that led to personal encounters grew out of trouble at the card table. Everybody played poker in the army, even some of the chaptains. The greatest time at poker I remember was when we lay down in Tennessee for three weeks one time and nothing to do. We used to put a rubber over our tent to hide the candle light. Many a time have I sat half a day on a barrel for being caught burning a candle after taps. Well, beans were the only chips we had. The result was that no matter how carefully the banker kept his accounts he always had to redeem about twice as many beans as he had given out. Then somebody would get mad, and presently there would be a fight that could only be stopped by a threat to call the guard, or the appearance of the guard in person, and guardhouse all night for the party. How them boys would fight! And they were always good friends next day, too. There was Johnson, my tent companion, he's goue now; got his last bullet at Vicksburg. He was always licking somebody. They ran in so many bogus beans on Johnson that the last time he kept bank

He Made Everybody at the Table Turn All Their Pockets Inside Out

before they sat down. I was sitting on a board over our camp kettle, and the luck was against me, so, before I sat down, I filled the bottom with

over our camp kettle, and the luck was against me, so, before I sat down, I filled the bottom with beans from our camp store. I lifted a good many during the game, and when Johnson came to redeem he was broken up, and swore he would never play with Billy Cleaves again. He wanted to lick him, only I called 'gdard.' Yes, great times those were," and the man who had been where bullets flew relapsed into silence.

"One of the most dramatic scenes I remember," said the judge, "was an occurrence on a Mississipp river steamer. Judge Schakelford of the Supreme Court had a fine place on the river down in Tennessee. He was neutral, though with Union Sympathies. Detachments from both armies were frequently at his place, and he treated ail alike. His daughter, Miss Mary, was a vivacious little lady, and rebel to the core. One son was in the Confederate army and was killed, and two were with us. Well, the judge was coming back from Washington with Miss Mary, and the only way to get down the river was on a Union gunboat. There was a strict order to allow no ladies on board, but the judge fixed it up in some way with the captain and got Mary on board. At the dinner the pretty young lady was given the seat of honor at the head of the table. She was such a dainty little thing and snubbed the officers so unmercifully that they admired her all the more. The very first toast was proposed 'all standing,' to the Union army. Glasses were raised and all eyes were turned toward Miss Mary, only to be startled by her action. She sprang to her feet, her face flushed with anger, and smashing her glass to fragments on the table before her, cried: 'No! ho! No toast shall be drank in my presence to the army that killed my brother!' And the strange part of it was," said the judge, in conclusion, "that

They Did Not Drink the Toast, or a Similar One, as Long as She Was on the Boat."

Colonel Gillaw had remained silent so far, and as by that tacit rule of good-fellowship that assigns to every man a part in the entertainment, it

signs to every man a part in the entertainment, it had passed up to him, and, as his exclamation "that reminds me" was heard, cigars were fresh lighted and more attention given.

"The judge's little story reminded me of many instances of a similar spirit among the Confederate men. None of them would ever yield an inch. I was thinking of poor Phil Lee, who said before the war that he was for the Union; if the Union was dissolved he was for Kentucky; if Kentucky was dissolved he was for Bullitt county; if Bullitt county was dissolved he was for Shepherdsville, and if Shanherdsville, and if Sh Rengery was dissolved he was for Bullitt county; if Bullitt county was dissolved he was for Shepherdsville, and if Shepherdsville was dissolved he was for his side of the street. Lots of them down there are not rid of that feeling yet," said the colonel, while the rest were laughing at Phil.

"I foined my regiment at Springfield, Ill., said Dr. Morrow, "and on many march through Southern mud was I forcibly reminded of Springfield in or. Morrow, "and on many haren through Southern mud was I foreibly reminded of Springfield in the muddy season. It has always been horrible, as everybody knows who has been there in a winter season, but I never so happily saw it hit off in a story I heard Senator Culiom tell. He said that along in the 40s, when John Campbell was secretary of state, an itherant preacher went to him, asking the privilege of delivering a lecture in the hall of the House of Representatives.

"What is your subject? said bluff old John.
"The second coming of Christ."

"You can't have the hall, for you don't need it. If Christ was ever here before he will never come again."

After the laugh had subsided Private Blunt took a fresh cut of brack tobacco and ch med in:
"We had more real tun in my regiment in foraging
than in anything else. I remember once, when
our skirmish lines ran so close to the Johnnies

We Frequently Got Mixed With Them, three of us were out on a little private skirmish. We had seen some turkeys at a farm-house, and we wanted meat bad. We found the place easy

We had seen some turkeys at a farm-house, and we wanted meat bad. We found the place easy snough, but orders were very strict about shooting. We corralled the birds, but they were shy, and every one of 'em got away and up on the gable of the house. The old woman was flying around considerable, but we didn't mind her, and I just took a stick and got up on the root. I was shinning along the gable and just getting ready for a good throw that would have brought down a bird sture, when 'piff' went a rifle, and 'plunk' a builet into the root beside me. Lord, you ought to have seen how quick I fell off that gable and slid down the rough shingles, taking my chances on a fitteen-foot tumble to the ground. The boys were way ahead of me, but I made good running, and only looked around at a long range to see half a dozen rebs coolly picking off the turkeys with their rifles."

"That story of Cullom's reminds me of one Colonel Monigomery told here," said Senator M. "It was a dream about Smith of Chelsea. Smith died and went to heaven, and when he told his name and residence was refused admission by St. Peter, on the ground that there was no one there from Chelsea, and he could not break the rules by admitting him. Somewhat discouraged Smith reluctantly concluded to take the next best hing, and started for purgatory. To his surprise he was refused admission there on the same grounds. Then very much disgusted, and determined to go somewhere, he started for hades. He had hardly reached the enirance when the devil givang out and fired a volley of oaths at him, saying: 'You are Smith of Chelsea, and I want you to go right away. I don't want you here.' Smith was sore troubled. He went off and sat down, and as he reflectively scratched his head he muttered:

"'I do hate to go back to Chelsea.'"

muttered:
"I do hate to go back to Chelsea.'" A Mississippi Trooper Tells How the Was

Ended a the Philadelphia Times. He says he was a prisoner at Camp Douglas near Chicago. "The building we were put in was about 60 feet long prisoner at Camp Douglas near Chicago. "The building we were put in was about 60 feet long and say 16 feet wide. There were rows of double bunks—one above the other—running the length of the building, with an aisle between them. There was a door at each end of the house and one in the middle. There was a stove at my end, where only two of us at a time were permitted to warm, and only for a few moments. We had to get back in a hurry to bur bunks at the word from the men who kept guard over us. Most of us who had been brought as prisoners from Natchez had hever seen show more than four inches deep, and we were smartly bothered with the sort that took us up to the waist. We were not prepared for it either in the way of clothes. But for all that we used to get ent into it in a hurry at the tap of the drum every morning, clothes or no clothes, for that was the time the roll was called, and when we were not right on hand the guard had a way of notifying us to be a little more prompt the next time.

"Talk about a white man when he can't help himself not standing a licking like a black man! Why, I've seen the German guards take a big Kentuckian who had ridden with John Morgan and been in the habit, when free, of peppering his neat with gunpowder and picking his teeth with a bowle-knife; I've seen the Dutchmen take a fellow like that, strip him down, buck him over the dege of a bunk and strap him with a soldier belt with the brass buckle at the end of it.

"Well, after a while news came of Lee's surrener, and teat the war was over. We did not beleve it at first, but we were convinced when they set us all iree on parole and gave us transportation home.

WAR STORIES.

Were ever cruel to prisoners—prisoners being the only enemies they had a chance of meeting.

"I forgot to say that the two Germans who had special charge of our barracks we named Fetch and Ketch, and it used to make them powerful mad when we called out their names in the dark. Fetch was a corporal and the meanest of the two. While we were sitting out on the sidewalk, as I was saying, Fetch, who was walking about there, kept stepping on the feet of the big Kentuckian, who was lying stretched out in the shade.

"Please don't step on my feet again,' said the Kentuckian, whereupon Fetch cursed him as he had been in the habit of doing in the prison.

"I am't your prisoner no more, and I dare you to stan' up and fight it out like a man,' said the Kentuckian, whereupon fetch cursed him as he had been in the habit to out like a man,' said the Kentuckian.

"Fetch was no ways inclined to that sort of thing and was for getting away at once, but some of the Illinois boys had heard what had passed, and maybe they wanted to see a little fun. At any rate some of the Illinois boys had heard what had passed, and maybe they wanted to see a little fun. At any rate some of the Illinois boys had heard what had passed, and maybe they wanted to see a little fun. At any rate some of the Illinois boys had heard what had passed, and maybe they wanted to see a little fun. At any rate some of the Illinois boys had heard what had passed, and maybe they wanted to see a little fun. At any rate some of the Illinois boys had heard what had passed, and maybe they wanted to see a little fun. At any rate some of the Illinois boys had heard what had passed, and maybe they wanted to see a little fun. At any rate some of the Illinois boys had heard what had passed, and maybe they wanted to see a little fun. At any rate some of the Illinois boys had heard what had passed, and maybe they wanted to see a little fun. At any rate some of the Illinois boys had heard what had passed, and maybe they wanted to see a little fun. At any rate some

FRENCH AND AMERICAN WOMEN.

Their Greatest Difference In the Voice-Qualities In Which Each Excel.

[Albert Rhodes.]
Perhaps the greatest difference between the American and the French women is in the voice. That of the former is pitched in a high key, is thin, often metallic, and rises at times almost to a shriek. The Gallie woman's has more volume, is sympathetic and deeper. A harmonious tone in conversation is cultivated, and there are gentle conversation is cultivated, and there are gentic vibrations in the timbre, which exert a magnetic influence where there is a desire to piease. It is powerful in declamation, as in the mouth of a Rachel, and soft and winning in the quiet of private life. It is a head-voice in America; in France it is from the chest. The nasal sounds, unlike those of New England, come up vibrating from the chest and throat with strong support from the mouth, and thus modified are free from the undignified and discordant twang of the eastern coast.

The face of the American women is more beautous.

the undignified and discordant twang of the eastern coast.

The face of the American woman is more beautiful than that of any other country. It has delicacy of coloring and feature, and finesse and intellectuality in expression; but the body supporting the head, regarded from an artistic and hygienic point of view, is inferior. For breathing and digesting the upper part is lacking in depth, and for the functions of a mother the hips are too narrow. In a word, the American is more fragile; she is hardly a Diana, and the French is something more, although not the Hebe of Rubens.

The French woman's face is as handsome as that of any other in Europe, and fades more slowly. At 40 she glides into an embonpoint with an unwrinkled face and a good complex n—at the age when the English woman becomes heavynecked and frowsy, and the American pale and wrinkled.

The Climate Has Something to Do With

This, but doubtless her nourishing food, generous wine and out-of-door air much more. Her mode of liv-

and out-of-door air much more. Her mode of living contributes thereto—the exercise and development of each function in a more natural and sensuous manner than with us. There are ascetic ideas in America which have a tendency to retard the physical development of woman; for mind moulds matter. The extremes of American life are unfavorable to a healthy growth, in its fastness as well as its asceticism, where the flesh is corrupted by dissipation or mortified by certain religious teachings. Aside from these causes is a prevalent notion that it is beneath the dignity of man and woman to occupy themselves with what they shall eat and what they shall drink.

The American has more intellect than her French sister, but the latter has softness where she has pertness. There is nervous excitability and cleverness in one, mellowness and equality of character in the other. The forced, brilliant vitality of woman in America is subject to fits of reaction, for nature has its limit. In the French woman the mind is more even and cheerful, and in the absence of exhaustive and irregular demands made upon it the uniform health is better.

In qualities of a purely mental character the equal of the American woman cannot perhaps be found in the world; but with all her knowledge and intellectual activity, she lacks that which made the Greeks what they have been and the French what they are—organic cultivation. Entwined in these words are taste and art. A riper French what they are—organic cultivation. Entwined in these words are taste and art. A riper civilization, though not a, purer, will invest her with a knowledge of these things and

A Harmony of Character Not Now Possessed; and with it will come, alas! that decadence in

morals which always marches on the beels of the beautiful in every age and in every climate. It is sad that such heavy tribute should be exacted as the price of an added enjoyment, but art is inex-orable.

the price of an added enjoyment, but art is inexorable.

The cultivation of the French woman modulates her voice, gives grace of movement in carriage and gesture, and lends a general charm to her person. It imparts that wonderful tact which prevents her from saying a crude or inappropriate thing, and that taste which enables her to say the proper thing at the proper time. In her mouth a compliment is not an embellished truth, but an unvarnished fact. Her plastic nature receives the impress of those brought in contact with it. She varnished fact. Her plastic nature receives the impress of those brought in contact with it. She can place herself en rapport with the people of all countries, even with those whose character is foreign to her own, and sympathize with the sentiment she meets in those around her. The angular, strong-minded woman does not exist. The French woman can do nothing that renders her repulsive to the other sex. The capable, energetic, speaking woman of America is eccentric and unlovable. The chief end of the French woman's life is to please man, and she cultivates every feminine quality, knowing that what he admires in her is to be unlike him. The man-woman there own country has but little success, and she would have much less in France. Yet the exhibition of talent by woman is not distasteful so long as there is no violation of the Woman of

The Speech and Action of the Woman of

the Rostrum, regarded from an artistic point of view, is not ovely to look upon. The French woman may sin against heaven, but not against her credo of man-pleasing. She may be faithless to her mariage vows and send her husband to an untimely grave through her infidelity, but it shall be done with order and that feminine grace with which she invests all her acts. The winning external appearance is so general that it is hard to discriminate between the angelic and the anges dechues, and this to those seeking a life relationship is rather a serious inconvenience.

What appears to be a plain woman at first sight, at the end of half an hour's conversation often hears the semblance of a handsome woman, when she has deployed her grace of speech and manner and cajoled her listener with that finesse which belongs to her as if by patent right. against heaven, but not against her credo of man-pleasing. She may be faithless to her mar-riage vows and send her husband to an untimely

VARIETIES OF LAUGHTER.

Various Kinds, Ranging from the Hysterical Giggle to the Roar.

There is the hearty laugh, says the Brooklyn Eagle, the convulsive laugh, the explosive laugh, the be-he laugh and the uproarious, almost tumble-out-of-the-chair laugh. There was the laugh of Prince Hal, who was said to laugh "till his face is like a wet cloak—Ill laid up." There is the incipient laugh, which is not a laugh but a smile. The late Charles Backus, the minstrel, who, it will be remembered, had a very large mouth, was once naving his photograph taken. The operator told him to look pleasant, to smile a little. The famous minstrel gave an elaborate smile, "Oh, that will never do!" said the photograph taken. The surface of the instrument." Speaking of a Western actress the reporter wrote: "Her smile opened out like the Yosemite valley in a May morning." When Miss Marie Wilton, the English actress, played Hester Grazebrook in the "Unequal Match." her laugh was said to be of the character "that first as it were looks out of the eyes to see if the coast was clear, then steals down into a pretty dimple on the cheek and rides there in an eddy for a little while; then waitzes at the corners of the mouth like a thing of life; then bursts its bonds of beauty and fills the air for a moment with a shower of silver-tongued echoes, and then steals back to its lair in the heart to watch again for its brey." How different from the kind of laugh of Prince Hoare, a friend of Haydon, the painter. This gentleman was a delicate, feeble-looking man, with a timid expression of face, and when he laughed heartily he almost seemed to be crying. It runs in families, sometimes, to distort the countenance in laughter. Mr. Labonchere speaks of a family who laugh a great deal, and who always shut their eyes when they do so. It is funny at the dinner table, when something witty is said, to look around and see the same distortion in every face. There is not an eye left in the family. A trio of sisters is spoken of who show half an inch of pale pink guins when they laugh. In their presence, like Wendell Holmes, one "never dares to be as funny as one can," for fear of seeing this applauding triple of gums. A laugh is sometimes only a sneer. Diogenes, of tub notoriety, saw out-of-the-chair laugh. There was the laugh of Prince Hal, who was said to laugh "till his face

"Shopping," said an experienced floor-walker, "is, to a considerable extent, a habit, and I know many instances in which it has grown into a pas-sion. The remark is often made that women come

"GIVE ME YOUR HAND."

A Palmist Discourses on Her Strange Trade.

Deciphering the Hieroglyphics of the Palm -An Art That Smacks of Mystery.

What They Say You Can Trace in the

Fist and the Face.

[Cleveland Herald.1

Clairvoyants and fortune tellers are usually nntrustworthy persons, steeped in quackery and ready to take advantage of the superstitious side of human nature. A reporter met one of the class vesterday, and was astonished, in the course of the conversation, at the information the woman possessed on the subject of palmistry. Not in a mood to have his future life mapped out, the reporter talked to her solely in search of information. He got some very interesting matter for his pains. The woman was enthusiastic on the sub-ject, and claimed ito be infallible. She grew indignant when the reporter, referred to palmistry as a pastime, and said: "No, sir! It is not a pastime, but a deep science, founded on prin-ciple created by Heaven. Show me a man or a woman's hand and face, and I will tell you his

"No. Comparatively easy, though time and experience render the work of the palmist truer and more thorough."

and more thorough."

"Are there fixed rules?"

"Yes; and they are not intricate ones. I don't know but I am divulging my trade secrets, but I have enough interest in palmistry to overturn your doubts. Uands are divided into three kinds; those with tapering fingers, blunt, square-tipped ones, and fingers that are spade-shaped, with cushions of flesh on each side of the nail. The taper-tingered hand is the highest and best type, and are possessed by poets, artists, persons of contemplative and with quick sensitive minds, that

The blunt-fingered hand belongs to the sensible, matter of fact, well-balanced class of humanity, such as the successful business and professional

man or scientists.

'You have taper fingers and are something of an idealist," said the palmist glancing at the reporter's busy fingers. The reporter had to own up.
"The spade-snaped fingers of my third class are

"The spade-shaped fingers of my third class are possessed by men and women of strong passions, who love creature comforts, and have what I call material instincts.

"The joints on the hand are points that are very important in the study. If the top joint of the finger is longest it speaks broadly of ideality and lack of practical ability, making the possessor of the hand a dreamer. If the second joint be longest it denotes a keen, well-balanced mind, and if the lowest joint excels in length, the person who owns the hand is a utilitarian, with strong passions. If all three joints are equal a well-balanced mind is there.

passions. It all three joints are equal a well-balanced mind is there.

"By my rules you will see that the first or top-most joint means the spiritual nature; the middle, mind or intellect, and the lower joint the body of the person. These rules may be thrown aside in the case of an uncommon hand. In that case the face aids us and a conclusion can be reached by that means."

"How do you read the lines of the hand?"

"How do you read the lines of the hand?"

"That is the finest work of the whole. Two hands may be widerly different and their lines and shape may contradict the tales told by the fingers. Then only the instinct that comes with the true grasp of the art can aid the palmist. To learn the chief lines of the hand is an easy matter. They are, first, the life line, which runs round the base of the thumb, the head line, which begins alongside the life line—sometimes running into or joining it—and crosses the middle of the palm, and the heart line, which crosses the hand somewhat diagonally near the base of the fingers.

The Lines that Run Round the Wrist are age lines, each meaning thirty years of life. If the line of life be strong, deeply tinted, and runs nearly unbrokenly to near the wrist, it is a sure sign that the owner of the hand will live a long, nealthy life." The reporter Jooked at his own hand, and may have laughed, for the operator first looked "nettled," and secondly at the hand, and said: "Your days will be filed with sickness, and will not be long." The scribe counted a knock down for the paimist, looked innocent, and listened as she resumed her talk.

"If a spot or star lies on the life-line, it means that an eye or both will be lost, and every obstruction or cross on the surface means a misfortune graded as to the size. Have you wavy lines at your fingers' ends? Not Then you will not die of downing."

"How about hanging?" asked the Heraldite.

"There is no especial line or mark for that," suspiciously, "but," warningly, "I can teil from general signs."

The questioner did not press the subject, and the lady went on: "A crescent-shaped mark below the little flager line describes breathers. the line of life be strong, deeply tinted, and runs

The questioner did not press the subject, and the lady went on: "A crescent-shaped mark below the little finger line denotes hereditary insanity, and a well-defined short line, joining the line of life, indicates early or late marriage, according to the length of the line."

"Shall I become a Benedict?"

"No, sir! You will not!" emphatically. The reporter looked solemn, and was impressed with the words. He was already married. Resuming, the lady said: "If there are lines on the side of the hand below the little finger, the number of times married are indicated. The lines extending down between the third or ring finger and the little finger to the line of the heart number the loves of a ffetime." The interviewer's hand was extended, and the interviewee answered:

"Your Loves Will be Four and Short."

"Your Loves Will be Four and Short." The reporter figuratively hunted his hole again. The reporter figuratively hunted his hole again. "One line says, the love will be single, long and unalloyed. A long, well-defined line of the hand promises intellectuality. Yours is not long. If it extends over the sides of the hands, craft, meanness and calculation is indicated. One cannot be possible without the other. In a good hand, if this line is forked or double at the end, it is a sign of reticence or slyness. With a bad hand it means deception. A faint, short line shows stupidity. I said the line of the heart ran from one side of the hand to the other at the base of the fingers. If that is long, the hand belongs to a person who is affectionate. If short lines run down toward the main line, affection will only follow respect, and if the lines run up, passion and impulse are the mainsprings of the love.

"Inconstancy follows the broken line of the heart. All these signs may be neutral, in which event a skilled palmist only can read them correctly. The left hand should be looked at for the signs of honor, wealth, loves, misfortanes, life's length and health—because most unused. Pale and wide lines tell of the absence of qualities that should be there. With a pale, wide line of the heart, cruelty is allied, and clear, ruddy lines of the left hand tell of a disposition like unto the mother's—physically and mentally.

"These are all the signs," went on the explainer, "but understand me clearly when I say that physiognomy and palmistry go hand in hand. Unless an operator studies both, he or she can never be succe-sful. The eyes furnish me above all with my ginde posts when I get a neutral hand. Quiet eyes, that embarrass with their repose, signify self-command, that may be coupled with complacency and concelt if other signs are present. "One line says, the love will be single, long

Roving Eyes Are Deceitful Eyes,

and eyes whose whites are streaked with yellow and have red veius indicate strong passions. Blue and have red veins indicate strong passions. Blue eyes say coquerry more strongly as they deepen in color; grav eyes are yoked with intelligence, green eyes falsehood, black eyes liveliness, that may go to passion, and brown eyes denote kindness and amiability.

"Noses furnish me with many of my general marks. A kloman nose is allied to enterprise and an aptitude for business; long noses speak plainly of good sense, especially if the other features are well balanced; a straight nose indicates a pure and noble spirit, and a turn-up nose mischief and wit. A large nose generally speaks of a good mind and heart, and a small one good nature but small energy.

mind and heart, and a small one good nature but small energy.

"Lips are among my most valuable points. If they be thick, their owner is either very stupid or a genius, and if they are very thin, crueity, craft and falsehood are in them. If thin-lips are habitually compressed, these latter qualities increase.

"Dumples in the cheek speak of mischief; in the chin, love and coquetry. A lean face is an indication of intelligence, a lat face of falsehood. An upright figure, with open nostrils and moist veined temples speak of irascibility, and a fair round face, and no distinct points of carriage of body may, with other favorable points, indicate an opposite nature.

nature.
at is all the marks of my craft or profession which, applied in practice, will enable you to work as intelligently as I do. Practice comes with experience, and you would fail as badly as I should were I to go at your trade. Good day."

[Correspondence Baltimore American.]
Talk about the Sunday law and its enforcement Talk about the Sunday law and its enforcement in Baltimore! It does not compare to the observation of that day in this great city. One hardly knows London today after the bustle and whirl of yesterday. The stores are closed, the wagons have disappeared, the cabs seem to run more quietly, and the people seem almost afraid to speak loud. What a contrast after a continental Sabbath! I was hungry this morning, and thought I would go to the Criterion to get a lunch. Imagine my surprise when I arrived at that great restaurant and found it closed; the Galety and St. James likewise. All down the Strand, up in the West End, and even in "the city," the restaurants were closed tighter than the preverbial clam. Not a place to eat on Sunday, save the dining-room of a hotel. The chop-houses, the "grill-rooms" and the "buffets" are all closed unth 6 o'clock in the evening, and even the drinking bars or ale-houses—as far as exteriors are concerned—are dark and uninviting. Unless you know the proprietor, and can enter by the "family" or "wholesale liquor" entrance, there is no use trying to get in before 1 o'clock. There are plenty of churches to visit and

good sermons are preached, and the people seem to take advantage of this and go to church. At Spurgeon's Tabernach the crowd is always great, and every stranger pays it one visit at least. When you approach the entrance you are met by a verger or official, who gives you an envelope. This envelope requests you to give a contribution—a penny or more—and drop it in the box provided. The far-seeing, as well as the charitable, do this, and to them the side gate or door is open. The sexton places you in a back seat and requests you to wait until 10.50 o'clock. The rule is, pewholders must be in their seats by that time or lose their places. When the hour arrives the sexton tells you to go up the aisle and take any seat vacant. When those who have contributed are seated, the great doors are opened and the crowd is admitted. Then the services begin.

THE PERILS OF HOME.

Accident Insurance Most Required by Those Who Never Travel.

(Mark Twain.) The man in the ticket office said:

'Have an accident insurance ticket, also?" "No," I said, after studying the matter over a

"No." I said, after studying the matter over a little, "No, I believe not; I am going to be travelling by rail all day today. However, tomorrow I don't travel. Give me one for tomorrow."

Tite man looked puzzled. He said:
"But it is for accident insurance, and if you are going to travel by rail—"
"If I am going to travel by rail, I sha'n't need it.
Lying at home in bed is the thing I am afraid of."
I had been looking into this matter. _last year I travelled 20,000 miles, almost entirely by rail; the year before, I travelled over 25,000 miles, half by sea and half by rail; and the year before that I travelled in the neighborhood of 10,000 miles, exclusively by rail. I suppose if I put in all the little odd journeys here and there, I may say I have travelled 60,000 miles during the three years I have mentioned. And never an accident.

accident.

For a good while I said to myself every morning: "Now I have escaped thus far, and so the chances are just that much increased that I shall catch it this time. I will be shrewd, and buy an accident ticket." And to a dead moral certainty I drew a blank, and went to bed that night without a joint started or a bone splintered. I got tired of that sort of daily bother, and fell to buying accident tickets that were good for a month. I said to myself,

"A Man Can't Buy Thirty Blanks in One Bundle."

But I was mistaken. There was never a prize in the lot. I could read of railway accidents

But I was mistaken. There was never a prize in the lot. I could read of railway accidents every day—the newspaper atmosphere was foggy with them; but somehow they never came my way. I found I had spent a good deal of money in the accident business, and had nothing to show for it. My suspicions were aroused, and I began to hunt around for somebody that had won in this lottery. I found plenty of people who had invested, but not an individual that had ever had an accident or made a cent. I stopped buying accident tickets and went to ciphering. The result was astounding. The peril lay not in travelling, but in staying at home.

I hunted up statistics, and was amazed to find that after all the glaring newspaper headings concerning railroad disasters, less than 300, people had really lost their lives by those disasters in the preceding twelve months. The Erie road was set down as the most murderous in the list. It had killed forty-six—or twenty-six, I do not exactly remember which, but I know the number was double that of any other road. But the fact straightway surgested itself that the Erie was an immensely long road, and did more business than any other line in the country; so the double number of killed censed to be matter for surprise.

By further figuring, it appeared that between New York and Rochester the Erie ran eight passenger trains cach way every day—sixteen altogether—and carried a daily average of 6000 persons. That is about a million in six months, the population of New York City. Well,

The Eric Kills from Thirteen to Twenty-

three Persons out of its 1,000,000 in six months; and in the

out of its 1,000,000 in six months; and in the same time 13,000 out of New York's 1,000,000 died in their beds! My flesh crept; my hair stood on end. "This is appalling." I said. "The danger isn't in travelling by rail, but in trusting to those deadly beds. I will never sleep in a bed again."

I had figured on considerably less than one-half the length of the Erie road. It was plain that the entire road must transport at least 11,000 or 12,000 people every day. There are many short roads running out of Roston that do fully half as much; a great many such roads. There are many roads scattered about the Union that do a prodigious passenger business, therefore it was fair to presume that an average of 2500 rassengers a day for each road in the country would be about correct. There are 846 railway lines in our country, and 846 times 2500 are 2,115,000. So the railways of America move more than 2,000,000 of people every day—650,000,000 of people a year, without counting the Sundays. They do that, too—there is no question about it—though where they get the raw material is clear beyond the jurisdiction of my arithmetic; for I have hunted the census through and through, and I find that there are not that many people in the United States by a matter of 610,000,000 at the very least. They must

Use Some of the Same People Over Again, Likely.

San Francisco is one-eighth as populous as New York; there are 60 deaths a week in the former and 500 a week in the latter-if they have luck. That is 3120 deaths a year in San have luck. That is 3120 deaths a year in San Francisco, and eight times as many in New York —say about 25,000 or 26,000. The health of the two places is the same. So we will let it stand as a fair presumption that this will hold good all over the country, and that consequently 25,000 out of every million of people we have must die every year. That amounts to one-fortieth of our total population. One million of us, then, die annually. Out of this million ten or twelve thousand are stabbed, shot, drowned, hanged, poisoned or meet a similarly violent death in some other popularway, such as perishing by kerosene lamp and hoop-skirt conflagrations, getting buried in coal mines, falling off housetops, breaking through church or lecture-room floors, taking patent medicines, or committing suicide in other forms. The Eric railroad kills from twenty-three to forty-six; the other 845 railroads kill an average of one-third of a man each; and the rest of that 1,000,000, amounting in the aggregate to the appalling figure of 987,631 corpses, die naturally in their beds!

You will excuse me from taking any more chances in those beds. The railroads are good enough for me.

And my advice to all people is. Don't stay at nome any more than you can help; but when you have got to stay at home a while, buy a package of those insurance tickets and sit up nights.

You Cannot be Too Cautious. [One can see now why I answered that ticket

agent in the manner recorded at the top of this The moral of this composition is, that thought-less people grumble more than is fair about rail-road management in the United States. When we consider that every day and night of the year full 14.000 railway trains of various kinds, freighted with life and armed with death, go thundering over the land, the marvel is, not that they kill 300 human beings in a twelvemonth, but that they do not kill 300 times 300.

The Plainest City in Europe.

(Exchange.)
Central Paris has no character. It is without individuality and expressionless. Suppose you said: "The human face is really very irregular; it requires shaping. This nose projects; here, let us flatten it to the level of the cheek. This mouth curves at the corners; let us cou it straight. These eyebrows arch; make them straight. This color is too flesh-like; bring white paint. Besides, the features moye, they laugh, they assume sadness; this is wrong. Here, divide the muscles, that they may beneforth, remain in unvarying rigidity? features move, they laugh, they assume sadness; this is wrong. Here, divide the muscles, that they may henceforth remain in unvarying rigidity." That is what has been done to Paris, it is made straight, it is idealized after Euclid, it is stiff, wearisome and feeble. Lastly, it has no expression. The distances, as observed at the commencement, remain always the same, partly because of the obtrusive geometry and the monetony, partly because of the peculiarity of the atmosphere, for which, of course, the Parisian is not responsible, but should have remembered in building. Advantage might surely be taken of so clear an air in some manner. The color sad tone, the light and shade, the change and variety of London are entirely wanting, in short, Paris is the plainest city in Europe.

The Effect of Comparisons.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

A man don't know how he is getting along unless he compares himself with his neighbors. less he compares himself with his neighbors. Comparison is a big tiding in this life. If Mr. Lowry hasn't got any better crop than I have I am content, for Mr. Lowry is a good farmer. Sometimes I step around his fleids and look over the fence, and if his cotton is low and thus and his cora pretty much all nubbins I can't to save my hire feel bad about it. I wish I could, and I reckon I could if my own crop wasn't so, much like his. Human nature is powerful mean about the like of that. They say that a woman is right well satisfied with her new dress and new bonnet until her neighbor comes to meeting with a little finer one, but I reckon that is a mistake. I read not long ago about a Boston hady taking arsenie because she saw her neighbor at a party with a new set of diamond ear-rings. She was about to die when they told her that the ear-rings were hired from a jewelry store, and then she got well. It takes a power of grace to make'a man rejoice over his neighbor's prosperity.

The Dogs of New York.

There is an enormous number of dogs in New York. Thousands are taken away in the summer, but they are brought back about now. As a class dogs have improved here during the last few years, especially the large breeds. It will not be long before we can successfully compete with England in the large classes, but we are away behind in the toy varieties. As dogs increase in value, so is there a corresponding demand. Dog stealing, therefore, becomes a lucrative occupation. Four years ago a large number of stolen dogs were brought to this country from England. The foreign trade, however, has dropped off of late. As a reason it is said that the old hands in the business are dying out and the new hands do not understand how and where to pick up good ones. Dogs continue to be sent to this country, but as a rule are an inferior lot.

THE LOW COMEDIAN.

One of the Privileged People About a Theatre.

Prone to Alter His Lines and Run in "Gags" -A General Favorite With All Hands.

Cherishing a Pet Mania That He Is a Born Tragedian.

The low comedian is frequently a man of quite a serious cast of mind, writes Alfred Trumble, but he is rarely the dismal creature most writers like to describe him, probably because personal lugubriousness forms such a good contrast to the merry characters he plays. He is generally a little man, often a plump little man, and whatever of seriousness there is in him runs to business. He likes to talk shop, and tell long-winded stories of the stage, but these are about all the dismal traits him.
The most dismal low comedians I ever met wer in him.

tall ones, tall and thin. In fact, now that I think of it, all tall and thin low comedians are dismal, doubtless because they feel that they don't suit their business, that they are too big to be naturally funny, and ought to be doing something else. Somehow or other, I never could see any fun in a tall man playing low comedy. It is natural for a small man to do funny things; when a tall one loes them you fancy he is making a fool of him-

self.

The low comedian is a privileged character about a theatre. He may not get as much salary as the leading man, but he is quite as useful in his line, and the management always treats him politely, and frequently asks him out to drink. He can crack a joke when he chooses with the manager, and have it laughed at, and his opinion is often asked about points of business incidental to scenes which need livening up. He has a good deal to say in a critical way about his own parts, and he alters his lines and runs in gags to an extent that would secure him his instant discharge

If He was not the Low Comedian.

His relations with the other members of the company are of the best. He cracks jokes and company are of the best. He cracks jokes and argues with the men and tells the ladies little stories that make them titter. He is familiar even with the stage carpenters and supers, and always has a kiss for the ballet girl he may meet in the wing as he waits for his cue.

To be kissed by the low comedian is quite an honor to a ballet girl, so he generally finds one to keep his lips in working order for his entrance.

The low comedian is an authority on making up, and is always ready to impart instruction and even render assistance on this subject. He has secret preparations for his skin, and a perfect magazine of brushes, india ink, rags and balls of grease paint, which he uses to paint new faces over his own like a mask. He has wigs of all sorts, almost as many as the first old man, and he calls them by the names of the pet parts he used them in first. His wardrobe consists of odds and ends of queer things, which he has gathered in his career and treasured up because they are "good funny props." He owns no end of playbooks, with his parts marked in them, his signature on the fly leaf, and his name written in among those of the printed cast of its original production.

He is a sociable soul, and always shares his dressing-room with somebody, or uses a share of somewody's room himself. Generally his chum is the leading or the heavy man, but will dress with a super rather than have no one to talk to. After he is made up he takes a trip around with his part in his hand, refreshing his memory and poking his head in at dressing-room doors to exchange argues with the men and tells the ladies little

A Word With Anybody and Everybody. Just before the curtain goes up you find him walking up and down the stage, mumbling fragments of his part and chatting with the carpenters.

of his part and chatting with the carpenters.

He is always married. His wife is always in the profession and generally in the very opposite line of business to himself. The low commedian who can win the heart and hand of a 200-pounder heavy woman is in his glory.

And he lords it over her, too. She stands in awe of her peppery little lord and takes more from him than she would from half a dozen men of her own size. In domestic life the low comedian is usually quite a tyrant in his small way. Not a cruel one, but a regular master, who demands obedience and gets it.

I have said he is peppery. In fact his pepperiness is a prominent feature of his character. He stands on his dignity and when he thinks it is offended he is always ready to fight. Nobody ever fights him. They take his challenges as they do his parts, for good jokes, and he smooths his feathers, takes a drink and tells afterwards how he made so-and-so take water.

"I just made him quall." he said. "Why, Lord bless you! I'd have laid him out if he'd been as big as the side of a house."

The low comedian has a pet mania. It is that he was cut out for a tragedian. I knew one once who was wild for a chance to play Othello and swore he had a conception of the part whose novelty would "paralyze the town, sir; fairly paralyze it."

I never doubted that it would, but perhaps not in the way he meant. The low comedian has An Extensive Circle of Non-Professional

Friends who entertain an immense admiration for him. They wait for him at the back door and carry him off to saloons, where they stand the beers, tell him how immense he is in his part, and listen to his how immense he is in his part, and listen to his jokes and stories with a veneration that flatters him exceedingly. When he has a benefit they take bunches of tickets, which they peddle among their frieuds. They invite him to their office down town and treat him to lunches and introduce him to business men, who are quite elated to meet an actor. He accepts these attentions with the modest condescension of conscions worth. Generally he makes his daily headquarters in the store of one of these friends, and when he is not rehearsing or airing himself on "the Rialto," he may be found talking business, reading the papers and acting very much as any ordinary individual would in this commercial society.

The low comedian, singularly enough, is a great "masher." He receives no end of love letters, and has any quantity of amours on hand. He is very popular among ladies of a certain, by no means very recherche, class, and they always welcome him and open the wine when he visits them. Then he lets himself loose in small talk, comic songs and humprone recitetions and the state of the state of the lets himself loose in small talk, comic songs and humprone recitetions and they have a support the lets himself loose in small talk, comic songs and humprone recitetions and they have a support to the support of the support

he lets himself loose in small talk, comic songs and humorous recitations, and fully justifies the remark with which they explain their liking for

him:
"He's too funny for anything."
Which is exactly what he should be to be a low comedian worth the salary he, only too often, does

How Steamers and Sailing Craft are Infested by Stowaways.

When a person desirous of reaching a foreign land is unable to scrape together sufficient money to defray the expenses of the voyage, he is apt to look around for some means to reach the desired point without charge. Application for free passage is promptly refused by the persons who have it in their power to grant such a request. All the outgoing vessels have every berth filled and have no place for a greenhorn to work his passage. A promise to pay for transportation as soon as he is comfortably settled in the new land is of no avail, and as he cannot earn, borrow or beg his passage he regards it no sin to steal it. There is no law to punish a stowaway for even the successful larceny of a voyage across the ocean, no matter hew clearly the case may be proven. Determined to secure a free ride across the water, the stowaway secretes himself on some steamer or sailing vessel which is shortly to leave port, keeps securely out of sight until the craft is so far at sea that the officers cannot put him off and make him walk, when he emerges from his hiding-place and requests to be introduced to the captain. He informs the latter of the circumstances under which he was driven to steal a free ride, expresses regret at having committed the larceny, as the captain is sure to term it, offers his labor, skilled or unskilled, as it may be, and pleads for mercy. Should the captain be a "jolly sea-dog," the stowaway usually fares excellently, does but little work, and reaches his destination healthier and happier than if he had paid for his steerage fare.

A sea captain, however, is usually disposed to look upon the stowaway, or "sea tramp," as he is sometimes called, much as a lonely farmer looks upon the average tramp, and as a rule the "sea tramp" leads a dog's life from the moment he discloses his presence on board. Poor food and little of it is offered him, and the hardest and most disagreeable work about the deeks generally falls to his lot. The stowaway is regarded by the officers and crew as a natural enemy, and kicks and cuffs and often harsher treatment are administered to his on the slightest provocation. The only unpleasant duty which he escapes is being seutaloft, and were it not that the officer who sends a stowaway aloft is liable for manslaughter s age is promptly refused by the persons who have it in their power to grant such a request. All the

The stowaway usually travels alone, as the

chances for being discovered before the vessel reaches a safe distance from land are much less than when several men start on board the same craft. Female stowaways are scarce, probably because they cannot endure the privations and hard-ships to which they would be exposed.

Smoking in Mexico.

[Correspondence Indianapolis Journal.]
While waiting for coffee, and afterwards during pauses in the conversation, the gentlemen of the family-and not infrequently the ladies alsoa stranger Mexican seated beside me, who hap-bened to finish his dinner first, innocently lighted

his cigar for the usual table smoke, which I, in the depth of my ignorance, regarded as a personal insuit and indignantly left the table. Since that day I have become "learned in the ways of the Egyptians," and cannot only tolerate the national custom with equanimity, but (be not horrified, o! fastidious friends!) occasionally take a dinner cigarette myself! When one is in Rome it is well to do as the Romans do. These uny Mexican cigarettes, rolled up in corn-husks or tissue paper, are not at all like the strong-smelling things we have in the United States. These are not much larger than straws, the husk is sweet to the taste, and they have a delicate fragrance which is very pleasant. In Mexico everybody smokes at all times and in all places husk is sweet to the taste, and they have a delicate fragrance which is very pleasant. In Mexico everybody smokes at all times and in all places—at the theatre, in the ball-room, everywhere. In making formal calls or more extended visits politiness demands an immediate and frequent exchange of cigarettes and "light"—with many courteous words, as "after you, senora," referring to the match)—precisely as our ancestors were wont to profier and accept the civilities of the shuff-box. Every Mexican lady's pocket is supplied with match-box and cigarette-holder of more or less elegance, and the dainty fingers of many a fair young senorita are discolored like polished bronze at the tips from much cigarette-rolling.

THE MUSICAL MONSTER.

Some Emphatic Opinions Upon the Extremest Product of Modern Civilization. Richard Grant White.

Italian opera is the extremest product of modern civilization. It is not the highest—God forbid!—but the production of it, the support, and above all, the enjoyment of it, show that those by whom it is produced, supported, and enjoyed have reached a condition of social efflorescence beyond which no people have yet bloomed or burgeonedperhaps beyond which there is no hope of fruit of the socially exquisite sort. It is the most arbitrary, conventional and extravagant form which art has taken for the pleasure of those whose pleasures must be refined luxuries. And this is the most refined and yet one of the most earthly of luxuries—one which is partly sensual, partly emotional, and not at all intellectual, and of which the height of the enjoyment is in direct proportion only to cultivated sensuous refinment and emotional susceptibility. Regarded in the light of reason Italian opera is monstrous and even ridiculous. At best it exists at the very perimery of rational coherence, a hair's breath beyond which sends us whirling in fragmentary fashion into the abyss of unfathomable nonsense.

A reasonable creature, taken in stark unpreparation and set down in an opera house while the business of a high-strung scene was going on—a tenor stabbed to death, and dying with such effusion of musical noise as would tax the capacity of an organ bellows; a love-lorn prima donna raving about the stage in the very eestacy of melodious hysteries; a dozen or two of lookers-on, who offer the man no aid and the lady no hartshorn, but who

Simply "Stand Around" and Sing,

while before them two or three score musicians give themselves up to fiddling, and stooting, and blowing, and thumping, among whom, perched high, a man beats the air with a little stick; and yet more wonderful, most wonderful of all, a vast assemblage, dressed on purpose in their best clothes, look down upon the scene with breathless clothes, look down upon the scene with breathless interest, and when the noise stops—for noise it simply is, not one distinguishable word being neard by any creature present—break forth into such extravagant and tumultous expressions of delight as he never can have heard before (for it is remarkable that no such outburstling and manifestly soul-relieving applause as greets the most admired passages in a favorite opera is elleited by any other act done in earnest or performed in makebelieve by any human creature on any other occasion or in any other place whatever)—the reasonable being having this spectacle set before his unprepared, untutored eyes—would he not say that these peeple, prima donna, tenor, chorus, fiddlers and fiddlers were mad, all lunaties together.

If we should set ourselves to the task of conand fiddlers were mad, all lunaties together.

If we should set ourselves to the task of convincing him that they were not mad, but, contrariwise, were engaged in the ministration and enjoyment of a high form of art—that this wild shouting, and screaming, and scraping that he heard, accompanied with waving of the hands on the stage and waving of a stick before it, was a dramatic performance, and that those people were trying to express—nay, were truly expressing to each other, after a very high and mighty fashion, some of the simplest and most elemental passions of the human soul, how should we go about it?

Action is therefore clearly incongruous with the lyric drama; for in the drama music has only a fictitious place, a conventional existence; whereas fictitious place, a conventional existence; whereas action is of all human manifestations the most action is of all human manifestations the most natural and common; so that in lyric acting not only do we have a mingling of the ideal and the real, but it is as if some osoteric mystery were intruded upon and dragged to earth by the performance of some gross material function of humanity. When a man sings his feeling or his thought, above all, when he sings it too another, he is sufferable only because he is upon a conventional, ideal plane. When a man acts he is as simply and rudamentarily natural as an infant, a deaf mute, or as primitive man before he had evolved the marvel of language. Clearly, therefore, when a man, singing drainatically, begins to act, he at once violates the canon of criticism which forbids us to join a human head to a horse's neck, or to make the body of a beautiful woman end in the tail of a fish.

THE IMP O' THE INK. He Makes Merry Over the Mischief He

"Years and years ago," said the imp of the ink to Mr. H. S. Keller of Texas Siftings, "my father, Satan, pricked himself with his sharp tall one day while an old monk was experimenting. The drop of blood, which was black, like this ink, fell into the kettle over which the old monk bent. That one drop of Satan's blood has done a great work. The monk's experiment was successful and the world had lik. But, it was mixed with the blood of my great father, and that is what has made such a great fuss in the world ever since. There are millions and millions of just such chaps as 1 am, floating round in the air in embryo state. Whenever one of us sees an inkstand, in we go and assume some respectable form, such for instance, as you see me to be. It's fun for us, and bad for the writer; for we play merry pranks with the ink and have great sport. The young man writes to his sweetheart; we let him start off all right; then, after a while we pour out some of the gall from our manifacturing establishment, and the sweet tone of his letter changes. He tells her of his doubts as to her love; he chides her for some fancied neglect, and in the end, reproaches her for allowing some gallant to kiss her hand. This makes a disturbance, and the lovers are both unhappy. They do not know that the limp is at the bottou of the whole. We take great delight in making two love-sick individuals miserable, for it is such sport to gaze upon the pained face, and watch the tear fall from the eye. However, if one tear from a maiden's eye should happen to drop upon us it would be the end of our reign. A woman's tear is sure death to us, and we have to be careful to hug the side of the inkstand when she weeps. We also take great delight in torturing clerks and book-keepers. If we can get the smallest particle of gall upon his pen he is gone. He soon learns the rest; and, when he is put behind the bars for torgery, we have a merry dance. Wicked? It is our business to be wicked. What are we here for, if it isn't to be wicked and make the whole world wicked and miserable? The poet sits down to pen his mind-pictures in black and white. We let mm start off nicely and then we hoi-t a drop of muddy ink upon the point of his pen. He starts, moves uneasily, and taps his brow with his flager. It is sport to see him worried. The strain of rythm is broken off abrupity. He tears of the half-fluished poem and commences again, once more we hol world had ink. But, it was mixed with the blood of my great father, and that is what has we latify at the bothered look which comes upon his face. If he tears up the sheet for the second time, we never trouble him again; for when he essays the third time, we let him finish his fancy. But if he finishes the second attempt we laugh more than ever, for we know the world will jeer at him, cover bim with shame, and call him a very bad poet. We never worry the homesick person who writes home. He has a hard time of it; and, wicked as we are, we pity him, Again, we let the ink run smoothly when the husband or wife writes to his or her paramour. The fun will commence all the sooner if we let the link run smoothly. Sometimes we see the pale face bend over us as the quivering pen is dipped into the ink and a hasty scrawlthen a powder poured upon the tonghe or a kinife drawn across the throat, sometimes the report of a pistol and—all is over. Could tell you much, but time files, and I must go back to my manufacturing of gall." And this is the story told me by the Imp. Some things seem not impossible. I wonder is this one?

Zealous Men the Successful Onese (Titus Munson Coan, M. D.)
As far as natural endowments determine, the

ealous men are par eminence the successful ones. But they have a besetting sin which, being intrinsic, is therefore, perhaps, not quite a sin—bigotry.

Except in the case of great creative minds, it is necessary to be somewhat partial in order to succeed in affairs. Broad culture is seldom efficient in any immediate way; narrow, intense purpose accomplishes the hard enterprises of the world, and is everwhere at a premium among those who are interested in getting things done. I have a respect for bigots and partisans, and believe that the world owes a great debt to intolerant, one-sided men. It must have them; it could not push its reforms, or get its rough, unpleasant work done else. Narrow men are edged men, men of single and determined purposes; and in their purposes they are apt to succeed. The liberal, the spirits of insight, really rule all, though they are not always seen to do so; they create the thoughts that direct the world's forces. But they turn over their thoughts to armles of stirring partisans, who adjust by force of arms the claims of opposing truths. The philosopher would prefer to wait for evolution, and to let things settle themseives quietly; but the reformers cannot wait for this. So they organize boards, wage religious wars, and prously burnt the witches. There is a sad waste of force sic, is therefore, perhaps, not quite a sin-bigotry. organize boards, wage religious wars, and piously burn the witches. There is a sad waste of force in these proceedings; but men promse to become wiser in course of time, and meanwhile the machine creaks slowly along, and some progress is made.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

So Like a Monkey. You were a schoolboy—what beneath the sun So like a monkey? I was also one. ktrange, sure enough, to see what curious shoots The nursery raises from the study's roots.

He Felt He Could Calebrate.

Chicago News.]

An editor was once Heard to Remark that, although he Had Lost eleven Dollars at Poker, had been Indicted for Libel, and Suffered excruciating Agonies with a Soft Corn, he was still in a Mood to Pfously celebrate Thanksgiving in Spirit and in Truth, having just Learned that the Edito of a Loathsome Contemporary had Fallen down a Flight of Stairs and Broken his Leg.

"May Aladdin's Lamp Be Thine."

[Joaquin Willer.]
May Aladdin's lamp be thine,
Be thy wish for calm content,
For fair worlds of wonderment,
Dreamful Nile or classic Rhine,
Lily lamps of Pelestine—
May Aladdiu's lamp be thine.

May Aladdin's lamp be thine.
Wish of wealth, of rich increase,
Love-built palaces of peace
Storled star to lead and shine.
Orient glories! Aye, in fine,
May Aladdin's lamp be thine.

The Difference in Boys.

The Difference in Boys.

(Puck.)

This is just the season of the year that boys will play shinny all day, right into the twilight, and then go and sit down around a fire made of old shoes; and while the stench that arises from that burning leather ascends to their nostrils they are silent in meditation and wandering far off in the golden mazes of an Arabian Night. The boy who will cover a radius of two miles to collect old shoes for a boys fire, will wail and appear brokenhearted if despatched to the woodshed twenty feet away to fetch in the wood to cook his dinner.

Only a Tramp. [Frank Ware.]

Passed the deacon with words of scorn
And glance at the maiden ill, forlorn,
Who, faint from fast since vestermorn,
Sank by the way in the dew and damp—
And echoed the epithet. "Only a tramp;"

That night, in the decorated square, In a church with steeple high in air, The deacon led with hyunn and prayer, For a crowd had gathered there to hear, A famed D. D. of the loftiest stamp Preach of the virgin with oil in her lamp—But not a prayer or thought of the tramp.

That night, as a pair of wondrous eyes
Closed upon earthly agonies.
Far away in the star-genmed skies,
Saw the gates of Faradise
Open; and angels lither lamp,
And her soul went up from the dew and damp
To Him who suffered for her—a tramp. San Francisco Wasp Society Notes.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Flitrappe to Mr. Lothario Gay. The wedding will take place as soon as possible after the death of Mr. Flitrappe, who at last accounts was pretty low. It is no more than simple justice to explain that the cold mutton served at Mrs. Phattepate's the dansaut was from Stall No. 516, California market. The gentlemanly and obliging proprietor is prepared to supply all manner of meats and poultry at rates which have given him the entree to our best society. best society:
"Silkmop."—No, it is not proper to attend a keno party in a lawn tennis suit if you have another.

> A Little Kiss. is. M. Peck.]
>
> If I should steal a little kiss,
> Oh, would she weep. I wonder?
> I tremble at the thought of this—
> If I should steal a little kiss,
> Such pouting lips would never miss
> The dannty bit of plunder;
> If I should steal a little kiss
> Oh, would she weep, I wonder?

He longs to steal a kiss of mine—
He may, if he'll return it;
If I can read the tender sign,
He longs to steal a kiss of mine:
"In love and war"—you know the line,
Why cannot he discern it?
He longs to steal a kiss of mine—
He may, if he'll return it. A little kiss when no one sees-

A little kiss when no one sees,
Where is the impropriety?
How sweet amid the birds and bees
A little kiss when no one sees;
Nor is it wrong the world agrees,
If taken with sobriety
A little kiss when no one sees,
Where is the impropriety?

Scene—A railroad car. Elder' gentleman moking. Two ladies and one y g man not smoking.
Young Gent-Excuse me, sir, but these ladies Young clear very unpleasant.
Old Gent—Sorry for 'em; very nervous travelling. Have to keep smoking—only remedy.
Young gent rises and performs a very furious
war dance. Knew the step, you see. Old gent
remonstrates. Young gent sorry, but finds the
motion necessary to compose his nerves when
traveiling.

traveiling.

Old gent flings his cigar out of left window.

Young gent resumes his seat at the right. Perfect harmony, undisturbed till next station.

Scene closes.

The Doctor. I Washington Star.

I Washington Star.

It is the doctor; mark his easy grace,
The kindly smile that lights a thoughtful face,
Carefully bending over the well-watched bed,
Where the poor sufferer rests his weary head;
Drawing the certain just a little wider,
So gently that it scarce distures the spider.

"And how are we his morning? but so so.

Well Rome was not built in a day, you know;
You slept, you say, but poorly through the night,
But betrer toward morning—that's all right;
The movement of the pulse is somewhat quick,
But that one must expect when one is sick.
Pray let me see your tougue. There, that will do.
You'll be a new man in a day or two;
The weather is against you, damp and raw—
The like of it I think I never saw;
You want a little rest and change of diet;
Good nursing above all, and perfect quiet;
Yes, on the whole, best keep your bed today,
And don't let busness trouble you, by the way.
Your liver's somewhat torpid, nothing more;
Good morning take your mixture as before."
Hence to the parior, writes a recipe.
And, bowing blandly, takes his leave—and fee. | Washington Star.

A Timely Revenge.

(Philadelphia Call.)

"That was a very brilliant wedding last evening and, by the way, the bride was an old flame of yours, was she not?"

"Yes, the fickle, heartless thing, as soon as that foreign count put in an appearance she jilted me."

me."
"I see by the papers that among the wedding presents were ten magnificent clocks. Rather odd that so many different persons should hit on the same things for presents. But why are you

same things for presents. But why are you smiling?"

"Ah! revenge is sweet! Revenge is sweet!"

"What can you mean?"

"Don't breathe a word and I'll tell you. I am acquainted with most of that cruel flirt's friends, and it it so happens that nine of them, not knowing of my previous love, came to me for suggestions about a wedding present. I confidentially advised each of them to send her a clock, and afterward I added another clock myself. Hall Ha! The villain still pursues her! I am avenged!"

"Mercy! man, are you mad?"

"Never was more sane in my life!"

"Then how in the world can the presentation of ten valuable clocks constitute revenge?"

"Hist! Can't you see? She will, of course, put them in different rooms, and then will not have a minute's peace until she gets them to run together. She will begin by trying to regulate them herself. In six weeks she will be a raving maniac."

Antidote for "Love" In Two Doses. [Merchant Traveller.]

Boxes of candy, light of the moon,
Risses by starlight, desperate spoon;
Iown on his knees to her, swearing their love,
Out to the opera, murmuring dove;
Beautiful hat-bands (bought in a store)—

Beautiful hat-bands (bought in a store)—
Sighs like a turnace, each other adore.
Penning of verses, sending of books;
Languishing glances, deep, pensive looks.
Hands clasping hands, eyes meeting eyes.
Souls mixed with souls, some tears and more sighs.
Eternal fidelity, the notice is read;
Seventeen bridesmaids, and then they are wed!"

Woman in the parlor,
Husband on a "bum,"
Supper long awaiting.
Husband doesn't come.
An hour after mianight,
Husband comes along

An nour after manignt,
Husband comes along
Tighter than a drum-head,
Howling out a song.
Woman cries a little,
Says it is a sin;
Interviews the husband
With a rolling-pin!

Henry Nichols, a New York Irish revolutionist, has built a ram that is going to destroy the entire British navy, if not the greater part of the British empire itself, in one time and two motions. The ram crawls along on the bottom of the ocean, living on claims, and when it gets under the doomed navy it stands up on end and fires four flurty-two pounders and one rifled 100-pounder, and then fires itself after them. It will cost other people about \$1.500,000, if they subscribe for it. It is not quite completed yet. In fact it is only partially finished. To be precise, Mr. Nichols has only got as far as the name. He has named it "Attilla, The Destroyer." We feel disposed to censure Mr. Nichols very mildly for naming his ram before it is built. The proper time for a christening is subsequent to the birth. Suppose after Mr. Nichols' ram is completed it should prove to be not in "Attilla" find of a ram, but rather of the Namby denomination, how mortifying it would be for Mr. Nichols to feel compelled to change the name of it from "Attilla the Destroyer," to "Britomarte, the Manhater," or "Vieting Mr. Nichols to be careful, also, and keep the ram in the paddock after it is built. These Irish revolutionary rams are wandering in their habits. Burdette on Marine Rams. O'Gunnovan Rossa had one not long ago, a very tame one, too, which used to eat greenbacks out of its master's hand; ate a hundred thousand and more of them. Well, now, that ram got loose somehow, and has never been heard of since. Not once. Neither has any of the money.

The Corsair of the South Seas.

Love, Crime and Retribution.

By MRS. C. W. DENISON.

CHAPTER I.

THE ASSASSINATION. "Murder itself is past all expiation, The greatest crime that nature doth abhor."

"You to Paris, and I to America! How very odd "Colonel St. Jude!" exclaimed a voice at the

farthest end of the long drawing-room, and a lieutenant, one of the coloner's aids, was seen advanc-ing, pale as ashes, his blue lips quivering. The colonel started to his feet; the beautiful Miss De Courcey, who sat near him, also arose in

consternation.
"Colonel"—the voice grew husky—"but just
"Colonel"—the voice grew husky—"but just now there was a—a murder committed. It was in Olly's tavern—on the street that crosses from little Bond, you remember. It-it was-that is-

they—say it was—"
"Speak!" cried the colonel, in a stern voice. "Tney say it was the captain-your brother,

The face of the officer grew suddenly as colorless as that of his aid. He threw his hand distractedly up to his forehead; then, unconscious that the lady beside him, her face full of horror, had sunk into her seat again, he exclaimed: "Henry-my noble, noble brother! What was done? How happened it? No, no-it is impossi-

"I did not hear the particulars, colonel. Indeed, I had not the heart to see if I might confirm

the news-I loved him too well to find him in such "Isabella, I will see you again," said the colonel,

striding hastily forward. "Great heaven—it can-not be!" And in another minute he was gone. For some minutes the two sat there in silence. Softly and richly the sun streamed down, striking

For some minutes the two sat there in silence. Softly and richly the sun streamed down, striking out the splendors of coloring along the gorgeous earpet, gilding again the massive traines, gleaming in crimson, caught from the thits of the damask curtains, upon the fair foreleads of marble beauties, that here and there looked out from niches and corners.

Isabella De Courcey was pronounced one of the most beautiful women in England. She possessed that charm attributed to Mary, Queen of Scots, of instantly producing in the mind of the beholder an impression of her loveliness and her power. Her mother's brother had but a year before been appointed governor of the American colonies, and it was at the suggestion of her father, and to gratify the earnest wish of her cousin, Madge Endicoti, that she had con ented to go to the new and wild country. Great preparations had been made, for Madge had written:

"We live far grander now than when in England. Papa is a sort of king, you must know, and holds something very like a court. We have all the distinguished strangers here from everywhere, and I promise you our style is nothing like that barbarous code of dress we laughed over together before I came away. We have ambassadors and judges and nobles, and all the anstocracy of the day. It is far better than in England, I assure you."

But now Isabella thought nothing of all this.

But now Isabella thought nothing of all this. Only the night before that splendid young soldier sat by her side, took her nand in his, had told his love—and now he was murdered! What a thrill of agony shot through her soul! For, of all men living, Colonel St. Jude and his brother were the noblest and best in her estimation, as they were by all allowed to be the handsomest. To the young captain, however, she had given the preference—though as yet it was unspoken—and a dull, cold feeling replaced the sunny visions with which she had been blessed.

Soffly she arose, after a few moments of quiet, and removed the loop from the heavy curtains. They fell to the floor, excluding the glaring sunlight. Then she moved her chair nearer to where Lieutenant Lorisen sat in deep dejection.

"Is it not most strange?" she said, softly.

"What enemy had the noble young captain?"

"None, madam, that I can think of," was the said reply.

"And who could have done the deed?"
"And who could have done the deed?" "It is wrapped in mystery," said the lieutenant.
"I think, though, I heard it was in consequence of a quarrel about a miniature, but I learned nothing of the particulars. I would willingly give my fortune to know who has harmed him."

THE CLEW—"A SUBTLE FOE PILFERING AROUND."

Meantime the colonel had hurried from the resi-

dence of the rich banker, and throwing himself in a cab, ordered the driver to take him directly to Olly's Hotel, near Bond. Already the news had reached every quarter of that part of the city. Men in crowds, interspersed with women and boys, were moving in the direction of the neat little tavern, and every possible exaggeration was set in motion

by the news reporters.

"He was a young homeer, and shot from be'ind," said a stout buicher, whose red face told what exertions he had made to be in advance of the

"They've got a guard there, hi hexpect," shouted another. "Them hofficers is always too good to be seen by the common people. Hif it were a poor decent body, now, that 'ad never done no 'arm, they'd put it into the middle of the street, for heverybody to hexhamine—but 'e's an hofficer hof the Henglish Guard, 'e is—an haristocrat."

Pained by this conversation, the colonel hurried as fast as he could to the place that had been designated. It was rather a pretty house, with marble steps, swinging chains of iron on each side, and a garden-patch at either end, full of flowers, and watered by miniature fountains. A guard had been placed before the door, and no one was allowed to enter until after the inquest, which was expected to be held at noon. Colonel St. Jude, however, obtained immediate admittance. An old man stood before the door as he entered, by order of the keeper of the house, he said.

"I am authorized to allow none to come here but relatives," he said, quietly.

"G am his brother," was the brief reply.

"O, you are? Excuse me, sir." And he touched the gray locks on his foreinead, while with a glance of sympathy that was quite sympathetic, he stood aside.

"Is it true that the capitain is dead?" asked the

aside. "Is it true that the captain is dead?" asked the "Is it true that the captain is dead?" asked the colonel, pausing for a moment.

His heart failed him then, though he had seen hundreds bewn down by murderous cannon.
"Quite dead, your honor—must ha' been three or four balls—all went in at the back of the head, and came out at the face, disfiguring it awful, sir. Indeed, I wouldn't hadvise you to look at him, sir—it's particular horrible."

The colonel waved his hand impatiently.
"Was there any quarrel heard or known in connection with the deed?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

ment's silence.
"None that we knows of, which it might 'av' "None that we knows of, which it might 'av' been committed when he came home this morning, which it was late, very—before daylight, and no one knows hi think when he got up. That tall, furren, evil-looking man was 'ere yisterday, which ealls himself a Hitalian nobleman, but he went away afore dark last night. And to be sure it's a wonder the pistoi wasn't 'eard a going off."

The colonel ventured further, and then he was told that the body was up-stairs. Very much overcome, he mounted the small staircase, and went resolutely up. One of the tall guards, who had been in his brother's company, stood at the door, with a dejected, listless air.

"Well, Tapers?" said the colonel, in a faint voice.

"He's gone, sir," cried the man, with a slight "He's gone, sir," cried the man, with a slight Irish accent, "the best cap'n that iver handled a sword. O, sir, Pd bless him now if he'd put me in irons the day—for gettin' darunk, or any odther small spree. Bad luck to the man that did it!—I think I know him—and there isn't that officer in the whole guards, sir, that'll be missed as he will, harring yourself—and long may you live before an evil turn like that be did to ye!"

"You trink you know him, Tapers—know who?" ejaculated the cofonel.

"The raskil that did the bad deed—though, to be sure, sir," he added, withdrawing into sudden reticence, "I shouldn't be after mentioning such things, for I've no proof at all."

"But Tapers," said the colonel, anxiously, "you might tell me who your suspicions point to, at least. I'll make no bad use of the information, I promise you."

promise you."
"Truth, an' that you won't, cunnel dear, for

promise you."

"Truth, an' that you won't, cunnel dear, for you're like the boy in there, the sowl of honor, though it's mestif says it to your face, which is handier nor your back. Well, thin, if ye'll promise not to inform agen me, but to use y ar own eyes and ears, 'stead of my suspicions, I'ye no objections, as I knows of."

"Well, I promise," said the colonel.

"Sure, an' it's the grana furren gintleman I've seen so often wid your brother the captain—and a fine swelling person he was, wid his stars an' his gartel. but there was an evil look round him, cunnel dear, that come out which ever way he stood, like the mist that comes out of the Walney Marsh, in the little frish bog where mestif was born. I tell ye, cunnel dear, the divel peeps out of the very broadcioth some men wears, and I'd see it often looking out of him on all sides. There was an evil expression to his eyes whenever he clapt them on to your brother, cunnel dear—and it's been brought to me notice, which was always proud to be body-servant to my own brave captain—Heaven rest his soul, and bring him safe in paradise!"

The honest fellow bent his head, and two great tears tell to the ground, while two more ran along the polished wood of the gun on which he leaned. "I have seen him frequently, but never noticed anything of the kind," said the colonel, thoughtfully.

have to, for it's not a pleasant sight to be greeted. And I don't forgit to tell you there's a little paper as he left against the but thing of glass there on the mantel-shelt inside. So walk in, cunnel dear, and the Lord be wid ye!"

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSING MINIATURE.

The room was small and quite dark. On the narrow bed, whose head stood at the only window, which was thickly curtained, lay the body. There was a fireplace full of ashes, that sent an unpleasant odor through the apartment. It was a long time before the colonel could gather courage to look upon the figure lying so straight and rigid under its white covering. When he did, he groaned aloud, let the sheet fall, and staggered backward. The guardsman at the door, appreheusive, looked in.

"Maybe we called me?" he said, interrogatively.

Maybe ye called me?" he said, interrogatively. "No, Tapers," was his half-smothered reply.
And the man went out, leaving the colonel walkng the floor to and fro, with a feeling akin to des-

"No. Tapers," was his half-smothered reply. And the man went out, leaving the colonel walking the floor to and fro, with a feeling akin to desperation.

"How shall I break the news to her? Poor mother! He was her idol—her youngest; it will kill her."

Then he bethought him of the paper spoken of by Tapers, and took a folded note from the little jar. It was sealed by a small green wafer, and read as follows:

"Do net seek for me. By the time you read this I shall be beyond all earthly reach. To Colonel St. Jude I would say, enjoy your ill-gotten victory. I am poor, I know, but I am honorable, isabel—O heaven, how I loved ker!—has refused me, and the old banker, her father, insulted me. Henceforth, if I live, I shall turn all my skill into the channel or money making. I will have gold, and I, too—who knows?—may worship it. At all events, I will have it. Farewell, love—farewell, glorious Isabel—farewell, hope, fame, all the fair proud things I have dreamed of attaining—farewell, brother, whom I love, though he has ruined me—farewell, world!"

Over this strange and incoherent letter Colonel St. Jude puzzled in valu.

"My ill-gotten victory?" he murmured, a look of pain on his white face; "what can it mean?—who could have poisoned his mind against me? I never thought him harm; I loved ' him almost as If he were a son instead of a brother. What can it mean? What can it mean?" he reiterated again. "What dark agency has been at work here! Surely, some one has poisoned his mind. That Italian! I have it. But stop—there is something more perplexing—he speaks of hise here, not death. Poor boy! was his brain turned, I wonder? So he loved Isabella?—I might have known that—and she refused him. I should not have dared aspire, for if she loved either of us, I have thought it must be him. There is some strange mystery here, and how shall it be solved? Poor boy!"—and he knelt down by the side of the bed—"you have thrown a pail of anguish over us all. Poor, foolish boy! If you had only come to me instead of listening to the vile l

with trembling hands searched the pockets of the deceased.

"It is not here—strange, very strange!" he said, after a fruitless trial. "Where can it be? He valued it as he valued his life."
"Pray what was that?" asked one of the jury.
"The portrait of—" Suddenly he crimsoned, and was silent. "The likeness of a dear friend of his," he said, after a short pause. "It does not matter, however."
"It would matter much, though, to a detective," said the coroner, who had rises, and was gazing at him intently.
"Yes; so it might; and at the proper time, and to the proper person, I will disclose the secret—for it was a secret, I have every reason to believe, as I saw it quite accidentally.
"True, true," he murmined to himself, it might lead to the detection of the murderer—I never thought of that; but to tell murderer-1 never thought of that; but to tell these people, to have her name bandled from lip to lip-no, no, I cannot do that. But where is the miniature? Alas, he may have destroyed it!" to ip—no, no, I cannot do that. But where is the miniature? Alas, he may have destroyed tt!"

The miniature, it is perhaps needless to say, was one of Isabella de Courcey. The colonel had first seen it nearly a year before, he not having then met the beautiful original. It was on the eve of a battle. He was lying down in his tent, which his brother shared with him, and, though supposed to be asleep, was in reality painfully awake, plaining out the future campaign, which promised to be a dangerous one. Some one called his brother, and as the latter left his tent the colonel reached forward and took a long look at the lovely face. His brother, entering suddenly, saw the act and flushed to the roots of his bair, "Who is it?" asked the colonel. "It is an entrancing face; I never saw one so beautiful, never. My dear boy, pray tell me who it is?"

"No one that you would know," replied the captain, in a voice somewhat constrained; "it is an—that is, a friend of mine—Miss de Ccurcey."

"A friend?" said the colonel, significantly, "Friends do not give their miniatures to young men."

"This was not given to me, brother. You know

"This was not given to me, brother. You know

my old fondness for painting?
"Ah, and this is your habdiwork? My dear fellow, I am proud of you. But upon my word I never saw a face like that; it is wonderful; it is enchanting—entrancing:

The young captain laughed, his eyes sparkled.

"I wonder what you would do if you saw the original?" he said.

am not prone to passing fancies. How that woman must be loved!" he added. "Never was such an impression made upon me before by any human

"Miss de Courcey has many admirers," was the quiet reply.

"And among them none more devoted than you, my brave boy," thought the colonel to himself, as he marked again the manly beauty of his young brother.

And this was the miniature that was missing. The colonel knew that he had always worn it next his heart. After giving orders about the disposition of the body he left the room, Tapers still stood at the door, downcast.

"An' there's no hope of him at all, I suppose, cunnel dear?" he said, a supplicating accent in his voice. his voice.
"Hope! shot through the brain as he was? The

his voice.

"Hope! shot through the brain as he was? The cowardly murderer! O, that I could find him!"

"It's me opinion you will find him, cunnel," returned the man, significantly.

"Tapers, when aid you last see Signor Barrille with my brother?" queried the colonel.

"The last time, is it? Then indeed the last time I seen him was the night afore last, when they dhropped in here for panned oysters—for very fond was my poor captain of thim. But sure they appeared as friendly as iver, though I couldn't help thinking the sener, as you cail him, cast the back look at him once or twice, particularly whin the cap'n joked him a little about some lady, sure it was. But thin they went out both together."

"Do you know where the Signor Barrille lives?"

"That I do, sir; though ye'll plaze not mention me suspections to a living sow!, because ye know, cunnel dear, I've no proof at all to ground 'em on."

"I'll not mention them at all," said the colonel.

"Then ye'll take the park over to the left of the Bond, out there, and turn up the sixth street to yer right. It's a sort of private boarding-house, where exless and that sort goes—an's some of 'em are not toe good, is me own private opinion; but that's not here nor there. Good day, cunnel—God biess ye!" And the favorite soldier, who had always been humored by the captain on account of his unfailing good-humor, turned to his post again, with a sad countenance.

CHAPTER IV.

A VILLAIN.

Mrs. Albertson was a widow in reduced circumstances, though not reduced at all in flesh; for she was very fat, very fair, and over 40. Her husband had left her in possession of a fine house, and nothing else. So after a while, in the rooms where there had been wont to be gorgeous receptions, flashing colors and perfumed lights, divers gentlemen took up their abode, paying largely for the privilege of renting such haadsome chambers.

The house fronted on a small park, and was really magnificent in extent and the style of its decorations. Mr. Albertson, who had a great deal to do with one of the banks, being, in fact, the sole mover of all its affairs, failed just after securing his beautiful house to his wife, and then unexpectedly died. A VILLAIN.

pertedly died.
One of the rooms, the second floor front, with

One of the rooms, the second floor front, with all its sumptuous furniture, was hired by an Italian—a man who spent gold like a prince, Mrs. Albertson said, and who conciliated her from the first by the profuseness of his compliments, and that 'frank, charming smile of his."

"It's worth one's while." she would sometimes say to a friend, "to see the signor turn the corner yonder, sweeping together the folds of his great cloth cloak. And then he has such a sweet brognet!"

The signor was undoubtedly a handsome man, and especially attractive to the ladies. But he seemed sometimes painfully like a man always on his guard. Treachery lurked in those great starlike dark eyes; the lips, aiways facile, at times quivered almost convulsively, and a frown' that he seemed perpetually trying to resist, darkened the shadows upon a

trying to resist, darkened the shadows upon a splendid brow, and could easily change the attractive countenance into that of a fiend. His hands were remarkable for whiteness and delicacy. Many a lady might have envied him those white, slender, beautiful fingers. In figure he was tali, and though somewhat addicted to leanness, the grace of his carriage prevented it from being a fault.

revil expression to his eyes whenever he clapt them on to your brother, cuanel dear—and it's been brought to me notice, which was always proud to be body-servant to my own brave captain—Heaven rest his soul, and bring him safe in paradise!"

The honest fellow beat his head, and two great tears fell to the ground, while two more ran along the polished wood of the gun on which he leaned. "I have seen him frequently, but never noticed anything of the kind," said the colonel, thoughtfully.

"Ah, but it's not wid the likes of you that such yillains be off their guard. d'ye see?" returned the honest Irishman. "It's wid the likes of us which they looks down upon—thinking, perhaps, we've got no eyes to see, and no ears to hear, whele it is certain, cunnel dear, we've more of both than people give us credit for. But ye'd like to step in—and it's sorry I am that ye'il."

It was evident that this Italian had money—possessed immense resources of some kind. He often talked of his estates, and always in such a way that it seemed very carelessly introduced, and the most it attend to he he had the entree of the best society, and it was at a soirce of the best society, and it was at a soirce of the saw cause for hating him.

The most beautiful apartment in the house of Mme. Albertson was scarcely nice enough for him. Still, he preferred it to a hotel, and at was more private. The rugs were of leopard-skin before his grate, his sofias and secretaine. The carpet was a mixture of golden flowers and blue forget-me-nots, lavishly scattered on a white ground. The curtains were rose-colored silk, under the most exquisite lace draperies. In fact, it was just the room fitted for a luxurious effeminate millionnaire. it was evident that this Italian had money-

It was the very day on which the terrible deed was done that a dark man, somewhat ill-favored, his face half concealed by bushy whiskers, made his appearance at the "Albert Palace," as the house of the widow was sometimes faceflously called. In answer to his ring he gave his name, and was instantly shown to the room that had lately been occupied by Signor Barrille.

"It is the valet of the new gentleman who has tpoken for the chamber," said one of the maids to another, as the door was closed; "and a nice, handsome fellow he is, too. Did you notice his smile? His teeth are something like the signor's, but not half so white; in fact, they were rather yellow."

"I noticed that," said the other; "he looks like a West Indian. I wonder when will the count be here? A Spanish count, they say. Ah, that accounts for the dark face of this man. Man and master are of the same nation."

"I suppose so," said the other, and passed on. Meanwhile the man had fastened the door on the inside, then stood for a moment like one in deep thought.

ep thought.
"Pshaw!" he ejaculated, almost angrily, as if in "Pshaw!" he cjacelated, almost angrily, as if in reply to some accusing thought; "I have done many a worse deed than that; why should it trouble me? My plans are laid securely. Signor Barrille is gone forever; so has the captain." And he shuddered a little. "At this age to show the white feather—bah!"

He then went forward to a table, took from under his ceat a brace of pistols and threw them on the velyte cloth.

under his ceat a brace of pistols and threw them on the velvet cloth.

"It was well done, though," he still sollloquized, "well done. The follow never flinched a hair, and the silence was unbroken. Ha, Miss Isabelt proud beauty, rejecting your score of lovers a day! where is your handsome captain now? For him you loved. I saw it from the first. And a gleam of ferocity fired the dark eyes of the man as he stood there, forgetful of everything but the triumph of his revenge. "I knew it; I feit it if he but approached you. Intuitive sense of dislike towards me"—eh? Not dislike; my proud beauty, but hate, contempt, for which you shall pay dearly. Something tells me that in your pallor and your tears you will plead, and I shall be the haughty recipient. Wait—wait; all things have come so far—what care I for the prophesied end? 'Tis to be a long life and gulity, but a merry one. 'Twas a woman first turned my heart to stone, and 'tis a woman shall rue it. But never, never did i wership like this! I cannot turn my heart away from her, though sometimes I hate her: I cannot leave the

shail rue it. But never, never did I wership like this! I cannot turn my heart away from her, though sometimes I bate her; I cannot leave the enchanted ground on which 'she treads. I must perforce stay here while she stays, and then I go with her, though little she dreams it."

He fumbled in the bosom of his coat, and drew out a small square case. This he opened, and as he gazed the sun came out of a cloud, streaming all over his sombre figure, lighting the picture with an almost superhuman glory—the levely face of Isabella de Courcey.

he gazed the sun came out of a cloud, streaming all over his sombre figure, lighting the picture with an almost superhuman glory—the lovely face of Isabella de Courcey.

"And they say there's noble blood in her veins, too," he muttered, gazing like one entranced. "Weil, all the better; that thought will serve to feed my vengennee. Certes, with what scorn she refused me—though, for one in my black life, I loved homestly, passionately, truly. But I shall not break my heart, proud beauty." he added, grinding his teet to together. "I am satisfied to know that the man you loved best, you can love no longer—unless woman's love reaches beyond the grave, which I never believed."

He folded the case, and placed it if a secret pocket, far back under his coat.

"Weil painted and well set," he muttered. "But now I must to other matters. This disguise is good, but not so good as the last. In fact, I should teet guilty before long—plain colors do not become me. It is well I thought of the trunks," and he gianced at three spiendid trunks, ornamented with silver nails and silver-embossed straps.

"In those," he coatinued, "lie the remains of Signor Barrille—to wit, his clethes. The signor was a handsome man, but his soft light-brown hair came near betraying him once or twice. The Count Derodes, with his passports and his letters from court—and, above all, his gold—will make a far greater sebsation. Hands and face must be standed alike," he added, glancing at the white, well-shaped fingers; "they alone might lead to suspicion. Zounds! I am growing fond of this life of variety; 'tis a constant incitement, as well as excitement, and sharpens one's wits to an extraordinary extent. I wonder how I should look in my own proper character. I have aimost forgotten. One thing is certain—it is easy to guil the keenest of them. I laugh at people for the fools they are—rich and poor alike. I hate mankind, and should not scruple to run my diagger through its heart, could it be reduced to one human form. I hate womankind—no, no, nonot you,

CHAPTER V
THE COUNT DORODES.
The Count Dorodes sat in his palatial apartment. From the crown of his shining black head to the tip of his polished slippers aristocrat was written so legibly that any and all might read. A rich dressing-gown of cashmere and velvet enveloped his graceful figure; a Turkish pipe, whose serpent-like stem glittered with gold and jewels, laid its sinuous len th along the wide ottoman, upon which, in a cup of sevres china, the bowl of the pipe reposed. The head of this Spanish grandee rechned indolently against the embroidery of his smoking chair, and just upon the top was perched a small, jaunty cap, whose heavy tassels of glittering buillon hung down to his shoulders. A long, null beard, though fine and sliken, fell intertwining with a luxurious mustache, low down on his bosom; one splendid diamond flashed annid the folds of his cravat—another, nearly as large, glittered in golden setting on the little finger of his left hand. A knock came at the door, and he cried indolently, without moving:

"Enter!" Colonel St. Jude came in and looked around for moment with seeming astonishment. The unt had lifted the tube from his lips in an im-

a moment with secting assonisment. Inevertal way.

"Your pardon," said the colonel. "I have been told signor Barrille occupied these rooms."

"Ah, the signor!" said the Spaniard, slowly rising as he spoke," he that did have the place before me; very nice gentleman, I hear, but is not at present the occupant."

"Did he not leave suddenly?"

"Pardenez," replied the Spaniard, smiling a little, "I know nothing about him—nothing whatever, I do assure you. These rooms were taken for me more than two weeks ago."

"It is very strange," muttered the colonel, "but I intrude. I wish you a very good morning."

Out in the passage stood a tall, slender man, his overcoat buttoned over a star that proclaimed him a detective. Colonel St. Jude met him as he retreated,

"The bird has flown," he said, bitterly; "a Spanish grandee occupies the room, who says he

retreated,
"The bird has flown," he said, bitterly; "a Spanish grandee occupies the room, who says he spoke for apartments here two weeks ago. I thought he would be up to that game."
"We must look a little further into this matter," said the detective, gravely. Where are madam's rooms?" They inquired of a domestic, and were directed to a parlor on the second floor, where madam placidly received them.

Mine. Albertson still kept up a certain amount of style in dress and address. Her room was luxurious in its appointments—her taste was exquisite; indeed it was a wonder that, with so many inducements unconsously held forth by the fair widow, she had not before now been trapped into matrimony. But perhaps Mine. Albertson preferred a life of independence. She gkanced once or twice suspiciously to the bronzed, bearded face of the detective, but it was as impassive as marble.
"I am looking fer Signor Barrille," said the colonel, as he seated himself, in obedience to the slight motion of her hand.
"The signer has left here, sir," said the lady.
"And how long since, madam?"
"Let me see," said the lady, after another inquisitive glance, "the Spanish gentleman's valet—and, by the way, he has a new one since he came—engaged the apartment nearly two weeks ago.
That was while the signor was here, but had already given notice that he should vacate on the first of the month. He was an interesting gentleman, was the signor."

Colonel St. Jude bit his lips.
"Did you see him at all during Monday or yesterday?"
"Bless you, gentlemen, he went away last Satur-

Colonel St. Jude bit his lips.

"Did you see him at all during Monday or yesterday?"

"Bless you, gentlemen, he went away last Saturday; the trunks of the count came, you must know, a week beforehand, and the count himself has only been here today and yesterday."

"Slipped through our fingers!" muttered the colonel, turning to the detective.

"I never say that until I have been on the track a year, sometimes two years. These gentlemen are rich in expedients," said the detective.

"Rich," said the widow, catching a word now and then, "indeed you may say so, gentlemen; it was astonishing what amounts he would spend on trifles; he was extravagance itself. He had great estates, I have heard."

"And you have no knowledge where he went?"

"How should I, sir? I never inquire into the business of my gentlemen. They come and go as they like, only I require the best of references."

"Of course—you are right—but it is natural sometimes for persons to speak of an intended journey, or—"

"I think he has gone to Paris," said the madam, "from some expressions he let drop a few days ago."

"You have seen him in company with young Captain St. Jude?"

"The peoor dear officer who was murdered so

"You have seen him in company with young Captain St. Jude?"
"The poor dear officer who was murdered so foully! O, dear me!" and her face gathered blankness; "why, you don't mean to say—you don't mean to insinuate—"
"I insinuate nothing, madam," said the colonel; "we have heard that the signor was in his company a good deal the day before his death, and the signor might throw some additional light upon the matter."

"Dear, dear me, I wish he was here, really; I have taken a great interest in that unfortunate young man; I never heard anything half so dreadful—and he so handsome and distinguished-looking. He favored you, sir; was he any relation?" "He was my brother," said the colonel, choking. "O, dear, I am very, very sorry!" responded Mme. Albertson; "do you know I took a great fancy to that poor young man? It's a dreadful tusiness—truly a dreadful business."

"We had better go," whispered the detective. They bade the madam good-morning, and descended to the street. It was an autumn morning, and there was a keen alr abroad. A splendid carriage with two raven black steeds stood opposite. Russian sable fined the interior, and on the back seat, lounging as usual, could be seen the keen black eyes of Count Dorodes. He was slowly drawing on his gloves, of a pale lemon color, and the head of a cane, of embossed gold, with one ghttering jewel set in it, stood near the window. The detective glanced steadily at the derk face; the Spaniard returned the look haughtily, with interest.

"I don't like the appearance of that fellow." interest.
"I don't like the appearance of that fellow," said the detective.
"I can't say that I do elther," Colonel St. Jude

responded; "he is evidently as laxurious as a Sybarite. Did you notice the diamond on his Inger?"

"Yes; but, St. Jude, about that likness. I want former kad lifted the form of Rhoda, who laid like inger?"
"Yes; but, St. Jude, about that likness. I want to do things in a workmanlike manner. It is evident that whoever did the deed purloined the wholetype." "It was, as I told you, a copy of Miss Isabel de

"It was, as I told you, a copy of miss I sabel de Courcey."
"Yes, I understand that, and I know Miss I sabel de Courcey at sight. But that will not do," returned the detective, "I must have a fac sinile of that very miniature. Now, can you procure this?"
"I do not believe I can, for I don't think Miss de Courcey was ever conscious of the fact that my brother had that likeness. It was one, as I told you, that he pasted himself. He had a splendid genius, poor fellow!"
"Yes, yes, I know all that—but if we could find out where he got the frame, the dealer would with the dealer would know. He always keeps the impression or a duplicate; Lazares does, and I suppose he got if there—all you fashionable fellows patronize him."

"Yes, he did get it there; I saw Lazares' mark

upon it."
"And de you remember exactly how the face

"And de you remember exactly how the face was posed?"
"I do, exactly."
"Then, colouel, you must get Miss Isabella de Courcey to sit, and I must have the portrait. In no other way that I can see can the murderer be ferreted out."
"I really do not." The colonel hesitated.
"The lady has no right to refuse you this, Colouel St. Jude. Indeed, from what little knowledge I have of her character, I do not think she will," he added, thoughtfully. "Here is a young man, in good circumstances and an honorable position, struck down brutally by the hand of an assassin. No eye saw the deed, save, perhaps, the cold, silent one of that inanimate image, as it fell into the murderer's grasp. Explain these things to the young lady, and I am sure, aristeerat though she be, she will be willing to further the ends of justice by permitting so simple a favor. It will be safe with me—that her father, knows, who has employed me mere than once."
"Peer boy—wayld he like it?" murmured the

rather knows, who has employed an ence."

"Peor boy—would he like it?" murmured the colonel, the tears in his eyes.

"There is no harm in exposing his secret now that he is dead, Colonel St. Jude; I am sure 'tis an honor to him."

"He would have guarded it with his life," said the colonel, softly. "He would have guarded it with his life," said the celonel, softly.

"But the past must be put entirely out of the question, with respect to that. What he would have done dees not bear upon it at all under the present circumstances. I wonder you think of "I will undertake the task," said the colonel,

"I will undertake the task," said the colonel, "and will see Miss Isabella as early temorrow as I can. I have now to attend to a mournful duty. Meet me at 4 at the hotel temorrow." So saying, Colonel St. Jude and the detective took their different ways; the latter revolving in his mind the very cautious detective proceedings that the process of search would involve.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VI.

A PRESENTIMENT.

A beautiful country seat stood on the road between Norton Bury and Millington. The cottage was not large, but there was room eneugh for a family of five, friends, visitors and dependents.

The grounds were charmingly laid out—a lawn ample enough for a chateau of vaster dimensions, a beautiful garden in front, in which stood pure pale forms of marble, above vases and antique pitchers, such as the Hebrew maids drew water with from the well—gleams of a shining river here and there pleased the sight, and snowy swans floated languidly among the broad leaves of foreign lilles all day long.

In this pleasant paradise lived the widow St. Jude with her two daughters, Lillian and Rhoda. Lillian was consumptive, and Rhoda was lame, but in spite of 14 health they were cheefful, pretty girls, idolizing their mother and brothers; indeed, their affection for the latter became almost painful te sensitive friends, for it is rarely that they heard of anything else but the maniness, courage and beauty of Henry and Phillis.

On the lower floor was the sting-room—a square apartment furnished with taste, where the family usually sat. Mrs. St. Jude's aged mother occupied another part of the house, in one of the wings. Just above a spacious drawing-room extended nearly the length of the cottage. A PRESENTIMENT.

occupied another part of the house, in one of the wings. Just above a spacious drawing-room extended nearly the length of the cottage.

It was the day on which the ruthless murder had been committed in the little London tavern. Never more brightness and beauty had poured from an October sky. The girls remarked it as they attended to their flowers, and yet Rhoda, generally the most cheefful of the two, had a drop in her evelids and an unnatural pallor.

"What's the matter with you, Rhoda?" asked Lilly, placing her watering-pot on its stand. "Ah! I know—you didn't sleep good; I was awake and felt you meving uneasily, and once I thought you were crying."

were crying."
"I was crying, Lilly," said she, her lips quiv-

were crying."

"I was crying, Lilly," said she, her lips quivering.

"You crying?"

"Yes, I knew it's strange, but I couldn't help it. After the clock stuck 12 such a solemn, awful feeling came over me that I could have sobbed. Mamma laughs at presentiments, sometimes, I knew, but I tell you truly, sister, one of us is going to die."

"Oh, don't talk of it!" said Lilly, shuddering. "Somehew, it makes the sun grow pale."

"It was foolish in me—don't mind it, little sister," said Rhoda, suddenly seeing the look of pain on her sister's face.

"I don't mind it—but—Rhoda, do you think it is me? Because, you know. I am very ill sometimes, but your cheerfulness has always done me good."

"Nonsense, I haven't thought of you at all, darling. I'll confess that it seemed to me last inght that mother weuld go from us, but perhaps after all it is a mere whim. I think it is." And rhoda, kissing the pale check of her sister, left the room. But she could not throw off the gloom that shrouded her—the chill that seemed to have pierced the very marrow of her bones. She tried pierced the very marrow of her bones. She tried to think how beautiful the flowers were—for in every sheltered nook where the sun could come they raised their blushing petals—of how in broad streets of gold the sunlight slept on the meadows beyond, and ran down the hills like rivers of mol-

en fire.
"It is a lovely place," murmured Rhoda, "and ten fire.

"It is a lovely place," murmured Rhoda, "and never looked more so than this merning. I wonder what alls me!" for the tears were actually running in large salt globes down herpale cheeks, and falling en her hands. "I do think I'm foolish, and yet I cau't seem to help it, try all I can. It's fortunate Phil and Henry are not on duty, or I should be sure they were both of them killed. Why, how strange! I was happy enough yesterday—but—I—I—am downright silly. I won't be a fool!" Saying which she reselutely turned to the duty before her, that of helping her mother, who was just recovering from a severe illness, down stairs, where the servant had set breakfast for her in the sitting-room.

"How cheerful everything looks, gials, for October." said Mrs. St. Jude, settling her cap, and carefully tucking away the lawn strings. "I was thinking whis merning we ought to hear from the boys soon. Old folks are a little given to supersition, and my dreams were remarkably impressive last night; but in my state of health that is not singular."

"Mamma," said Lilly, in a faint voice, "Rhoda thinks that some of us are going to die,"

"Now Lilly!" cried Rhoda, with heightening color.

"Well, you said so," and Lilly began to sob. "I

color.
"Well, you said so," and Lilly began to sob. "I
do think it is cruel to talk of such things before
people who are not well. It has made me feel

sick and nervous."

"Why, Lilly—I am so sorry, little one," said
Rhoda, compassionately. "I never thought you'd
take it to heart so—or, rather, I never thought
much about it—it was only a whim, and is gone now."
"Rhoda, you should be more careful," said her

"thoda, you should be more careful," said her mother gravely; "whims like that sometimes cost peeple their lives."

At that Lifty began to sob more piteously, and her mother went towards her to soothe her, while Rhoda, with a double sorrow at her heart, left the reom and wandered aimlessly up stairs.

The breakfast dishes were scarcely cleared off, and the widow had just seated herself to some

The breakfast dishes were scarcely cleared off, and the widow had just seated herself to some light work. A very handsome woman was the Widow St. Jude. In her youth she had been a beauty and a toast. New, so well preserved was she that she scarcely looked the age she had nearly attained. Lilly, mere composed, half lounged upon a little couch made expressly for her convenience, turning over a book of engravings that her brother, the captain, with whom she was a great favorite, had sent her.

"Oh! what was that, mother?" cried Lilly, throwing herself forward in extreme terror, her face white, her features rigid. Her mother was speechless and pale and haggard. Twice at that dreadful sound she had essayed to rise. In vain—the power of motion was totally denied her.

The neise that had so distracted them was that of a loaded gun discharged—a terrific shriek—the dead fall of some heavy body and a scattering shower as of bullets upon the floor.

A GREAT SHOCK.

Mrs. St. Jude had lost, as I said above, all nower of motion. It was not till a tottering figure iressed in black, with gray, shrivelled features, ooked in at the door, and with a quavering voice demanded to know if the house was being pulled lown about their heads, that Lilly sprang to her deet.

"So have 1." returned the doctor. "But do you, really suspect no one?"

"We do suspect one man, as he was the last seen with him, and particularly as he has disappeared since then, and has neither been seen nor heard from. And yet the man was noble and rich; this seems more a deed done by some underhanded villain with a view to robbery. A miniature that he had on his person is missing, but his watch and twenty sovereigns in his pocket were untured."

"It be Miss Rhoda, mam!" cried one, pressing anxiously forward.

"Yes," interrupted the other, "she be lying in her blood."

"O, mama!" shrieked Lilly, losing all self-coutrol, "some one has killed khoda," and she began walking up and down the room, uttering pierchy cries. A ring at the bell increased the confusion, it was old Doctor French, who lived in the conspicuous chateau on St. Mary's Hill. He was a bluff eld fellow, the friend as well as the physician of the family. Both the girls ran to let him, talking incoherently.

"Why, what's this-what's the matter?" he cried, cheerily. "A pretty row you're kicking uphere. Mrs. St. Jude, what's this? my last week's work quite undone. Miss Lilly-but about this story the girls told me? I can't understand it at all."

"O, Doctor French, somebody has murdered Rhoda!" cried Lilly, going off lute hysteries.
"Murdered Rhoda! Is the girl crazy?"
"Doctor," murmured Mrs. St. Jude, "go upstairs. What has happened cannot tell. My limbs refuse to carry me, or is should have been there long ago."
"Yes, yes, I'll go—only these girls must dashwater in her face there"—pointing to the half

The batter and the cook were already there; the former kad lifted the form of Rhoda, who laid like one dead in his arms, the blood flowing from a wound in her side. Opposite the deor, the great mirror stood, breken and blackened, a thousand radiations running from the principal flaw, and the carpet was strewn with minute particles that glistened in the sublight.

"Why, this is strained work, indeed," said the old doctor, stooping down immediately before the senseless form. "Where is Mrs. Withets, the housekeeper?"

Janver, the butler, nodded towards the door, "There she be, sir, though at the first of it she run to 'tether end of the house, she was that frightened. I hate women that haint no pluck," he muttered, as the housekeeper came stealthily forward and cried out, seeing the doctor had bared the girl's shoulder.

"It's but a flest weund," said Dr. French, with almost a sigh of relief, as he laid the arm bare.

"Mrs. Withets, I must have some lint and some warm water as soon as I can get it. She is coming to."

warm water as soon as I can get it. She is coming to."

Mrs. Withets left the room, her stiff skirts rustling as she moved. Rhoda opened her eyes, shuddered, and shut them again.

"Don't be frightened, little one," said the doctor, with whom Rhoda was a favorite; "there's not the least danger, and we will have you up again soon."

again soon."

"Mother," feebly whispered the girl.

"Mother's all right—a little startled, that's all.
How was the thing done? What confounded villain was round here?"

"Whoever did it must have been crazy," said the butler, "for Miss Rhoda's got no enemies."

"Is there a lunatic in the town?" queried the physician.

physician.
"Not as I know of," returned the butler, "Chalk

physician.
"Not as I know of," returned the butler, "Chalk Withets being dead and gene."
"Chalk Withets—and pray who is he?"
"He was the housekeeper's son; mad as a March hare once: but ke's dead, so she says."
In came Mrs. Withets, leoking so pale and seared, so utterly unlike herseif that even the butler and the cook started.
"Can you imagine who has done this?" asked the dector, as having improvised a bed, he proceeded to dress Rhoda's wound.
"Indeed, sir, I cannot," she replied, trembling all over, and growing yet paler.
"Run down, one of you, and tell Mrs. St. Jude that it's all right—there's no danger at all. Fortunately, a mere seratch; the mirror got the worst of it; unlucky omen, I suppose they'll think. There, now, we must get the young lady in bed. She only requires absolute quief and good nursing. Can you attend to her, Mrs. Withets?"
Mrs. Withets said she could.

There, now, we must get the young lady in bed. She only requires absolute quiet and good nursing. Can you attend to her, Mrs. Withets?"

Mrs. Withets said she could.

"Then I leave her in your charge. There are written directions about the medicines on this slip of paper. Better not speak about the mirror just yet to Mrs. St. Jude; this shock will, I fear, throw her back."

The sector left, after attending to the widow and Lilly, who were mere comfortable, though Mrs. St. Jude had not recovered the use of her imbs. He was more than astonished when, at 5 o'clock on that same day, the family ceachman of Beechwood—as the St. Jude's estate was called—drove up at a furious rate. There were worse times than ever at the place, he said; Mrs. St. Jude had read at 4 o'clock in the paper that came up from London that her young'st son, captain in the Guards, was murdered—that she had gone into a swoon—that Lilly was in convulsions, and that the whole family were thrown into the deepest distress. Of course he hastened there as fast as his norses could carry him. It was, indeed, a mournful house into which he was uskered. Mrs. St. Jude was still insensible; she had read the paper in hed—Lilly laid pale and exhausted, apparently dying, upon her couch, and the gray old spectre of a grandmother walked up and down the mournful rooms muttering to herself, and rubbing her hands, as she gazed about almless y.

"It's a sad time, sir," said Mrs. Withets. "I'm afraid they'll all die. Miss Rhoda don't know it yet, but she suspects something, and it keeps her restless and (everish."

"I'l see to them," said the doctor.

An hour after he was in the housekeeper's from, "It's the saddest thing I've heard of for a long time," he said. "To tell you the truth, I don't know but it will end poor Mrs. St. Jude, and I nave but little lope for Miss Libly. It is dreadful—a most singular coincidence, that the girl should be shot at on the same day that her brother was." The face of the kousekeeper changed; the doctor regarded her steadily.

"I've go

says he was carrying a gun, teo."
"Who could it have been?" muttered the house-keeper, but every vestige of color had faded from

"The news has reached you?"

"The news has reached us," said the doctor, a riance of sympathy showing how much he felt for he young man. "And very mournful news it is," is added, after a pause, during which the colonel and turned away.

turned the physician; "and I should really like to terret out the perpetrator of the morning's vilanny. Something was saig about a sen of the housekeeper—a crazy fellow; but I believe he is ead."
"They must mean Chalk Withets," replied the

"They must mean Chalk Withers," replied the colonel; "his name was Chalkingten, after an oncie. Yes, he was 'luay,' as his mother called him, and professed an insane passion for my sister Rhoda, so that she was terribly annoyed by him. However, mere than three years ago he was sent to a hospital for the insane, where he died—so we will professional."

ws must have reached you?

STRIKING IT RICH

Interesting Stories of the Flush Days of Leadville.

Singular Effects of Sudden Wealth on Men Who Could Not Stand Prosperity.

Deadly Bouquets That Frightened a Pretty Soubrette Into the Cellar.

The crowd of us who used to hang around the

Windsor Hotel in the days of Leadville's hectic prosperity, says a writer in the Kansas City Star, always said that if old Charley Hicks ever "struck it rich" his fortune would do him some good, and he would not go and fool his money away bucking fare or squander it at the shrine of Bacchus or Venus. He was old and decrepit, and had been prospecting so long that the memory of man ran not to the centrary, but without finding anything except hard luck, wrinkles, and a kind of grim philosophy that enabled him to ac cept misfortunes that have put a suicidal bullet into many a younger but less sturdy heart. It was really pitiful to see him come plotding slowly in from the mountains after another unsuccessful tour, never complaints to the complexity of the com ing, but always sanguine of better luck next time, while where he would eat that day and sleep that night were unsolved problems to him. One day in the fall of the year old Charley did strike it and reecived \$18,000 in cold cash for a prospect hole in the Tin Cup district. 1 can see now the flush of honest joy in his warm old face as he told me about it, and went over and over again how he would be comfortable in his old age, and shook hands many times, and finally burst out crying from sheer excess of happiness. I can also see him, five short days later, as, clad in a stiff, stark, ready-made suit. and his hair dyed a weird, unnatural black, he led to the altar a blushing renc of the days of the Santa Fe trail, known far and wide as Albuquerque Alice. She was an old timer and regarded as one of the landmarks of that part of the country. He had met her in a dance hall two days before, and in marrying her ignored the advice of his friends and the fact that he already had a wife back in Ohio. He was reminded of the latter incident by the arrival of the lady herself on the same day that Alice decamped with the remnant of his fortune and a disreputable character known as Seven-up Bill, and a diffidence about facing her, as well as a prejudice against the statute in relation to bigamy, made him fly to the fastnesses of the meuntains, from which, to my knowledge, he never returned.

of the mountains, from which, to my knowledge, he never returned.

There was a great passion for wearing jewelry in the camp in those days, particularly diamonds, which were regarded as a sort of ticket of admittance into good society, and the aristocracy found its limits both ways from the man who were a little splitter of a stone that the setting could hardly hold to he who sported a four carat. Consequently diamonds were, in nine cases out of ten, the immediate purchase of

Those Who Suddenly Acquired Wealth, and many and many a man would buy a gorgeous, flaming stud which would remind him of the mortifying fact that he had no shirt to put it in. A diamond was about Governor Tabor's first investment; not the gem that petrified the Senate, but a large straw-colored brilliant, which a broken nbler had pawned, and on which the million naire, then an numble storekeeper, had often cast covetous eyes. He regarded it at the time covetous eyes. He regarded it at the time as the ne plus ultra of personal adornment. One of Tabor's partners when he struck his first benanza was a German named Riche, who was past the middle age, had been a cobbling shoemaker all his life, and a \$50 note was an engraving he had never inspected at nearer range than through the wicket of a bank counter. He got about \$100,600. The first thing he did was to build a large brick house, red in color, and of square and hideous architectural design, about two miles distant from the camp or any other habitation. Then he got married, and retired into his dwelling, as the knights and barons of mediaval times retired into their castle keeps, and he only emerged at long intervals to lay in provisions and chewing tobacco. This was his conception of perfect rest, and consequently ecstatic happiness. He had a prefeund mistrust of banks and kept his cash by him, where theves could not break in nor moths corrupt. One would suppose that this scheme was open to objections on the ground of its lack of variety, but unkind rumer credited the capitalist's wife, who was a very voluble lady, with an ability to keep him entertained and excited. keeper, but every vestige of color had raded from lips and cheeks.

"Sure enough, they ought to make another search. It was no chance shot that entered the drawing-room, up stairs. A person might be seen near the window, or opposite the light, as Miss Rhoda must have stood; no, no, 'twas no accidental shot. The matter must be closely investigated."

There was the sound of carriage wheels heard at the gate. There was the sound of carriage wheels heard at the gate.

"It is the colonel," said Dr. French, who had gene to the window; "Pm very glad he has come. Show him right in here," he said, turning to the servant who was just leaving the room; "he had better not see his mother just now."

Presently Colonel St. Jude entered. His step was not as martial as usual—his figure seemed stooping—his face was clouded by deep sorrow.
"Ah! dector," said the colonel, starfing with new apprehension as he saw his professional riend, "I hardly expected to see you here. The news must have reached you?"

ability to keep him entertained and excited.

A contemporaneous gentleman of fortune was—Captain Connors, well known to all residents of the camp. He has often told me the story of his first "stake." He received \$40,000 for his interest in some mineral property, and it was paid to him at the bank in four rectangular packages of bills of \$10,000 each. The captain had kept Dropped the Armful of Greenbacks in Her

he added, after a pause, during which the colonel had turned away.

"It was a heartless, treacherous deed!" murmured the colonel; "but—my mother—how"—

"As you might expect; it has been a dreadful blow to her; I trust that she will rally soon. Her recent illness is against her however."

"And Lilly—and Rhoda?"

"July is completely overcome; as for Rhoda"—he then related the trouble that had overtaken them that day, during the recital of which Mrs. Withets left the room, manifestly much agitated.

"Good heavens! doctor, is there a conspiracy against us?" cried the colonel as the doctor finished. Lap.

It was a loyal and touching thing to do. For a moment she sat paralyzed with astonishment, and then, hugging the mass up to her, she sobbed "Oh, Tom, how dirty they are! Let me put them

in a tub and wash them."
"Do it if you want to, dear," he replied, with a tenderness that it would be well for other rich men of Colorado to emulate, "but you will never wash anything else again."

Among the people I knew around the camp was a man named Ed Braden, who divided his time between reperting on a newspaper and prospecting, and who leved to tell what good and noble and sensible things he would do should he happen to strike it. When fortme did smile on him one day he launched immediately upon several exterprises not contemplated in the eriginal prespectus. Ann ng other vagaries he became enamered of a vivacious little soubrette who was playing at the Opera House, and arranged a unique and remarkable testimonial to her beauty and talents. At great expense he precured from Denver some twenty or thirty hed-house bequets. The helders of these he had weighted with a leaden spike, point downward, se that when it was thrown upon the stage it would stick in the boards and stand erect. His idea was to precipitate the whole number at once when the soubrette made her appearance, and, to use his own language, "transform his stage into a bower of reses." To this end he had a number of frieads stationed at different points in the audience, each bearing a deadly bouquet.

The curtain rose, the actress tripped on, when bang! bang! bang! the flewer-decked missiles harled through the air. The poor girl, who had read something of wild Western ways thought it was a plot to kill her, and field to the cellar, from which she had to be subsequently dragged by main force, uttering piercing shrieks. The Braden party were all somewhat inebriated, and the more enthusiastic fred their bouquets with such reckless aim that one of them hit the leader of the orchestra on the bald head, and he had to be held by two men while the gore was being mopped off and explanations made. All this went a great way Among the people I knew around the camp was

to a hospital for the insane, where he died—so we all understeed."

"Are you sure he died?"

"I am sure his mother went in mourning for bim over a year ago," was the reply, and we all believed him dead."

"Perhaps so—perhaps so," said the doctor, rapidly, "but something in the manner of Mrs. Withets made me suspect. But, colonel, with regard to that sad business, who under heaven could have been guilty of a deed se menstreus?"

"My brether had not an enemy in the world, to my knewledge," said the colonel, his countenance alling again; "but we have set good detectives at work, and hope to find something tangible to take hold of in a short time. It is an awful blow, doctor, and I have a presentiment that it will break our family up. In that case, it will be hard or the girls. I suppose you know that my mother has only a life interest in this property. It is in reality my grandmether's—through some strange whim of my father, which I have always resented—though we are quite sure that Rhoda, being her favorite, will heir it all. However, should my mother die, the girls will of course find a home here."

"At what place did this terrible thing occur?" orchestra on the bald head, and he had to be held by two men while the gore was being mopped off and explanations made. All this went a great way toward marring what might have otherwise been a pleasant eceasion. This is a fair specimen of the pursuits in which Braden spent a very decent fortune, and succeeded in three brief months in getting back into scrub-journalism and prospecting again.

A miner named Luke Fuller, a graduate of Bowdoin and a man of really brilliant mind and wide information, one afternoon, entirely unanticipated by himself, consummated a sale that

Placed in file Hands Over \$10,000.

Placed in Mis Hauds Over \$10,000.

mother die, the girls will of course find a home here."

"At what place did this terrible thing occur?"

"In a small but noted tavern near Bond street. You probably know the old proprietor, who is famous for having dined some of the greatest wits and mest celebrated men of the time—old Oily—as he is called."

"O, yes, I remember, perfectly!" said the doctor. "I have been there; but it is strange that no one was seen after the deed—no one known to have been with him before."

"The whole thing is enveloped in mystery," replied the colonel. "It is supposed that he must have been murdered in the early morning, possibly long before daylight. The candle was found guttered and burned out, and the fact that no one heard the report of the pistol is almost absolute proof that it must have been done at that time, still, the tavern is an old house, and solidly built. I have heard of men being killed in open day, and no one heard the shot."

"So have I," returned the doctor. "But do you, really suspect no one?"

"We do suspect one man, as he was the last seen It was to be supposed that three or four years of grinding poverty had given him an appreciation of the value of money, and he had never been known to dissipate in any form. To the surprise of everywound up by taking tive or six been companions on a sort of triumphal tour into the East. The party stranded in Chicago, and the next time 1 saw Fuller he was in Saur's saleon destroying a party stranded in Chicago, and the next time 1 saw Fuller he was in Saur's saloon destroying a free lunch and furtively watching the bartender.

As a rule the secondary effect of suddenly acquired wealth was to strangle out the better and more natural impulses and replace them by a forced and artificial character toat was very ludicrous where it was not disgusting. It was pretty safe to say out there that a man of means was a mean man, and I have seen many a brain, erstwite full of good horse sense, go into perpetual eclipse behind a \$20 gold piece.

The lucky oses formed a sort of aristocracy, and I do not recall anything more extraordinary off the burlesque stage than the solrees they used to give. Big, hulking fellows, who didn't know a quadrille from a quadron, would amble around the hall in dress coats made in Denver, and their fingers, unused to gloves, sticking out, separate from each other, like radiating rays from a central sun of white kid. Many of them were, indeed, whited sepulchres, and would not stand two close analysis, even into their raiment. On one occasion, while in the midst of a set of the "Prarie Queen," a gentleman became engaged at his "opposite," and incautiously peeled off his swallow-tall to mop the wax floor with him, revealing thereby the mortifying fact that his collar, shirt-frest and cuffs were hollow and detached shams, and merely pinned to the blue-fanned shirt that long association as a miner had made him loath to part with. A bosem friend of this gentleman was a gaunt, raw-boned farmer's boy, who had wandered into the West, and whom sudden riches had dragged out of the ultra aristocratic circles. He distinguished himself at his debut. A young lady remarked to and twenty sovereigns in his pocket were untuched."

"Wilen do you bring him home?"

"The day after tomorrow. His fellow-soldiers were anxious to pay some tribute to his memory, so we have arranged it that they shall follow the body in procession to London bridge, near which we shall embark, stopping at the neighboring own. From there we shall get a conveyance and bring him liere to rest in the family temb."

"It will be a nounrful coming home," said the doctor. The colonel shook his head.

"If he had but deet gloriously on the field!—if, indeed, he had died of his wounds last year. But of what avail is it that we wish what can never be? God rest his soul."

"Amen!" said the doctor, fervently.

"And when would it be best to see my mother?" isked Colonel St. Jude.

"O, I will send the housekeeper." He rang the bell. A servant came up, and at his inquiry said that Mrs. Withets had gone out.

"Never mind, I will go myself," and rising, the doctor left the room. Young men or middle-aged ones suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three stames for Part VII. of World's Disensary dime series of books. Address World's DISFENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. V.

him that her sister had a penchant for water-color painting, and he promptly replied:
"Why, kin they get one fur that? My old man applied fur one for a wound he get at Shilo, but the pesky government wouldn't give it to him 'cause he'd lost his discharge papers."

PECK'S BAD BOY.

How He Waxed the Floor for a Thanksgive ing Dance-Decides to Become a Living Skeleton in a Museum,

"Well, how did you pull through Thanksglving day?" asked the greery man of the bad boy, as he came in the stere looking as happy, as though there was good skating the year round. "Have

"Fun is no name fer it." said the boy, as he took a knife and scratched some becswax. off the bottom of his boots. "I thought I had seen fun before, but that Thanksgiving day made me tired of laughing. You see we all went to Deacen Perkins' house to dinner. There is two kinds of people in our church. One kind believes that you must never have any fun, and always wear a long face, and sign, and cry easy; while the other faction believes in doing up religious chores and having a bislough. They believe that there is a time for praying, a time for dancing, and a time for all kinds of innocent fun; Deacon Perkins is the leader of the funny side, and he is the jolliest old dog you ever saw, except when he is serious, and then everybody jets up on any foolishness, and pays attention. The minister believes in Deacon Perkinses ideas, but he don't dare to take sides, though he winks at the four, and enjoys it. The deacon had our foiks and about a dozen other families to dinner on Thanksgiving, and we had a boss dinner. The deacon and the minister were just toe happy, except when the deacon asked the blessing, and talked about a knife and scratched some beeswax, off the bot-

Turkey Stuffed with Oysters,

and then they were sad. But after they got to passing plates for more turkey and things, there was fun all around the board. But the most fun was after dinner. When it began to get dark the was after dinner. When it began to get dark the deacon came to me and said they were going to have a dance in the big room up stairs. They had taken up the carpet, and he said the floor was not just right, and he wished I would get a cake of beeswax and wax the floor the way they have it waxes down at the dancing school, and so me and my chum went up stairs and waxed the floor. I guess mayb we put on teo much wax, for the first half hour it stuck to people's snoes, but after that it begun to get smooth, and by the time they got warmed up the floor was just like glary ice. The crewd was all ap stairs except the minister and two old maids thet couldn't dance. They was talking polities and things, but after a while the minister said he didn't mind going up to the dancing room to look on, so be took the two wimmen on his arms and went up. He came in the door just as a dance was over, and he started to walk across the floor to set the wimmen down beside the fiddler, when his left foot slipped sidewise and knocked the feet out from under one of the wimmen and she started to fail, and the other one pulled the other way, and both the minister's feet slipped and the whole three of them went down, and I snorted right out.

Ma Looked at Me Kind of Sassy

and I shut up, but pa was walking across the floor with a big woman to form on for a quadrille, and he said the wieked stand in slippery places, and he said the wicked stand in slippery places,' and just then one of the women who was trying to get up hit pain the heel with her shoe, and his feet began to slide, and he grabbed the woman he was walking with and they went down so the gas fixtures rattled. Pa struck on his hip, one foot hit the minister near the watch pocket and he grunted, and pa was so heavy he kept going, and he piewed right through the two wimmen that went down with the minister, and they called pa an old brute, and then Deacon Perkins and ma started to the rescue, and ma slipped and pulled the deacon down, and I went to belp ma, and I met the fiddler and we both fell, and then everybody else laughed, and when the fiddler get up he found I had set down nor the fiddler get up he found I had set down nor the fiddler get up he found I had set down nor the fiddler get up he found I had set down nor the fiddler get up he found I had set down nor the fiddle get up he found I had set down nor the fiddle get up he found I had set down nor the fiddle and it was all broke up. I have never seen pa cut as many flip-flaps as he did trying to keep from falling, and the minister was so annoyed at the spackacle he presented that I dare not go to church for a week er two for tear I shall think about it when he is preaching, and snort right out in meeting. We finally got them all on their feet, and the dance was broke up, but they didn't blame me and my shum, 'cause the deacon told us to wax the floor. Some of the sober deacons in the church heard about it, and they say it was a judgment on the jelly folks for dancing.

Do You Think it Was a Judgment on Us!" "Judgment nothing," said the grocery man. "It was simply too much beeswax. Lots of things in this world that are laid to Previdence is the result of too much beeswax. A man gets to living high and drinking hard, and some day he is found dead, and the people say it is a dispensation of Providence. It is simply a case of too much beeswax. A man gets to doing an immense business on a small capital, and he flies high, and people get to thinking if he didn't make the earth he had a controlling hierest in the contract. He waiks proud, and looks over his old friends and seems to be seeking new worlds to conquer, and all of a sudden you have something drop, and the sheriff has the key to the store, and the highly flyer finds that he is flat on the ground. It is too much beeswax. The beeswax was there all the time, but had not got ready to be slippery until the high-flyer got too warm. It is just so in every—"

every—"
"O, say," says the boy, as he see the grocery
man was wound up for all day, "you make me
weary. Did I tell you I was going into the show
business?"
"No, you didn't tell me," said the grocery man.

"No, you didn't ten me," said the grocery man.
"What is it? A cneus?"
"No, not any circus. I have been looking the
thing over, and I think there is more money in
being a living skeleton than anything there is
going, and of \$200 a week as seon as I can get lean enough,

of \$200 a week as soon as I can get lean enough, and I have quit eating since Thanksgiving. I have lost two pounds, and at that rate I will be ready to exhibit about Claristmas. A living skeleton can tay up all his money, 'cause be don't have to eat, and his cluthes don't cost much, and it is a regular picule. They wanted me to be a man without legs, but I thought that would be bad if I should ever want to quit the show business, and then they wanted me to be a jorihla, but a jorihla is only a maximal, and cau't go in society. They offered to get a wax head for me if I would be a two-heated Zulu, but I don't want to be a deception. I had rather be a freak of nature. Pa is encouraged since I have decleded to be a living skeleton, and says I will 'mount to something yet. He thinks I better go and board at a cheap bearaing-house, in order to become a skeleton by the time I have premised to show, but I guess I can find all the facilities I want at home. Say, let's go in partnership, and you be a jorilla, or a wild pirate. Your head is flat enough on top, and your eyes look like gimlet holes in a boot heel—"

The boy get out of the store just ahead of a hatchet, and he went into a candy store and bought some checolate caramels to become a skeleton on.

Rapid Development Accompanied by

Severe Hemorrhage.

The following testimental to the prompt action of Compound Oxygen in a case of rapidly devel-

The fellowing testimonial to the prompt action of Compound Oxygen in a case of rapidly developing consumption of the lungs, is given by the writer in order, as he says, that by means of its publication, "some afflicted one may be induced to try your very simple and beneficial remedy."

"FOUNTAIN CITY, INPIANA, April 17, 1882.
DRS. STARKEY & PALEN—Dear Sirs: My lungs have been affected for years, it being hereditary with me, my mother having died of consumption. One year and this last winter I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs and finally resulted in a severe hemorrhage. I had a hard, hacking cough all spring; in fact, all through the summer, at times. Last fail, as the cold weather came on, my cough increased, and I was having night sweats every night, and had one or two severe hemorrhages. I was very much reduced in fiesh. The color had left my lips, and I was expectorating thick, yellow matter, often mixed with blood. Had to the presped on pillows at night. I had about made up my mind that a few more months would end my earthly career, and my friends have told me since I began to improve that some of them had only given me until next May to live; but if I die before that time now I will have to go in some other way than consumption. I have not had a single night sweat since I first bearn your Treatment. My eeigh has almost disappeared, and I am rapidly improving.

Very gratefully yours. J. Lindon Parker."
Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising eurs in Consumption.

record of surprising eures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitts, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address Das. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia.

A Wisconsin Girl Wins Wrestling at a

Wedding. An old-fashioned wedding took place in Rantoul, Wis., last week. The groom was Mr. Atbert King and the bride Miss Bertha Gruett, daughter of Henry Gruett. The ceremony took place on Thursday, and dancing, annusements, etc., prolonged the wedding festivities for three days. One of the prime features of the festivities was a wresting match between a Rantoul gril and a gentleman of Chilton, in which the girl succeeded in throwing the Chiltonian three successive times.

SPRINGFIELD, PRINCE GEORGE'S Co., MD .-SPRINGFILLD, FRINCE GEORGE'S CC., MD.—
Mr. Charles G. Addison, of the above piace, stajes:
"I sprained my right knee, enusing intense suffering, and the use of crutches for several weeks. I found no relief in other remedies, and finally tried the miracle of cure. St. Jacobs Gil. In a short time I could bend my knee—which had been as stiff as an iron rod, laying askie my crutches, and was able to walk as well as ever."

THE PLYMOUTH PULPIT.

Forms, Customs and Individual

Mr. Beecher Discusses Superstitious Beliefs in Rituals and Symbols.

Liberty.

A Valuable Accession to the Choir of the Church.

BROOKLYN, December 16 .- In his sermon this morning at Plymouth Church, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher spoke upon the topics embraced in the fourteenth chapter of Romans. He said:

You will recollect that Paul everywhere speaks of all ordinances, ministries and services as converging into one thing—that men might become "perfect men in Christ Jesus." Paul, more than any and all the other teachers or writers of the New Testament put together, stood for the indiand largeness of man as an individva. To him was given a conception pover developed before, never so an individva. To him was given a conception power developed before, never so well developed in any other part of the New Testament as in his epistle never perfectly understood from his day to this—although as yeast it has leavened the lump of human society and lies at the root of all that progress of which we in this land are justly so proud, the development of human hature, the bringing of the whole people to a level on which we may say they are trustworthy; faith in the common people—all these elements spring from the Pauline writings, and though they have never been the subject of such directions as we may have supposed they would be, yet indirectly they have affected laws and institutions and public sentiment, and indeed lie today as the inspiration of progress in the elevation of the human family. In this fourteenth chapter of Romans Paul establishes first the rights and dignities of the individual. As he found men, they were not only under all the regulations of civil law, in common with everybody else, but they were enmeshed in a system of religious rules and institutions by which the consciences of men were subordinated, and they came to think less of the rights of a man in himself and more superstitiously of the obligations of a man to his surrounding institutions and the current beliefs in the neighborhood. The air was full of superstition. The Jews had been so scattered abroad everywhere that they were under the environment of heathen superstition and reflected notions, and in Palestine itself the Pharisses and Sadducees had filled the temple and the synapogues with their various theories and notions, and the doctrine that individual hiserty was right and good was almost lost sight of. In a few places in the history of that day

Liberty of the Individual

Liberty of the Individual dawned for a moment; it came to the surface and

for a moment reflected the glory of the light of truth, then burst like a bubble and was gone!

In this chapter Paul says to the Romans, "Him that is weak in the taith"—a man that is ignorant, parrow, superstitious, in every way relatively incapable of judging what is right and best—receive him, but do not receive him in a disputatious spirit. Do not commence discussing with him about the ordinances of the church and the laws, and the services, and the ritual, and all these external things, which may be good or may not. When a man is discussing a horse, it is a bad thing for him to glance off and talk about the harness, although the harness is a good thing for a horse; and when a man is talking about essential manhood the temptation is always to go off from that and discuss the means by which men are to be brought to it. Men put their conscience on lower things—not on "how may I be a child of God?" And conscience in that higher sphere folds its wings, or files as a bird does in a cage, beating itself against the wires of observances and customs and laws. Paul notably above all others combatted restraints and restrictions that stood in the way of the development of perfect judgment and absolute freedom of men in Christ Jesus.

The ground that Paul takes is this: That a man who bas given himself up to Christ as the representative of the highest life, as God's own living tribunal, and entered into Christ's spirit—that man is by that very act, and in the degree in which he succeeds in it, lifted above all other responsibilities. There is the ideal man Paul was trying to create; he was trying by his preaching ta bring men into such relationship with God through Jesus Christ as that every man should draw the motives of his life and the reasons of his conduct from his conscious sympathy with the Lord Jesus Christ; and then when he was in that for a moment reflected the glory of the light of truth, then burst like a bubble and was gone!

draw the motives of his life and the reasons of his conduct from his conscious sympathy with the Lord Jesus Christ; and then when he was in that life he was free from all other claims, whether of governments, of laws, of customs, of usages, or of everything else whatsoever. That is the ideal man: a man that has such a sense of responsibility to God that he needs nothing else.

The Philosophy of Christ's Spirit nspires man to do the very things which are fundamentally right, and through the highest motives,

and so tends to relieve them from the necessity of and so tends to relieve them from the necessity of law; and in Ideal form it relieves them. The increase in the value of man as a unit is the Christian method, as interpreted by Paul, of education and conduct. The ideal is that men are to be so trained and taught and ennobled aid disciplined that at last each man is able to take care of himself and to take care of himself safely, because he is under the direct divine guidance and influence. Only, however, when self is wrapped up in Christ's dispositions and purposes can this ideal notion become a real life.

The tendency of the Gospel to produce manhood, as opposed to childhood, is one of the things that has not been enough brought out. The tendency of the old religious has been to govern men, not to teach men to govern themselves. The priesthood and the church laid down laws of belief and rules of conduct, and held men to the performance of that which they chose. The object of the Gospel is to deliver men from the dominations of other men's ideas and rules and laws, and yet to bring them into such relations to God as to save their morality and spirituality, and to strengthen them; to make man more of a man; to put him on his own resources; to oblige him to think; to make him seek knowledge and foresignt for his own sake.

Men should not all the time ask, "What does

to think; to make him seek knowledge and foresight for his own sake.

Men should not all the time ask, "What does
the church say? What is the custom?" In the
regulation churches the doctrine is that the
ministers are men set apart by the power and
authority of God, to be channels through which
knowledge and graces run, that are bestowed
upon men in no other way. A very charming
doctrine for the minister, an abominable one for
the laymen! You would not tolerate it a single
moment in any other rejation than that, and you
would not there if you cared about it. It is essential laziness that leads most people to accept
it. Nobody likes to work; you would rather

Rely Upon a Minister to Do Your Think-

depravity, and I will throw in the other third. All offices of help are beneficial; all religious societies are within decrees of benefit, whether they are founded on a right philosophy or not; and those that need them should use them.

I do not object to liturgies or any other kind of symbolization, provided it is sufficiently elastic, and provided it has not become idolarrous—but I say it is a great deal more important that a man should be taught to disregard symbolization than to have one established forever and ever in the church. Look at the symbolization of white linen! Look at the symbolization of the cross which has ceased to inspire one single idea or thought of suffering!

What idea of suffering has she on whose swelling buffering!

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What idea of suffering has she on whose swelling buffering buffering!

What idea of suffering has she on whose swelling buffering bufferi

Not to be Tied to Any Narrow Path. More godliness, larger courage in things right, more enthusiasm, a summer temperment that will ripen the best fruits of the spirit in your soul-

these are the things you should aim at, and in coming to them you can go any road you please with ordinances or without ordinances, with ritual or without ritual.

This liberty to become a man unhampered by the theories relonging to the weak must be em-ployed, not in a despotic way, but in a spirit of true benevolence.

A lumbering party is building a road to the top of frue benevolence.

**Enter into the life of Jesus Christ as being the ideal and pattern of which you are to establish your own. When you have so entered into it, understand that you are at liberty to promote your own plety and elevation without any regard to sect or creed or ceremonial. You have a right to find your own way to purity and perfect manhood by your own selected ways. If you are compelled to cross the paths of other men, do it in your own right, but with a benevolent regard for the welfare of those around you. Many things you can do in yourselves that you cannot for that Jesus had died for all, then all were dead, and revery man's pursuit of liberty said is this; that the is in Jesus Christ. Elsewhere it is said, "We have been bought in the bondage of love, and the died that those who live should heined for the nill of the through sympathetic action.

AGENTS ON COMMISSION.

Those who do not wish to form clubs, according to the offer of first column of this page, which allows extra papers instead of a cash commission, whether one or more are sent at the same time. Sound for private rates of agents, and form a club.

**Suppression of the open one of the open of the party in the same time. The pupiliarity of the services at Plymouth Church is not confined alone to Mr. Beecher's and the died that has always been of a high.

**Suppression of the Meuses may be relieved by a dose of Ayer's Pills, which produce the desired that the set is Jesus Christ. Elsewhere it is said, "We have been bought in the bondage of love, that the bondage of love, that the set is Jesus Christ. Elsewhere it is said, and the died that those who live should heinered the produce the desired that the set is Jesus Christ. Elsewhere it is said, while produce the desired that the set is Jesus Christ. Elsewhere it is said, and the died that those who live should heinered the produce the desired that the set is Jesus Christ. Elsewhere it is said, while produce the desired that the se

order, and this winter is better than ever before. The choir every Sunday morning is filled with leading artists of the two cities—New York and Brooklyn. There has been a recent accession which will do much to make up for the loss of sevetal highly paid singers, whose services were recently dispensed with from considerations of economy. Miss Rose Moss, a prize scholar and gold medalist of the London Academy or Music, has been secured, and her expressiveness, of utterance, simplicity of style, and skill of execution have already made her a favorite with the critical and refined congregation.

MAINE IN 1884. She Will Stand Up to be Counted With the

Democratic Majority.

AUGUSTA, December 16 .- When the campaign of 1884 opens the people of Maine will be found earnest and active, and with trusty and competent men at the head in the Democratic organizaearnest and active, and with trusty and competent men at the head in the Democratic organization. She will "tread to the music of the Union" in the presidential election, and roll up a good majority for the Democratic candidates. There is no one conversant with the political affairs of this State but knows that with proper management and with good noninations the Republican party would be beaten in the next contest. The Republicans are disunited and demoralized. The Democrats are always active and hopeful, and the want of success in the past is owing to the old political hacks and played-out politicians who have led the party. The people are tired and sick of them and want a change. The election of 1880 was lost by poor management and want of executive ability on the part of the different committees. There was no sympathy between the national and State committeeman. We learn from reliable sources that Hon. E. K. O'Brien of Thomaston will be pressed for the place on the national committee. Mr. O'Brien is in the prime of life, capable and posted in party politics, and has qualifications which would make him a first-cl ss man for the place in every respect. He seems well qualified for organizing as he has shown in the past when on the State committee. Or in case he did not go on the national committee, as a candidate for governor he would make a splendid run. They want to take a man for a candidate who is in sympathy with the people, as also for a national committee man, and Mr. O'Brien will be pressed by his friends for one of these places.

SIMULATING HYDROPHOBIA. Curious Discovery Made by a Buffalo Phy-

sician. BUFFALO, N. Y., December 16 .- Some days since some of the newspapers announced a case of hydrophobia in the eastern part of this city. A

since some of the newspapers announced a case of hydrophobia in the eastern part of this city. A son of Carl Prueiert, aged 9 years, said to have been bitten by a dog about two months before, became sick, had spasms, was at times violent, feamed at the mouth and barked like a dog. A doctor was called in who pronounced the case hydrophobia, and as it was generally believed to be such much excitement arose in the neighborhood. Two younger children of the family also became ill and showed symptoms similar to those mentioned. All the cases yielded to treatment, however, and the condition of the children has since improved. Yesterday Dr. Meisberger, who had formerly been the family's physician, but had not attended the children on this occasion, was called, and after a careful examination concluded that the cases were not hydrophobia at all.

Dr. Meisberger made the following statement to a reporter today: "I found the oldest boy sitting on a bench. In a few minutes he shut his eyes and slid off the bench on to the floor and began crawling around the floor on all fours, going at a rapid rate. He went up to the pantry door, and, I understand, wanted some eggs, having been fed upon them for some time back. After a while he became exhausted and made a noise something like the barking of a dog. When he stopped I took him on my lap, petted him awhile, and then told him to quit his actions or I would give him a hard whipping. I finally gave him ten cents and said if he would behave himself he could have more. When he thought he was not watched he slyly looked at the money. After carefully noting his actions I came to the coneiusion that the case was one of simulation, originating in St. Vitus' dance. The neighbors had talked the matter into the child's head by their remarks, and he had quietly taking advantage of it. That my theory was correct is proved by the fact that my theory was correct is proved by the fact that my theory was correct is proved by the fact that my theory was correct is proved by the fact that my theo

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER. Showing that Wealth as Well as Health Can be Had for the Asking.

AKRON, O., December 16 .- One of those singuby religionists to demonstrate the emcacy of race ful prayer, has just come to the knowledge of your correspondent, in the little village of Hinckley, Medina county, about fifteen miles from this city. It is not one of the multitudinous cases of long three cured in a single night, but by religionists to demonstrate the efficacy of faith-

correspondent, in the little village of linickley, Medina county, about lifteen miles from this city. It is not one of the multitudinous cases of long illness cured in a siggle night, but the recovery of a very large sum of money hidden by an old gentleman, whose family were never allowed to participate in his secret. Harrison Damon had lived in Hinckley for many years, and by frugality and industry amassed considerable property. Naturally of a suspicious nature, he refused to deposit his money in the bank, because he felt it would not be secure, and therefore he resorted to hiding it about his own premises. His family were any of his friends, and all sorts of conjectures were any of his friends, and all sorts of conjectures were indulged in as to where it was piaced for safe-keeping.

A short time ago Damon soid a large tract of land of which he was possessed, receiving a cash payment of some \$9000, largely in gold and silver, which he brought home, and at night hid with the rest of his wealth. After hiding this large sum he told his wife that he had hidden now about \$30,000 in cash, and that some day, pretty soon, he would inform her of its whereabouts, so that if anything should happen to him the family would know where to look for it. But he neglected to give this information, and last week was taken suddenly with a fit of apoplexy, lying for some days in an unconscious condition, dying with his secret locked up in his breast. After his remains had been laid in the family burial ground an investigation of a memorandum book, kept by him when alive, showed to a dollar what means he was possessed of at the time of his death, and when the figures were cast up it was found that he had in cash \$33,500, all of which was hidden about his premises.

Search was at once begun for this large sum, but all efforts to find it proved of no avail, and the family gave it up. The widow knew that if she did not find this money, all that was lett for her support was what might be obtained from the few acres of land upon which t

Rely Upon a Minister to De Your Thinking.

Somebody says that laziness is two-thirds total depravity, and I will throw in the other third. All offices of help are beneficial; all religious societies are within degrees of benefit, whether they are founded on a right philosophy or not; and those that need them should use them.

I do not object to liturgies or any other kind of symbolization, provided it is sufficiently elastic, and provided it has not become idolatrous—but it say it is a great deal more important that a man should be taught to disregard symbolization than to have one established forever and ever in the church. Look at the symbolization of white linen! Look at the symbolization of white linen! Look at the symbolization of the cross which has ceased to inspire one single idea or thought of suffering. Suffering!

What idea of suffering has she on whose swelling bosom rises and falls the diamond cross, the pearl cross, the golden carved cross? Why is it on the top of the steeples? All you think of when you see a cross is, "Hullo! Catholic or Episcopal?" (Laughter.) The virtue has gone out of it, but the superstition remains. I do not object to all these things when he needs them and go beyond them when he does not need them. Use them for your weakness, but do not understand that you are violating any duty when you leave them behind you.

This doctrine of individual liberty is not the doctrine of liberty of the passions; not the liberty of hasty performance; not the liberty of hasty performance; not the liberty of subgressions. In the decirior of the liberty of plagment improperly formed. It is a liberty created in true.

An infant child of Richard Sanderson, on Crescent street, Waltham, swallowed a raw bean a while since which caused her death by pneumonia. A post mortem examination developed the curious fact that the bean had sprouted.

Yankee News and Notions. At a Keene, N.H., Thanksgiving party an incident of the dinner wasa boy of 5 years and his grandfather of 72 enjoying their cigars together.

A well in Warner, N. H.. was recently cleaned for the first time in fifty years, and an iron box containing English shillings was found at the bottom.

A lumbering party is building a road to the top of Mount Sunapee, N. H., with a view of locating a portable sawnfil, cutting up timber and conveying it down the mountain side, this winter.

Mr. Charles Mason of Worcester has a curious freak of nature in the shape of an apple that is half greening and half russett. The line of the two parts is as perfect as if the apple had been cut in halves and one of them colored.

HOW A BROTHER WAS FOUND.

True, But as Strange as Any Novel's Plot.

How an Act of Kindness Solved the Mystery of a Family.

A Tale of Suffering and its Remarkable Sequel.

MARBLEHEAD, October 15 .- Early in the spring a Cape Ann paper published a thrilling story of the terrible experience of a Gloucester fisherman who was astray in a dory on Burgeo bank, New-foundland, in midwinter. The story in brief is as follows: On January 25 Howard Blackmore and Thomas Welch, two of the crew of the schooner Burgeo bank, S. W. of Newfoundland, to haul their trawls. A thick snow storm came on and they missed the vessel. During the night they kept a watch and saw the torch that had been lighted for them on board the vessel, but though they tried their utmost to reach it were unable to do so, as a heavy gale was blowing. When the morning dawned they could not see the vessel. It blew very hard and the weather was extremely cold. They threw the trawls and fish overboard and started to row to the eastward in the direction they supposed the land lay, having no idea how far it was, but making fair wind. Soon the sea became so rough that they could not row, and were obliged to let her lay to a drag made by knocking in the head of a trawl keg and tying the "hurdy-gurdy" on to keep it under water. In rigging the trawl Blackmore was so unfortunate as to lose his mittens, and soon his hands began to freeze. Finding that his fingers were getting stiff, and, fully realizing his danger, Blackmore seized the oars and squeezed the fingers around them, causing them to freeze in a curved position, which, when the time for trial came, would give him some chance for rowing. The boat shipped a sea, and it was necessary to keep constantly bailing to prevent her from swamping. When Welch's time came for this duty he was unable to perform it because of his extreme weakness, and soon lost his reason. Before minnight the poor fellow was a corpse. Blackmore placed the body in the stern, and endeavor d to put on one of the dead man's mittens, but his hands were so swollen that he could not. Saturday morning, thanks to his forethought in allowing his fingers to form around the oars, he rowed four hours, in the hope of reaching the land, when curved position, which, when the time for trial

The Frozen Flesh Began to Drop Off, owing to the triction of the oars. He saw what he supposed to be land and kept on rowing with hopes elated. It was high land and a great way off, but there was comfort in the sight. He rowed all day until dark, feeling thirsty but not hungry. It had moderated somewhat during the day, and It had moderated somewhat during the day, and for fear of losting his oars by rowing in the night, he threw the drag and let her lay until Sunday morning. He saw the high land plainly at dawn, and it was calm and not so bitter cold as it had been; he began rowing at 2 p. m.; passed kliver rocks, which he afterwards ascertained were seven miles from the land, which was reached at sundown. There was no harbor, only high land. He got into a tide rip, and saw a house at the mouth of a river; there were no signs of life; he then rowed up about three-quarters of a nile and rested. There was a stage built near it, andhe threw the drag over that, and went into the building. His thirst was most intense, and he gathered a quantity of snow, which he placed on the table, and the night was spent in eating snow and walking the floor. Next morning he found his dory had been injured by contact with the rocks, and the plug was out. He got Welch's body on the rocks, and tried to lift it on the stage, but did not have the strength, and it rolled overboard, sinking in twelve feet of water, but in a place where it could not be washed out to sea. Hearing a noise resembling the report of a gun, he halloed, but got no response. He then took his dory and rowed some distance to see if he could find assistance. In a short time he saw two houses, which before had been hidden from view. He was seen by several men, who went to the cove to meet him, and at once escorted him to the house of Mr. Frank Lishman, where everything possible was done to make him as comfortable as his condition would allow. He was given food and drink, and his hands were placed in pickle, which drew out the frost, causing extreme pain. A poultice of four and cod-liver oil, which were all the ingredients for fear of losing his oars by rowing in the night, John's he was finally sent to Gloucester. And now comes

The Most Remarkable Part of this Story of suffering. The paper containing it fell into the hands of Mr. William Litchman of Marblehead, who was at once impressed with the similarity of the name of Mr. Frank Lishman to his own. Mr. Litchman is a native of Little River, which place he left in 1833 with his father. Thomas Litch-Litchman is a native of Little River, which place he left in 1833 with his father. Thomas Litchman. It was tate in the fall when they left, and they walked through the woods of Newfoundland all winter, stopping at such houses as were on their ronte, but subsisting principally upon the game the father shot. At nightfall, when obliged to stop in the woods, they made a fire of twigs and slept beside it. In the spring they arrived at a place on the coast owned by a Mr. Bennett, where they found the schooner Mechanic of Marblehead, Skipper John Russell, which had put in there, probably for supplies. The father at once shipped with Skipper Russell for the trip, and he and Mr. Bennett went fishing, while the boy was left with the family. After catching a fare of fish the vessel returned, when the fish were cured and again packed in the hold. She then sailed for Marblehead, taking Mr. Lichman and his son and Mr. Bennett, with his entire family, as passengers. On arriving in Marblehead Mr. Lichman found a home for his boy with Thomas Follett, of whom he began to learn the shoemaker's trade. The father went to the banks on board a Marblehead vessel for three or four years, and then went to Gioucester, where he engaged in the same vocation. In the spring of 1838 he came up to Marblehead in a small boat, which was the last time he was ever seen by his son. The boy in the meantine-had been placed with Mr. Jonathan B. Mason, with whom he lived until 1843, when he began life on his own account. Nothing was ever heard from the father, and young Lichman finally came to the concusion that he was dead. In 1846 Mr. Lichman married, and until recently supposed that he had no near relatives in the world except his wife and children. At the time of his marriage, Mr. Lichman to "Litchman," to ensure its correct pronunciation, it having previously, both in Little River and Marblehead, been corrupted to "Leeshman." Though Mr. Litchman

Though Mr. Litchman

Never Heard From His Father

after he left Marblehead, it appears that it was through no fault of that gentleman. In 1874, thirteen years after the death of Mr. Mason, a search among his papers accidentally revealed a located within the versal reviews of the later. letter written thirty-two years previous, of which

the following is a copy:

"March 27, 1842.
At home. "March 27, 1842. A.
At home.

At home.

Honorable Sir—Having located myself in
Louisiana, St. Mary's parish, and wishing to get
some information of my son that I left with you, I
take this liberty to write this letter, and wish you
to answer me and state to me where he is. In so
doing you will much oblige me, as I wish him to
come to this country. I expect to continue here
some time, and if he will come I shall be able to
do something for him.

Direct your letter to me, Franklin, Louisiana.

THOMAS LICHMAN."

N. B.—My health is good as my age can expect.
Am pleased with my country.

T. L.
Mr. Litchman states that until this letter was
handed to him in 1874 he did not know of its existence.
On reading the account of the rescue of Flack.

handed to him in 1874 he did not know of its existence.

On reading the account of the rescue of Blackmore Mr. Litchman wrote to Mr. Frank Lishman at Little River, asking for information concerning him and his family, thinking, from the similarity in the names, that he may prove to be a relative. In this he was not disappointed, and, December 6, received the following tetter in reply:

"LITTLE LIVER, N. F., November 21, 1883.

My DEAR SIR—Your valued favor of June 5 received, and read with great interest. I will now give you a brief history of our family. It is as follows: My father's name was Thomas Lishman, a native of England. He married Susanna McDonain, a hative of liernitage Bay, where he resided for some time, moving afterwards to Little Kiver. My mother is now deal nine years. I am married, and have eight children. My brother, Thomas, is hying near me, with a wife and three children.

We Both get a Living by Fishing,

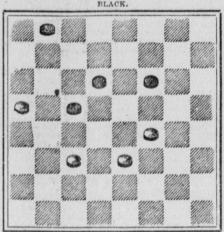
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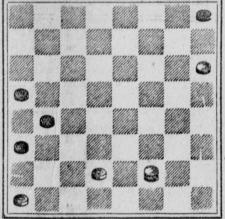
WHITE. White to move and draw. Position No. 1182.

BY PERCY M. BRADT, OMRO, WIS.

0 3

0 0 WHITE.

White to move and win. FOR BEGINNERS. BLACK.



WHITE. White to move and win.

Came No. 1692-Laird and Lady. Played by correspondence between Thomas

Plane, Penn.
24..20 18..27
16..19 32..23
23..16 3..8
12..19 25..18
15..11 8..22
7..16 28..24
20..11 2...7
17..22 19..16
27..24 6..10
19..23 16..11
24..19 10..17
23..26 11...2
30..23 5..9 9.13 19.15 22.26 31.22 17.26 15.10 26.30 10.7 4.8 7.3 8.12 3..7 21..14 15..18 26..23 13..17 19..15 1..10 7..14 21..25 14..17 Came No. 1693-Paisley.

Same parties. Barnes' move. Same part 17..10 6..24 28..19 11..16 15..22 5...9 29..25 7..10 12..17 9..13 25..21 2...6 18..14

Came No. 1694-Bristol. Played at Wallaceburg, Ont., in October last between Messrs. Wyllie and McDonald. Mc-

11..16 18.. 9
22..18 5..14
8..11 27..23
25..22 8..12
4..8 23..16
24..20 12..19
16..19 22..17
23..16 3..8
12..19 32..27
29..25 11..15
9..14 20..16

Came No. 1695-Ayrshire Lassie The following two games were played between two well-known celebrities of the Glasgow Central Club.

(From Sunderland Weekly Echo.) 22..15 3.. 7 32..28 11 .18 25..22 11..15 26..22 18..25 20..16 7..11 29..22 7..11 22..15 9..14 16..7 11..18 27..23 2..11 30..26 8..11 24..20 Game No. 1696-Bristol. Solution of Position No. 1179. BY ISAIAH BARKER, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

32..27 17..22 13..17-1 27..23 28..24 22..25 23..27 25..30 26..22 (Var. 1.) PYÆMIA

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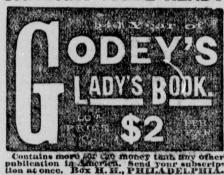
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The match games played in 1865, between Mr. J. Busby, formerly of England, but now a resident of Boston, and the late Mr. J. B. McIndoe, will shortly be published in a paper called The Voice of the People, in which a checker department is edited by Mr. Gourlay of Glasgow, Scotland.

Mr. Wyllie's total score with the players of Port Elgin. Ont. stands: Eigin, Onts, stands; Won......174 Lost....... Drawn......4

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d18 41



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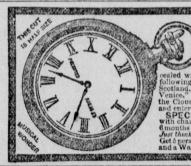
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